THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Fo

Volume 197, Number 5

AUG. 2, 1924

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Letters from Theodore Roosevelt to Anna Roosevelt Cowles

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* * *

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* * *

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* * *

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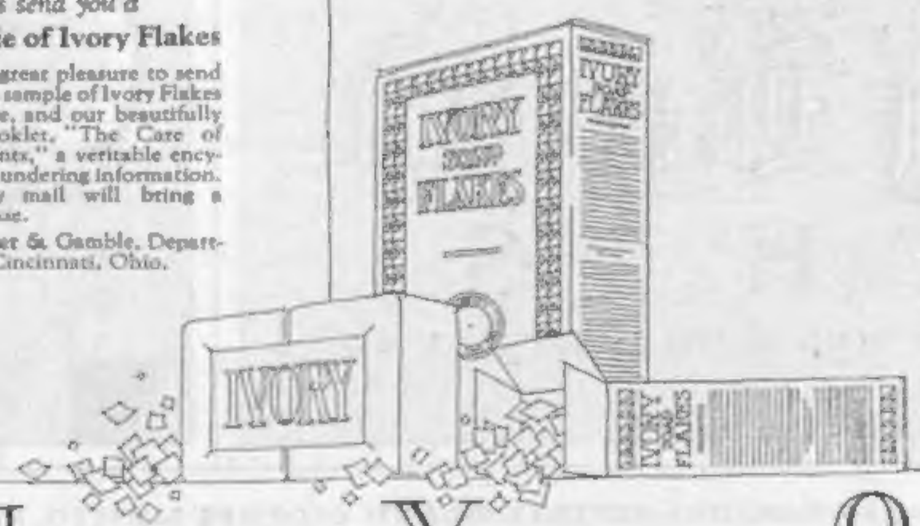

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Letters From Theodore Roosevelt to Anna Roosevelt Cowles

II

Marriage, Sagamore Hill and Civil-Service Work

ELKHORN RANCH,
MEDORA, DAKOTA,
April 15th, '86.

SWEET PUSSIE: It would be difficult to write briefly about Legitimate Campaign Expenses; and I have not the time to send a regular essay. If a campaign is honestly carried on, the expenses, though heavy, are less than is commonly supposed. There is some indispensable work to be done which has to be paid for. Tens of thousands of ballots have to be printed, folded and sent out to every voter in the district; no light labour. At every polling place there ought to be at least one man especially charged with the interests of the candidate singly and provided with his ballots, so as to give members of the opposite party a chance, if they wish it, to vote for him without the rest of the ticket. This man has to have a booth, ballots, posters, etc., which again costs money. Then there must be some advertisement in the papers, and some pasting of placards. If there are political processions a candidate will bear his share in defraying the expenses; also, if for an important position he must have rooms hired for headquarters, and if he speaks will have to pay for the hall, etc.

But whenever possible volunteers should be chosen instead of paid workers; they are much more effective. Any form of bribery is not only criminal but is also, unless done by an old hand, useless; what is known as a "bar room" canvass is, for a gentleman, especially ineffective; the loafers and vagabonds will take anyone's money, or drink with him, but will vote against him just the same. In my three campaigns I never paid for a drink or entered a saloon; and my whole expenditures were under the items enumerated above, together with a subscription to the local political association, to defray the printing and other general expenses of the party ticket on which I ran. Hiring wagons for voters, paying great numbers of men to work, etc., are generally, although not always, merely thinly disguised forms of bribery. In districts where crooked work is feared detectives must be hired. Some districts are so rotten that it is almost impossible to win without bribery; in such cases a gentleman should go in simply with the expectation of defeat; no form of bribery is ever admissible. Your T. R.

A Senior at Harvard, 1880. Above—Theodore Roosevelt and R. H. Munro Ferguson With Their Trophies After a Shooting Expedition in the Rockies

Pussie was his sister Corinne, now Mrs. Douglas Robinson.

In November, immediately after his defeat for the mayoralty by Mr. Hewitt, Theodore Roosevelt sailed for London, where he was married to Miss Edith Kermit Carow at St. George's, Hanover Square.

FLORENCE, Jan. 6th, '87.

DARLING BYSIE: I have just sent off a letter to Douglas, anent Sagamore Hill. You best of all good sisters, I think—at least I hope—things will turn out all right. After Douglas's letter I really did not have the heart to cable him to sell Sagamore; but in every other way I do think expenses should be cut down to the lowest possible point. Would Seaman do as well with the garden as Davis? If so, would not he and a boy to take care of the road be sufficient for the place? You know, we *must* live; and so I don't much care whether I change my residence from New York or not. I have not the slightest belief in my having any political future; and I can hardly reduce my personal tax in New York without perjury.

Would you mind seeing if my photographs from Anthonys (591 B'y) have come home? I mean the last batch, with pictures of an elk in a wagon, and of the white goats. And have my goat heads ever arrived from the West?

I do love Sagamore Hill, I will not give it up if I can help.

We left the Carows in Rome yesterday; it was very hard indeed for them. Edith and I have just come in from a long walk in the Boboli Garden.

Give many kisses to that sweetest baby; I just long to see you both. Yours always, THEO.

Remember me to "Sprice."

WROXTON ABBEY, BANBURY, Mar. 12, '87.

DARLING BYSIE: We have been passing a most pleasant three days here; they are just too sweet to us for anything. Instead of going to the house of my friend, young North, we came here to his father's, Lord North's. It is one of the show places of England; a huge Elizabethan house, battlemented and ivy grown, and inside a gigantic labyrinth of rooms and passages—enormous hall, chapel, ballroom, etc. All the old portraits of course, by Van Dyke, Gainsborough, and so on; in fact it might have come out of Scott. Lord North is a dear old gentleman, a regular old foxhunter, who wears a red dress coat; and Lady North is sweet, such a nice old lady. Yesterday we went out with the hounds. I did not have a very good mount, my animal steadfastly refusing to jump anything big; but the day was great fun nevertheless. Lord North got the brush, which he presented to Edith. Young Mrs. North has her own steeplechaser, and goes as straight as an arrow.

Our room is the "Duke of Clarence" bedroom, so called because that individual used to sleep in it; a gigantic carved oak bedstead. There are names to most of the rooms; King James, the Prince of Wales, etc. If you could see all the powdered servants! Today I lunched at the castle of Lord Saye and Seale, a great moated place, built in 1301, and looking as if it came out of an old world romance, the walls (as in this place) hung with old armour, battle flags, antlers, etc. They were most pleasant and hospitable. I do so wish you could be here with us! You would have enjoyed our stay in London this time to the full. But after all I shall be glad to get home; I am an American through to the backbone. . . . Ever yours, T. R.

CHICAGO, Aug. 22, 1888.

DARLING BYSIE: This will probably be the last letter you will get from me, unless I come out of the woods in time to send you one or two more on spec. However, when you take into account my limitations, I have been a pretty good correspondent, haven't I? I am to be back in October, so that the National committee can, if necessary, call on me for any speeches, etc. I went in to see them the other day. They are quietly confident; and evidently really think there is a first-class chance of our winning. Hill is a dreadful load for the Democrats to carry; yet they know very well they cannot do without his support. Harrison is a very good man, and there is no comparison between the parties, as regards their make-up. I think the mugwumps—it is a gross misnomer to call them Independents—occupy a very contemptible

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Sir Cecil Spring-Rice

position. Yet I really take very little interest in what people regard as the main issue; our nation covers a continent, and there are fifty questions of more lasting importance to us than either free trade or protection—questions such as the liquor laws, ballot reform, the civil service, etc. . . .

Your loving brother,
T. R.

689 MADISON AVE.,
Feb. 6th, 1889.

DARLING BYE: On Friday, Harrison, Jr., the son of the grandson, lunches with me at the Down Town Club; Wise, who is to be one of the guests, suggests that we get him very drunk and find out about the cabinet.

Last night at the Civil Service Reform Association Godkin and I, who don't speak in private, had a ceremonious but animated discussion, which ended by glancing rather widely to Dudley and Gorman. The dinner was nice, but not exhilarating. Edie went to the Opera last night. I wonder why "Life" is so bitter against Minister Phelps. Your aff. brother THEE R.

III—T. R. and His Family

Theodore Roosevelt spent part of the winter with Mrs. Cowles at 689 Madison Avenue, prior to his taking up his work with the Civil Service Commission in Washington.

THE UNION LEAGUE CLUB
June 2d, 1889.

DARLING BYSIE: Here I am, after five lovely days at home, on my way back to Washington, where I expect to stay three weeks. I "went it strong" into the Custom House people, and did some pretty good work; I think it will have an excellent effect, and in addition there is some personal satisfaction to me in having shown that I did not intend to have the Commission remain a mere board of head clerks.

I am now looking forward with a good deal of interest to my book; it ought to be out in ten days or so, but I doubt if it will be. It is wholly impossible for me to say if I have or have not properly expressed all the ideas that seethed vaguely in my soul as I wrote it. I know I have hold of some good strains of thought; but I can't tell whether I have expressed them properly or not.

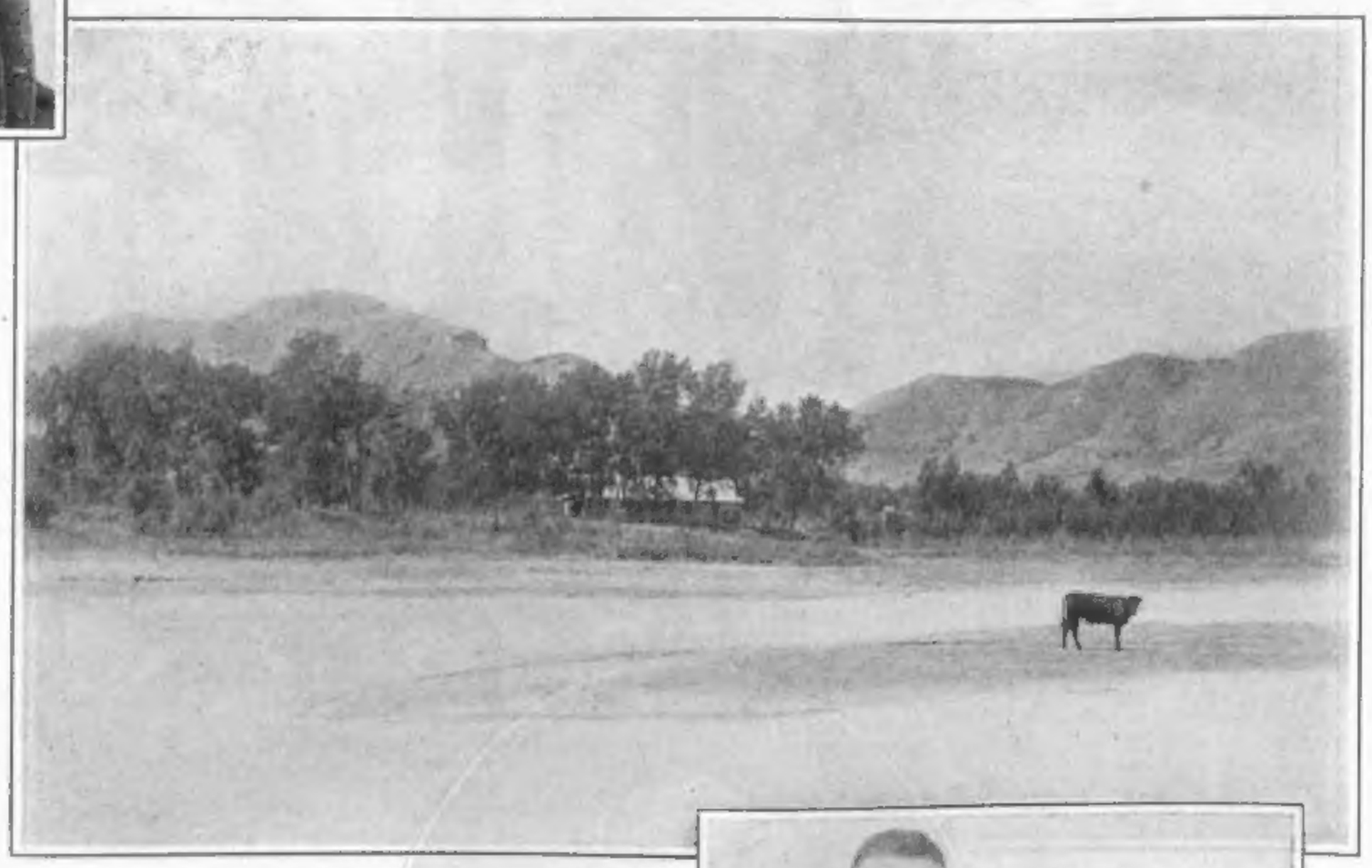
I suppose you and the abandoned Miss Julia have been having a beautiful time. We have tried with indifferent success to make Ted say "dear Aunt Bye"; the little yellow headed scamp has been too darling for anything; I shall have just missed blessed little Alice by three days.

Your loving brother T. R.

UNITED STATES
CIVIL SERVICE COMMISSION
WASHINGTON, D. C.
April 10th, '90.

DARLING BYE: Both Edie and I have missed you dreadfully. We have lapsed into a quiet, vegetative life in the evenings; and I am trying to hurry up my accursed history of New York City—how I regret ever having undertaken it! The Investigating Committee has still refrained from taking any decisive step; I hope it will do so soon, and let us argue the case, and then decide on it. It hampers us to have the case hanging on like this.

Lord Morpeth and Leif Jones turned up, and proved very inoffensive, pleasant, information-seeking youths; they are not exciting, but I rather liked them. Young —— took dinner with us, too. He is a good fresh young fellow, honest and manly—but, oh how dreadfully common place and middle-class British dull! I hated myself for being so bored to extinction by him. But there are very many honest people whom one sincerely respects but cannot associate with. I never can like, and never will like, to be intimate with that enormous proportion of sentient beings who are respectable but dull. It is a waste of time. I will work with them, or for them; but for



The Roosevelt Ranch House on Little Missouri River, Eastern Wyoming. At Right—Theodore Roosevelt and Theodore, Jr. (Age 5½)

pleasure and instruction I go elsewhere.

Your aff. brother
T. R.

Feb. 1st, 1891.
WASHINGTON, D. C.

DARLING BYE: My pleasantest dinner was one in Baltimore at Charles Bonaparte's to meet Cardinal Gibbons. The latter was very entertaining; the cultivated Jesuit, with rather kindly emotions and a thorough knowledge of the fact that his Church must become both Republicanized and Americanized to retain its hold here.

I have been continuing my Civil Service fight, battling with everybody from Ingalls to Wanamaker and Porter; the little gray man in the White House looking on with cold and hesitating disapproval, but not seeing how he can interfere.

I am very glad to have been in this position; I think I have done good work, and a man ought to show that he can go out into the world and hold his own with other men; but I shall be glad when I get back to live at Sagamore and can devote myself to one definite piece of work. We Americans are prone to divide our efforts too much.

Yours ever,
THEODORE ROOSEVELT.

WASHINGTON, D. C., Feb. 8th, '91.

DARLING BYE: Last week was not very eventful. We had several invitations to dances, none of which we accepted, and confined our going out to one evening at the theatre and another at a dinner. At the dinner I met dear, good Sir Julian Pauncefote, who had just been victimized by a shrewd rascal of a reporter, thanks to his own slow wittedness. It was not a serious "break" however, and has not created more than a ripple here, although apparently taken much more seriously in London.

The fight in Congress is now chiefly over free silver, and is being waged mainly on party lines, the Republicans standing up stoutly for honest money. The situation gives the Mugwumps pain, even the most besotted of them. I am not as easily roused to wrath as I used to be; but I still retain a feeling of profound anger for the impracticable visionaries of the N. Y. Nation type on the one hand, and for the professional politicians of the Ingalls, Hill and Gorman stamp on the other.

There will soon be another battle over Civil Service Reform in the House.

The children are sweeter than ever; Alice and Ted talk of you all the time.

Your loving brother,
THEODORE ROOSEVELT.

WASHINGTON, D. C.,
March 21st, '91.

DARLING BYE: My work continues moderately light, but the irritating thing about it is that there is just enough to prevent my taking up my "Winning of the West," which I am very anxious to continue, as being of all my axes the one best worth grinding.

Monday we dined at the Camerons; various Dago diplomats were present, all much wrought up by the lynching of the Italians in New Orleans. Personally, I think it rather a good thing, and said so.

Your aff. brother,
THEODORE ROOSEVELT.

WASHINGTON, May 24th, '91.

DARLING BYE: I have just come home from my trip to St. Louis and Indianapolis; I had a most enjoyable time; was treated with the most cordial hospitality, and made a success of my speeches. I was a good deal impressed with the sincerity and ability of many of the men I met.

My two colleagues are now away and I have all the work of the Civil Service Commission to myself. I like it; it is more satisfactory than having a divided responsibility; and it enables me to take more decided steps.

Springy and I are having great fun living together; he is so gentle and pallid and polite. We have dined out several times—at Mrs. Hay's, the Whartons' and the British Legation; and we entertained in a mild way. Tonight an English friend of Springy's dined here; and tomorrow the excellent Speck comes to dinner. I really like Speck; he is such an honest, manly, gentlemanly little fellow. Millie, the colored one, cooks very well; and we have

(Continued on Page 38)

MATINÉE IDLE

By RITA WEIMAN

ILLUSTRATED BY ARTHUR WILLIAM BROWN

EVEN the flapper of 1924 has heard of Paul Grant Chesterton. For this they have by no means been forced to hark back to the reminiscent confidences of mothers and aunts. Their older sisters can, with equal rapture, recall the days when the Chesterton form with its lithe suppleness was secretly compared with that of every beau who sought favor; when the famous Chesterton legs were the most beautiful that ever donned the silken tights of Romeo; when the Chesterton arm with its easy twist and thrust was the most graceful that ever held a rapier; when the Chesterton head with its waves of shining brown, worn a bit longer than rule would have it, was photographed and sold by the thousands.

The Chesterton gaiters—white, as a rule, with buttons of pearl—were a luxurious necessity to the dandies who paraded Fifth Avenue in top hat and frock coat. The Chesterton stock was a ritual. When Chesterton appeared in a gray derby banded in black, which gave him the decided genre of the British aristocrat, there was a scramble among fashionable haberdashers for permission to introduce the fashion with his name. Understand me, that name could not be bought. Any commodity, be it hair tonic, shaving soap or tobacco, which bore his indorsement was actually used by him. He was most meticulous about that—as he was, in fact, about everything. He would not even permit shops to use his picture for display unless he approved both location and the class of goods carried. This eccentricity was played up more than once in newspaper interviews.

Also, he could never be urged to speak of his good looks. He considered them rather a detriment to his art. His greatest ambition, he often told reporters—and frequently sighed as he said it—was to play Cyrano de Bergerac. A grotesque false nose, the tragic buffoonery of that pathetic hero of French poetry, would have proved to his public how little he cared for the manly beauty they both idolized and idealized. Then he would smile deprecatingly. No man enjoyed being labeled handsome. But what was he to do? His public would not hear of it. They wanted him only in romantic rôles. He must subordinate his desires to theirs. Some day, perhaps, when youth was past and no longer a necessary asset, he might gratify this ambition.

The days which the mothers of flappers recall were not so very long ago—not a quarter of a century, to be exact. Those remembered by their sisters hark back a dozen years, when the star of Paul G. Chesterton was still at that high point where it hung, the most consistently shining one in the dramatic firmament.

Very early in his career the girls who thronged the stage entrance of old Bailey's Theater on Broadway were thrilled and a bit saddened by the news that their hero had slipped away with the leading lady of the stock company and returned in the new rôle of husband. She was beautiful, Margaret Hammond; and had not each of his adorers harbored the secret dream that one day he might by some miracle enter her own life, there would have been general rejoicing. The announcement was bannered with such headlines as: Matinée Idol Marries. Matinée Idol Takes Bride. Matinée Idol Weds Leading Lady.

"Paul Dear, it is So Wonderful to Have You Feel So at Home. I—I Love You to—Belong This Way"

The fact that Margaret Hammond's position and salary in the stock company were on a par with those of the matinée idol did not for a moment occur to press or public; nor to Margaret herself, for the matter of that. When from her balcony Juliet breathed:

"My bounty is as boundless as the sea,
My love as deep; the more I give to thee,
The more I have, for both are infinite,"

it was literally from the soul of her, with a lingering fragrance in her lovely voice that flung like a ladder of roses to the Romeo of her dreams.

Her eyes, moist blue of the sea to which Juliet compared her love, told him each time they rested on his that while he held their vision that vision filled her life. They were a beautiful pair, these stage lovers—but only Paul Grant Chesterton knew it. To Margaret he was the axis round which the world of the theater, as her own world, revolved. She was content to be background, to yield to him the center of the stage, to play up to his fine points of attraction, to be both complementary and complimentary to his life. In short, she adored him as much as if she had not been his wife.

No one knew the design of the wall paper in their home—an apartment in one of those old brownstone buildings that boasted chiefly high ceilings and an elevator, creaky when it ran but largely out of commission. The walls were completely concealed by pictures of Paul G. Chesterton in the various and varied rôles he had made famous. Huge canvases, delicate sketches, water colors, crayons, pastels—no cartoons, mind you, but every other medium of the pen, pencil and brush, by artists famous and infamous! A few pictures there were of Margaret Hammond, and eventually of their two little daughters, of whom the public knew practically nothing. The rôle of paternity would somehow, felt Paul, rob a popular—or, rather, the popular—actor of his halo. To think of him as the husband of his leading woman—he, too, had come to regard Margaret in that light—was safely romantic. But to visualize him as the father of infants who teethed and yelled, to let his public picture him pacing the floor with a screaming youngster on his arm—which, of course, he never did—was too risky a chance.

Margaret merely left the stage for several years and returned to it, wearing her mantle of motherhood as gracefully as she trailed the robes of Shakspere's heroines.

Within a few years of his marriage there were several new Juliets, both on the stage and off. No one knew whether or not his wife knew. No one cared much. The laws of connubial convention did not apply to a public hero in those days any more than they do now.

Margaret's head was always held high—that is, so far as the world informed itself. But within the walls covered with Chesterton pictures, there began to be enacted scenes more poignantly dramatic than any of those on the stage at Bailey's. Because there were so few words spoken. Because when they came they were wrung from the throat of pride. Because even then so much was left unsaid.

Margaret Hammond belonged most emphatically to a generation past the understanding of flapperdom. She had said the "I will" with the definite conviction that it was for this life's duration and the hope that the beauty of it would carry into the Beyond. It was to the rock of belief in that beauty she clung, even after belief in its partner no longer offered support.

There were days when she saw him only at the theater. There were nights when, after the play, they met only as he stumbled down the hall to his bedroom and she came out of hers after several futile attempts on his part to locate the electric switch button.

On the morning following one of these occasions she was waiting for him when he made his breakfast-luncheon appearance. He sat down at the opposite end of the square table without actually avoiding the eyes above the silver coffee urn, but casually managing not to meet them.

He poured a generous helping of thick cream.

"Don't you think it might be wiser to take your coffee black?" she asked when the maid had left the room.

"Why?"

"It's safer—after last night. You came in rather late and I judged you'd been to a supper party."

"I had to see Bailey about some new props; we went to supper. Are you calling me to account for that?"

"By no means!"

She did not add that it would have been of absolutely no use if she had called him to account. Neither did she mention that she had met Dan Bailey after the matinée and been informed by the manager that he was leaving town immediately following the evening performance.

"I'm merely trying to suggest," she added quietly, "that heavy breakfasts after heavy suppers may not be altogether advisable."

"I'll go down to the gymnasium later and work all afternoon. So don't worry your pretty head about that." He spoke with light reassurance and very evident relief.

Her glance lifted to stray out of the window. The indication of her refusal to go into further discussion had the effect of rasping rather than quieting him. He was in a morning-after mood.

Tonight he would undoubtedly fling his boots at his dresser in the theater. But just now his wife was giving him no excuse for venting his irritation and the fact merely augmented it.

"Well," he brought out finally, "are we at a funeral, or merely deaf and dumb?"

"We're at a funeral," was the amazing reply, spoken softly.

"What do you mean by that?"

"Exactly what I say." Her voice caught as she paused. Then she went on swiftly, as if the thought had been with her so long that it must be spoken. "How long do you think you can keep this up, Paul, and not see your own funeral?"

"This—what?"

"Self-indulgence!" she came back instantly.

He glared across the table. This was what he was looking for—a real fracas, something to settle his jarred sensibilities. If Margaret was going to ride a high horse, to constitute herself his mentor and critic—if she dared to assume rights that were granted no one—then this was the time and the place for a complete understanding.

"Am I to understand, my dear, that you're sitting in judgment on me?"

"You can't go on indefinitely giving your best to your work if you give your worst to—to other things."

He emptied half the saltcellar on his steak.

"What do you expect me to do—come home from the theater every night and play parcheesi till I'm tired?"

She pushed aside her plate, saying nothing until his eyes were raised to meet the steady gaze of hers. A moment ago there had been tears in her voice; he had anticipated them on her lashes.

"I expect you to show some respect for yourself, even if you show none for me."

"An excellent line," he smiled, "but a little too melodramatic for home use. Suppose we make a note of it for Bailey's next comedy."

"Oh, what's the use of quibbling, Paul! Can't you see how you're robbing yourself?"

"No, I most emphatically cannot! I see no falling off in attendance at the theater, the applause when I come on, or the following that waits for me when I leave."

"What's become of the hours you used to spend studying, the care you gave to each line when I heard them for you, your fencing lessons, your voice culture, all an actor needs to keep him in trim? What's happened to all that precious time when you loved your work the way we loved ——" She halted.

"My public is satisfied. Why shouldn't you be?"

"Because I'm not as fickle as the public. I'm looking to your future. You've either got to go forward, Paul, or you'll go backward. There's no standing still."

He busied himself with a second helping of pudding, selected with minutest care as to heaping chocolate cream and nuts. Then his glance across the table was contemplative, with a touch of something not so impersonal. It might have been patronage. It might have been tolerance or amused intolerance. From any angle, there was amusement unmistakable in his next words.

"Suppose we cross that bridge when we come to it. Meanwhile, my dear, it might be a good idea to consider the cause of this sudden spasm of faultfinding. It has green eyes—and has dwelt in women's breasts for centuries."

The directness went out of her gaze. It rested on him with hurt, bleeding pity that was for them both.

"You mean to say you think—I could be jealous of you?"

"Not of me perhaps. But while we're on the subject, Margaret, we may as well come to a definite understanding. I'm not the sort who can stand shackles—not of any kind! I've always managed my work in my own way, and my worst enemy wouldn't call me unsuccessful. As for my life outside the theater, I cannot and will not be harnessed by the heavy hand of domesticity. It would strangle me. That's final."

"I wonder," she said at last, voice vibrating with a throbbing it never held on the stage, "if you could possibly realize what it means to love someone so much that yourself doesn't count. If you could," she went on, filling in the pause that followed, "you'd know that I could no more hold you against your will than I could put you in chains."

Older Sisters Can Recall the Days When the Chesterton Form With its Lithe Suppleness Was Secretly Compared With That of Every Beau Who Sought Favor

"Then why bring about these unpleasant scenes? Last week—you cross-questioned me about going to the races with Mrs. Crosland."

"You forget"—there was a flash from the eyes upon his—"you were so late at the theater they had to hold the curtain. Bailey was furious."

"Well, he got over it, didn't he? Just look after yourself in future, and let me take care of my own affairs."

She got slowly to her feet. Long after she had left the room, he puzzled over the startling nakedness of her reply. She placed both hands on the table, bent so close above it that her face was reflected in its shining top.

"Very well," she said in a perfectly expressionless tone, "I will."

II

THE opening of an actually new play at Bailey's was paralleled by nothing less than the election of a new mayor. Everybody placed it in the category of a rite. The regular clientele who subscribed for seats as religiously as for pews in church came late and watched, with a slight and justifiable sense of superiority, as the hoi polloi scrambled in.

Smaller houses, fast appearing farther uptown, were tentatively bidding for favor, but Bailey's in the section somewhat below Forty-second Street still boasted a barnlike auditorium, a big stage, red plush seats and supremacy. It was still the czar of the kingdom of drama, its dominion undisputed.

The particular opening which witnessed the production of a new play by Arthur Wing Pinero was a thrilling departure from the accustomed costume drama, light comedy and more or less conventional melodrama. That author's frank vivisection methods in wielding the scalpel of his pen over the body of British society was sufficiently daring to cause a licking of the lips of anticipation.

His part tremendously pleased Paul Chesterton. For the first time he and Margaret were not playing lovers. He was the picturesque bachelor, the wise philosopher who brought an estranged young couple back to each other's arms. But he had every intention of giving the rôle a touch of pathos far removed from the author's conception. He was going to suggest a hopeless passion for the young wife. Not a word in the script called for this interpretation, but a droop of the lids, a gesture, a lingering glance—all might spell the word unspoken.

Following these tactics he saw once or twice a look of surprise flash across Margaret's eyes at rehearsal. However, she made no comment. From the day of their interview when he exacted a complete understanding she had made no comment on anything he did.

Her reserve puzzled him somewhat. She was pleasant when they met, but apparently unconcerned about his continued absence at night and late return in the small hours. Likewise she did not again refer to his association with pretty Mrs. Nora Crosland, widow of the patent-medicine king; to his heralded presence on her coach at the races; to the fact that not one of the lovely lady's invitations included Margaret. There was something aloof about her accustomed quiet charm of manner that annoyed him more than had her outburst. He found it more difficult to meet. Yet, to the letter, she was complying with his emphatic announcement that he would brook no interference.

Mrs. Crosland, lunching with him one Sunday at Delmonico's during rehearsals of the new play, noticed his nervousness.

"What is the matter, Paul dear?"

The young widow of the old multimillionaire had a childlike quality of interrogation that, to a man, was fascinating. She opened wider her wide blue eyes and stressed her verb, and her engaging interest was like balm.

"Nothing, nothing!" he told her.

"But there is! Something is bothering you."

"It's really nothing in particular, Nora. I'm a bit tired, that's all."

"You must be overworking. I know, because your eyes look so heavy. Why do you work so hard, Paul?" she insisted. "You should not be playing in a stock company with another man owning you body and soul. You should have your own theater and do exactly as you please."

The thought she suggested was not new to him. He had dallied with it often, as a woman haunts a jeweler's window to let her imagination play round a stone she can never hope to possess. The Chesterton Theater, just off Broadway, perhaps, a luxurious setting for one who longed for advance in the art of the drama! It was a dangling, tempting thought, the fruit of Tantalus.

"But, my dear child"—he let his eyes rest on hers with much the look of Romeo—"that would require more money than I'll ever own."

She leaned toward him very eagerly. They gazed at each other over plates of new asparagus heaped with a special sauce of unsweetened fluffily whipped cream.

"Paul—don't think me presumptuous. But I lead such a useless life, and I want so to do something worth while. Could you possibly—would you let me build a theater for you?"

"Nora!"

"I mean it! I need an interest, Paul dear." The blue eyes filmed. "You have no idea how useless I feel—how lonely I am. And doing something for the stage, for—for you—why, you could never know what it would mean to me."

The plaintive words that seemed to stretch out pleading arms to him held him for a moment with none of his own to answer.

"Nora," he uttered finally, huskily, "I could never tell you what that offer means to me! But it's impossible. The world has a wicked tongue. If I permitted you to do such a thing it would be an irreparable injustice to you."

"But the world need never know who did it. Let them think you have saved enough to build a theater yourself."

"On my salary?" It was curt, bitter. "They know better."

The full lips trembled indignantly.

"You ought not to be held in bondage this way, hampered on all sides." She halted, stretched a hand across the table. "No; I have no right to say that. Forgive me, Paul dear—will you?"

He took the hand, a gesture used with great effect behind the footlights.

"I forgive you anything; everything. No matter what you did—ever—I should forgive you—Nora."

His voice held the name like the minor dying note of a violin. Then his hand drew quickly from hers.

"We must be careful, even here. That's the penalty of being in the public eye; it never leaves one."

"Life is hard," she breathed, and touched her tiny nose with a handkerchief fashioned entirely of point lace made by the toil-hardened hands of Belgium.

"Life is one long test," he sighed, "for which we know neither rime nor reason; except that it always seems to give us what we want—too late."

Then neither said anything.

They drove out to the country that afternoon on her coach—a party gathered from the most gayly decked branches of New York's best-primed family trees.

Paul Chesterton was usually the gayest, the most entertaining member of these spring tea picnics. It was incumbent upon an actor to retain an outstanding personality away from the footlights or his aura dissolved when he left them. But today he was singularly silent. That picture Nora Crosland had splashed with the bold stroke of her brush of gold, a personal theater, was the mirage across the stretching sands of ambition. The Paul G. Chesterton Theater inscribed itself upon those sands. The sun-scorched letters burned his eyes. He drew a hand over them. Yet he could not blot out the vision. What a pity! What a thousand pities!

His humor carried far into the next week, brooding through rehearsals, noncommunicative, brusque to those who attempted a question. His children were away at school, but the very stillness of his home and Margaret's shut-in hours of study took heavy toll of his nerves. The need of diversion became madness insufferable. Yet the longing remained, even after it was presumably satisfied. Like a clock wound too tight, like a machine strained too far, like a wheel revolving too fast, he became unmanageable. And destruction trod upon his step.

"Look here, Paul," admonished Dan Bailey one afternoon, holding him up as he was about to leave the theater. "What's wrong? You seem all out of sorts. Anything up between you and Margaret?" he darted with sharp aim.

"Nonsense!"

"Well, I notice you don't come to the theater or leave it together any more; and I was afraid there might be."

"There are some people I go about with occasionally who don't interest her; that's all there is to that."

"That's not surprising, my boy," Bailey remarked without removing his gaze. "Little Mrs. Crosland and her gang of hangers-on, for instance. Pretty, but like one of those wax figures in a store window—lots of hair and eyes, and nothing inside."

Paul Chesterton's eyes hardened.

"Don't you think, Bailey, that, not knowing the lady, it might be wise to be more conservative when you speak of her?"

Little Dan Bailey gave a start.

"Treading on your toes, eh? Well, I wasn't looking for that. Was of the opinion you were just gadding about; never thought you were serious. But while we're on the subject, let me say something. I wanted to say it months ago, but thought I'd wait and maybe wouldn't have to. You're getting lax, my boy! I don't know what it is. Maybe this light-headed crowd you've taken up with. Maybe"—he concentrated attention on his watch chain, twirling it thoughtfully—"other interests make claims on your attention. But the fact remains that we wait for you at rehearsal, we wait for you at matinées, we wait for you at night. And I don't like it. Bad example, bad morale; and the company has got an idea you don't give a hang. That you're so cocksure of yourself, you think you can make your own rules and regulations!"

Paul Chesterton stared, completely incredulous. This little man who had always bowed down and worshiped with the rest of the world was actually chastising him. Holding the whip of punctuality over his head as if he were some careless young juvenile, as if he would brook the law laid down to him like any newcomer. Insolence incredible! Why, if he, Paul Chesterton, walked out on Bailey tomorrow, where would the old man be?

He looked down on the head, oversized for the undersized body, exactly as if he were deciding whether to bring down his foot and exterminate it without further parley. The manager looked up—and an odd measuring glance passed from man to man. Strangely enough, Dan Bailey's expression held neither fear nor timidity.

"I thought it might be a good idea to mention this," observed the manager at last in a tone unexpectedly friendly. "Fellow may get careless in his work and not know it. That's the most dangerous kind of laziness—the kind you don't know about. Just think it over."

And without waiting for his leading man's reply he turned on his heel, casually enough, in the direction of his private office.

Chesterton promptly and furiously flung a flag of defiance in the face of managerial protest by being seen with increasing frequency in the company of the lovely widow. Occasionally they were alone; more generally with the very smart set that swarmed round the sweets of her bounty.

The hours spent with Nora might have been termed the only relaxing ones, had it not been for the fact that she referred so plaintively and so often to her suggestion that day in Delmonico's. It was pathetic, he told himself, the unselfish simplicity of her desire to see his full possibilities realized—her longing to be the silent helpful partner in making that dream a reality. She could not know how impatient of present limitations that vision, kept perpetually before his eyes, made him. She could have no idea, dear little thing, what miserable havoc the plea in her childlike voice created in his soul.

"But, Paul dear," she would urge, "it is for your art. Have you the right to say no? I do want so awfully to see you achieve all you ought to have. And this way you are so tied down."

It was trying, that thought, a tragic one. He went through rehearsals with an air of brooding contemplation. Even his viewpoint of this new rôle was affected by it. After all, why shouldn't Bailey consult him in selecting plays? It was humiliating, this business of having a part thrust at you. He should have been in a position long ago not only to choose his own plays but to name the company that would assist him in presenting them. He had been sleepily content with his position too long. Perilously omnipresent hovered the sense that now was the time for uprooting or stagnation. The Paul G. Chesterton Theater ceased to be regarded in the light of a mirage.

So that—although he did not recognize what had generated it—on the night of the new production's première, his attitude toward Dan Bailey was rather patronizing than otherwise. Margaret he did not see after the dress rehearsal. It had endured until daylight. And when he left the theater she had already gone home.

A restlessness, habitual by this time, seized him, and he could not sleep. He wanted the gentle caress of Nora Crosland's light voice, the adoration, unspoken, in her blue eyes, the fragrance like crushed violets that wafted from her, even the delicate jingle of the bangles she loved to wear. He wanted the intoxication of personal tribute she would pay him, not alone hero worship but the understanding of the woman who has no thought other than an eagerness to please.

He sent word, asking her to lunch with him. She sent word back, insisting that he lunch with her; she was breaking another appointment so that they might be alone. In her beautiful house soft-footed servants waited upon him. The perfect equipment which millions made possible but not too evident relaxed his tight nerves.

After luncheon she suggested that he rest in the library, and he saw no reason for refusing. The thought of going back to the four walls he had looked upon as home for so long irritated him beyond endurance. Here were dark plum velvets surrounding him, and high shelves of books in gorgeous bindings, rare editions with leaves uncut. The intruding sun was shut out by heavy gold brocade drapes. The atmosphere was soothingly soft.

(Continued on Page 110)

"Exactly!" She Whispered After a Moment. "I'm Going to Give You Your Freedom"

WITHOUT PREJUDICE

By Dornford Yates

ILLUSTRATION BY H. WESTON TAYLOR

YOU know," said Cicely Voile, "you're a great relief." Her companion opened one eye. "Why?"

"Because you don't make love."

Captain Toby Rage folded his hands upon his stomach and regarded the blue heaven. This the April sun had to himself, and, making the most of his monarchy, set the whole firmament ablaze.

A mile away the Atlantic simmered contentedly, a rolling laughing steppe of blue and silver; the lazy murmur of its surf gladdened the ear. To the left the mountainsides smoked in the heat, the comfortable haze blurring their grandeur to beauty. To the right the coast of France danced all the way to Biarritz, her gay green frock flecked with the dazzling white of villas, edged by the yellow road that sweeps to Spain.

Behind, the countryside, a very Canaan, basked in the earnest of summer, peaceful and big with promise of abundance to come.

From the moor where the two were sitting all these things could be enjoyed.

It was, indeed, a superb withdrawing room, for, though an occasional snarl told of a car flying on the broad highway, no one essayed the byroad which led to the yellow broom.

"The art of life," said Toby, "is to be fancy-free."

Cicely Voile clapped her sweet-smelling hands.

"We're going to get on—you and I," she cried excitedly. "I can see that."

"Why?"—suspiciously.

"Because our outlook's the same. Think of the friendships that have been wrecked by love."

Captain Rage groaned.

"Don't," he said. "It's too awful. But I'm thankful you see my point. Conceive some cheerful little playground—Honolulu, for instance—peopled by an equal number of youths and maidens, all reasonably attractive and all proof against affection."

"I can't," said Cicely Voile. "It's too—too dazzling. Never mind. Go on."

"Well, what a time they'd all have. No jealousies, no heart-burnings, no schemings, no inconvenience."

"I can see," said Cicely, "that you have been through the hoop."

"Haven't you?"

"Yes."

"Well, isn't it a curse?" said Rage heartily. "When I look back and think of what I suffered, I go all gooseflesh. Turning out when I wanted to stay at home, staying up when I wanted to go to bed, going to plays I didn't want to see, sloshing money about, writin' letters, travelin'. I tell you, love's a mug's game. It's—it's buying trouble at a top price. That's the wicked part. If you must buy trouble you may as well get it cheap. But love's a disease. One becomes temporarily insane. I'd a fine car then, and I actually let her drive it." He sighed memorially. "It was never the same car again."

"That," said Cicely, "was probably imagination. Still, I know what you mean. The misery I went through, trying to be in time! Alfred couldn't bear being late."

"Exactly," said Rage. "Yet I'll bet he used to wait by the hour, poor devil. I know. I've had some. I tell you, love's a disease."

He sighed comfortably, settling his head upon its pillow of broom.

Cicely regarded him, speechless with indignation.

At length—"I was endeavoring to point out," she said coldly, "that I was the sufferer. Being fool enough to worship Alfred, I used to wear myself out—humoring his whim." She paused dramatically. "Then, again, I used to leave parties early. He used to say one should be asleep by two. Time and again I've left a dance in the middle so that Alfred could go to bed."

"I think," murmured Captain Rage, "that I should have liked Alfred."

"I quite expect," flashed Cicely, "that I should have got on with—what was her name?"

"Rachel," said Toby. "And I'm quite sure you would. In fact, I think you'd probably've been fast friends. The silly part of it is that so might she and I. I did get on with her—extremely well, until I fell to love." He sat up there and set his hands on his knees. "Still, I'm not ungrateful. One attack like that does you a lot of good. But for the doing I've had, you'd almost certainly've knocked me out."

"Do look out!" cried Cicely.

"It's all right," said Rage. "Don't you worry. I'm not within miles of making love. But I've watched you for months, I have; and there's something very charming about you. Besides, you're quite beautiful."

"As beautiful as Rachel?"

"Oh, much more. Look at your throat, for instance. Oh, you can't, can you? Never mind. What ——"

"Oh, but I do mind!" said Cicely, wriggling. "This is a perfect experience. For anyone to tell me I'm beautiful, except as a prelude to familiarity, is something I've never known."

"Surely, Alfred ——"

"Oh, I always had to kiss him, or something. Not that I minded particularly. I rather liked kissing Alfred. But a compliment without any sort or kind of corollary is really delicious." She whipped off her hat and put her chin in the air. "Don't you love me like that?"

"Oh, gorgeous!" said Toby. "Now Rachel's stockings weren't silk all the way."

Hastily Miss Voile adjusted her frock.

"I was referring," she said stiffly, "to my profile."

"Equally lovely," said Rage. Cicely choked. "I think I like your mouth best of all. I can quite understand people wanting to kiss you, you know. That short upper lip brings it, as it were, into the alert position. It sort of says 'Kiss me, you fool. Go on. I shan't bite you.'"

"I shall in a minute," said Cicely, bubbling. "How about my nose?"

"Oh, that's well out of the way."

"I suppose you mean it turns up."

"The best ones do," said Toby. "Besides, you needn't worry. From temples to chin, you've got a face in a million. And then you are so sweet."

"Now do be careful," said Cicely. "Don't spoil it."

Rage waved her away.

"Try to remember, my lady, that I do not care. I see that you're awfully attractive, but you don't attract me. No woman does. I tell you, I'm case-hardened."

"I will try," said Cicely humbly. "But you must forgive me if I forget now and then. Of course I'm the same myself. Men mean no more to me than so many blocks of wood. I certainly find them convenient. I tell you frankly I find you very convenient. But that's as far as it goes."

"Well, isn't that nice?" said Toby. "Isn't it an agreeable reflection that you and I can take pleasure in each other's company and remain heart-whole? I'm not much to look at, so ——"

"I think," said Cicely Voile, "you're very good-looking."

"I'm not really," said Rage, "but I suppose you feel it's up to you to say something. Anyway, we'll pretend you think so. I'm good-looking; and you—well, you're just exquisite. I can admire you and say so—without prejudice. You can glory in my homely features—dote, for instance, upon my ears, and tell me how much they move you—without being misunderstood. Think of the things we can discuss, the interests we can share, the easy intimacy we can enjoy—all without prejudice. Look at the terms we can use."

"Terms?"

"Terms. Why shouldn't I call you 'darling'? I like the word, and it suits you. Coming from me, it's not an expression of love."

(Continued on Page 79)

"Are You Engaged to My Nephew?" "Of Course I am," Said Cicely. "That's Why We're Alone"

The Bawby Ephalunt, Financier

"Well, to Prove They's No Hard Feelin's," He Said Cordially, "the Next One's on the House"

By HOLWORTHY HALL

ILLUSTRATED BY GRANT REYNARD

THE year was at spring, the afternoon was at five minutes of one, and practically all Huntsboro was just pushing back from dinner, when Floyd McEwen rounded the corner of Pleasant Street into the Sunday stagnation of Railroad Avenue. Granted that the apparel oft proclaims the man, yet in Floyd's case it spoke with double tongue and broadcast a girl as well; for when, in Huntsboro, any young seignior sees fit to drape himself in white flannel trousers, purple silk shirt, purple socks, a two-quart panama hat with a plaid puggree, and a blue coat with a purple-bordered handkerchief wilting from the breast pocket, it can only mean that sooner or quicker this complacent youth is going to keep a date.

As a matter of fact, Floyd radiated complacency in all possible wave lengths. Not yet eighteen, he had already pitched several games for Jersey City; and in a few days, as soon as he had rested up from an attack of Charley horse, he was to report for duty with the Goliaths themselves. He was equal partners with his father in McEwen's Cash Pharmacy, and even now his father was in New York sewing up a Sovereign Chain Drug Stores agency which would toll in quite considerable more custom. Finally, his honors and great employments had gained him the unswerving fealty of seven or eight absolute pippins, and he was scheduled to go boat riding on the river, presently, with the newest and most intriguing specimen of the lot.

What booted it, then, that from his bulbous contours—for he was organized on the classic lines of a summer squash—he had always been known in Huntsboro as the Bawby Ephalunt? What booted it that the tailor, so as not to lose money on the material alone, had had to charge him a dollar extra for his flannel pants? Yea, what booted even his rubber-tired spectacles, which gave him the vaguely stupefied expression of a pet goldfish? The answer was that it booted nothing whatsoever; for the epithet of his childhood had become the badge of his grandeur, and the bright and breathing world lay under his extensive feet.

At the portcullis of the pharmacy a mysterious stranger with a large roll of lithographs under his arm, and a diamond scarfpin which led the Koh-i-nur by an easy two carats, was loitering impatiently.

"Hello, Augustus," he said. "When's the pill shop open up?"

Floyd, surveying him with both native and imported dignity, produced his keys. "Sundays, a quarter of four to a quarter of twelve."

"What?" said the stranger, aghast. "Why, they told me it was from one to three!"

"Well, you just reckon it up on your fingers," advised Floyd, unbarring the wicket. "And while you're gettin' your headache, what can I do you for?"

The stranger, still confused by the mental arithmetic, aligned himself at the soda fountain. "Bubbly water," he said, "with ipecac." And winked enticingly.

"Huh?" inquired the Bawby Ephalunt.

"Now you just quit plaguing me, Lancelot," said the stranger, "and get on with your juggling act. Plain soda—with ipecac." And winked again, with fraternal optimism. "But say, are you McEwen the ball tosser?"

"Ayop. That's I'm," said Floyd modestly, and placed a foaming beaker on the counter.

"Well, then," said the stranger, crooking his elbow in the attitude of one about to pledge the king, "here's a go!" And quaffed generously. But immediately after the quaff he turned pale, staggered backwards, sparred frantically at the air, and mentioned in ultrafamiliar terms several of the leading characters in the Bible.

"But it wan't nothin' but just plain sody," said the Bawby Ephalunt virtuously. "With ipecac. Wan't that your order?"

Little by little the stranger recovered his equilibrium, but he was wan and plaintive. "Why, Cuthbert," he said, "what did you size me up as—a rum snooper? Listen; the Rollickin' Revelers—the best road show on God's green footstool—plays North Adams Wednesday and here Thursday, and I'm ahead of the opera. Well, I got to locate somebody can write in the stingers for the local hits, and I got to have some nice popular girl can flop through one sketch and then help plug the grand final. This local talent always goes acrost big, and she gets her name on the program. And they told me in North Adams you was the baby was the best judge of poultry, so I come in to chin it over with you, and you deal me out a hooker of brass polish! I tell you it's all wrong, Percy, it's all wrong!"

"Sorry," said the Bawby Ephalunt, mopping the bar. "But so long's I filled the order just like you give it, I got to trouble you for thutty cents, mister, and three cents more for the after-the-war tax. Thutty-three."

Reluctantly the stranger paid. "Well, be that as it may, are you fixed so you can dig me out a snappy author and a actress, or don't it register? Speak up, Rudolph; you're amongst friends. Are you gonna yes me or no me?"

After a congealing glance at the prescription clerk, who was dawdling in forty seconds late, the Bawby Ephalunt said, "Why, I s'pose I might if I had a mind to, but how much leeway is they to mull it over?"

"Why, here's the spots for the locals"—he gave Floyd a mangy carbon—"and they just got to be filled in with names that make the wheezes come pat, and be ready when the troupe gets in on the 1:19 Thursday."

"Um-hum. And the other thing?"

The advance agent tendered him a script. "Well, this here's the part. They's twenty-eight sides to it, and they's a rehearsal Thursday afternoon, so you'd better ought to choose her today, so's she can get up in it."

"Gorry!" said Floyd, raking his bump of originality. "Right off quick like that? Seems like kind of rushin' the mourners, don't it?"

The agent laughed. "Now don't you try to jazz me, Lionel. Why, they'd scratch and pull hair just to get the chance. You choose me out a looker, that's all, and see she knows her lines. And to pay back the favor, Aloysius—why, I'd slip you six Annie Oakleys." And no sooner said than slipped.

The Bawby Ephalunt, inspecting the brace of typewritten documents and the half dozen spaniel-eared tickets, gradually realized what an unusual opportunity was being served up to him. As official arbiter of playwrights and soubrettes, he would naturally acquire still further social importance; and it was also a heaven-born occasion to square up sundry personal grudges by arranging to have the local hits delivered as fast and accurate uppercuts.

"Why, I guess maybe I could sprain a point and oblige you," he said genially. "Sure."

"At-a-boy! Now I got to jump the next train, but you put this through—get the hits and get a girl, and see the

manager, Thursday. But listen; just out of Christian charity, Ferdinand, now we know each other—what does anybody have to order in here so's not to get what they called for?"

"Nope," said Floyd incorruptibly. "We're on the strict legal. But between I and you and the rain barrel, they's an awful sight o' lawlessness goin' on down to the Eagle House."

"Egbert," said the advance agent fervently, "you shove a couple of these hand-painted chromos in your front winder, and then you tell me which of the two opposite ways on this here boulevard points at that there sink of iniquity!"

The Bawby Ephalunt, having sped the parting guest, went back to interview the prescription clerk. "Here's the key," he said shortly. "And all them mint jujubes has started to run; they was put too near where the sun could get at 'em; mark 'em down to four cents, special. G'day." And went out into the caressing sunshine, which had almost the same effect upon him as though he had been a jujube himself. To be sure, he didn't exactly run, but he walked so rapidly that when he arrived at the river bank his two-inch collar was no longer competent to saw his neck.

One of the main outs about life, however, is that it's such a constant variorum, or hash. As Floyd, espying from afar the latest edition of his ideal, halted to swab his countenance and cinch his cravat, his crest was illuminated with joy, and utter intrepidity dwelt within him. But as he advanced farther and caught sight of the low rakish craft in which the Señorita Gladys Pert was waiting for him, much of the poetry evaporated from his cosmos. Floyd was built for a barge, but Gladys was waiting in a canoe.

"Greetings and salutations, Floyd. My, but that's a hot necktie you got on!"

"Um-hum," said Floyd abstractedly. "All wool but the buttons. But lookit, Glad! I'd kind of calculated you'd hire us a plain ordinary rowboat. Why, I doubt that peanut shell'll so much as bear my heft."

"Oh, don't be so pudgicky!" said Miss Pert. "It's tippy, but all you got to do is step in gentle, and stay put. Come on; don't be an old man by the time you get in; they charge by the hour."

The Bawby Ephalunt was thoroughly inflated with qualms, but in the presence of his divinity he dared not admit it. Therefore, with all the delicacy of a circus pachyderm which has been taught to place a harmless hoof upon its prostrate trainer, he embarked, and the frail argosy promptly settled a foot and a half.

"All aboard," he said with false enthusiasm. "Haul in the gangplank. Toot-toot! We're off in a cloud of dust."

By a magnificent effort Miss Pert persuaded the canoe to crawl forth from harbor while the Bawby Ephalunt sat bolt upright in the waist, with the tense expression of a maiden lady who has just heard a burglar. But eventually the charms of his fair gondolier began to erase his apprehensions, and he ended by completely forgetting the rude terrors of the vasty deep.

His acquaintance with her dated from the era when she had publicly gnawed a teething ring, but it was only the day before yesterday night, at Edna Swan's impromptu phonograph dance, that her personality had really hauled off and blackjacked him. Edna, incidentally, had been pretty touchy about this; she had come switching out to the piazza and said loudly and tartly, "Floyd and Gladys—wherever you are—the rest of us are now having our refreshments—if that signifies anything special to you!"

"What!" the Bawby Ephalunt had exclaimed from the sagging hammock. "So soon's all this? Why, it ain't only the shank of the evenin'."

"Well, if I was you," his hostess had rejoined, in a tone which implied that her own refreshment had consisted of powdered alum, "I'd go buy me an alarm clock. You been twosin' out here for two mortal hours, Floyd McEwen! Humph! Pretty rich, I call it!"

That was Edna all over; jealous at the least tiny little thing, like two measly hours out of a whole lifetime. What did she expect Floyd to do, tag around after her forever and ever, amen? Not that Edna wasn't quite a girl, in her own way, but Gladys—ah, Gladys!—well, Gladys was a pearl of purest ray serene, or knock-out.

She was a little ginger girl, about sixteen or sixteen and a half, with bobbed red hair, a marble brow slightly punctuated by freckles, and a multiplying eye; and she was kind of occult and feverish, like these wandering gypsy women, only, of course, she took more baths. She also wore a dimple where it would do the most good, and her father was president of the First—and only—National Bank of Huntsboro.

Luckily, She Had the Temperament of a True Artist. She Stopped Imitating a Crocodile, and Began to Imitate Ellen Terry

"Floyd," said Miss Pert suddenly, "which do you honestly like the best, me or Edna?"

As he gazed into her smoldering orbs of brown he almost lost his mental footing; but with characteristic caution he sharp-shod himself with tact. For, after all, Edna had been his very first flame, and he felt a haunting loyalty toward the embers.

"Glad," he said impressively, "you're the only one of you they is."

She sighed, laid the flattering unction to her soul, and slew a mosquito. "You see, I'm different than most other girls, Floyd. Most girls are Indian givers, even when it's their holiest affections. But I'm kind of like this river; it may be slow and muddy, but it's awful deep. And of course Edna's perfectly sweet, and so forth and so on; even if she hasn't got any more style than a last year's bird's nest. But after the way we talked together on her porch that night, I've felt as if you're just as different as I am. People don't grasp you, Floyd, any more than they do me. Isn't it the gospel?"

"Well," said the Bawby Ephalunt trustfully, "I do get joshed quite consid'able—but it ain't spoilt my appetite none."

"Floyd," said Miss Pert in a thrilling contralto, "I've got an intuition that you and me were predestined to be wonderful friends—if nothing more. Like Pelleas and Melisande, in my new library book. Or Laura and Plutarch."

"Well, you can't disprove it by me," conceded Floyd, and if his family name had been Felis instead of McEwen he would surely have purred. And so for ten beatific minutes they floated silently on the silver flood, dreaming of fays and talismans, except when Gladys had to pole them out of the eel grass.

"Why so pensive?" she asked softly. He started. "Oh, I was just thinkin' to myself."

Her smile was incendiary. "Well, why not think it to me?"

He made a gesture of dismissal to a vagrant horsefly. "Well—I was just wonderin' to myself how you'd like it to go onto the stage."

Miss Pert's reaction was an amalgam of bewilderment and awe. "Floyd! Why—why, it's absolutely uncanny! You must be a clairvoyant or something! Hadn't I just finished telling you the hunch I had about us? Why, that's the dream of my life! Oh, I'd perfectly adore it!"

He had actually opened his mouth to guarantee her a professional première next Thursday, when the insulted horsefly, coming to close quarters, bit him savagely on one of his most prominent nonvital areas.

"Woops!" yelped the Bawby Ephalunt, anguished, and automatically rolled over to protect his flank. Whereupon the good ship promptly heeled to leeward, the gunwale went under, and Floyd and Gladys, side by side, were quietly deposited in the river.

Afterwards he remembered that just as Gladys cleaved the surface of the billows she shrieked, "Oh, you clumsy lout, you!"

But perhaps even Melisande would have said the same thing under similar circumstances.

Now except to dog-paddle, the Bawby Ephalunt couldn't swim, but neither could he sink; so that, given sufficient time, he was sure to dock safely. Miss Pert, on the other hand, was virtually amphibious, but even if she had succeeded in righting the canoe she would still have needed two pontoons and a steam crane to salvage Floyd. With one accord, then, they set out for the mainland, where an aged farmer stood ready to receive them with a cant hook.

Miss Pert, however, shrilly declined to be rescued by instruments. She scrambled ashore, and modestly concealing herself in a clump of alders—for she was costumed in dotted Swiss on a cotton-crêpe foundation—lifted up her voice in a prolonged and hysterical demand for something warm, voluminous and opaque, preferably a carriage robe. Floyd, functioning as a sidewheeler, was twenty yards behind, and proportionately colder.

"S-say, Mr. P-peaslee," he shivered, "c-can w-we get us dried off in y-your house?"

"Well, I don't much doubt but what you could," said Mr. Peaslee, and wagged his head toward the alder thicket. "She goes it real good when she gets her tuned up, don't she?"

Half an hour later the two survivors of the wreck, each incased in a cocoon of blankets and patchwork quilts, sat before the kitchen stove, while their raiment smoked on a clotheshorse. For the sake of the conventions Mrs. Peaslee had suspended a Turkey-red tablecloth between the raiment and the survivors. She had also fortified their systems with hot thoroughwort tea.

But regardless of these kindly ministrations Miss Pert wasn't yet consoled. She had not only confirmed her previous quotation of even date—namely, that Floyd was a clumsy lout—but she had also added detailed specifications. Consequently his mind was now chiefly nourished by the resolution to perish of galloping pneumonia, with an appropriate deathbed scene in which he would listen unmoved to Gladys' racking sobs, while with his last breath he would murmur thickly, "Edner! My Edner! Till we meet above!" And it would serve Gladys darn well right if after that she went right straight off into a decline herself. Spit-cat, that was all she was; spit-cat.

But now, abruptly, this vivid, passionate creature turned to him.

"Floyd," she said gently.

He shrugged his shoulders. "Ayop. That's my name."

"I'm over being mad, Floyd. I was as mad as hops. It was my brand-new dress, and all. But I don't honestly hold it against you, Floyd. You didn't do it a-purpose."

He snorted. "Thanks for the ad."

"No, but Floyd, won't you please pardon me? I didn't mean to be so personal; I'm mortified to a cinder. And when we've been through dangers together—why, it really ought to cement us, instead of vice versa, hadn't it?"

In spite of himself his rancor melted like tinfoil exposed to a plumber's torch. "Well, I'm sorry the darn fly bit me. I guess that about evens it up, don't it?"

"Oh, Floydie!" she said, and the golden cadence, falling on his ear, was like voluptuous music. Their eyes clung together; slowly their cocoons swayed toward a common center, and they craned their necks slightly and kissed. But in another instant both Mr. and Mrs. Peaslee entered the kitchen, and the conversation shifted to rheumatism, fertilizers, hog cholera and the best bait for pickerel. It wasn't until dusk that they had another precious moment alone; but through all this interval Miss Pert had been saving up a question.

"Floyd," she inquired suspiciously, "did you ever kiss any other girl?"

He attempted to duck it. "Well -not anybody just quite like you."

Her voice was choked with tears. "Oh, Floyd, how could you ever bear to do it?"

"Easy as pie. Lemme show you," he volunteered benevolently, but she shrank into her chrysalis.

"No! Not on your tintype! To me a kiss on the mouth has a real meaning! Oh, what a gump I was! I ought to have had more sense! You men are just nothing but perfect beasts! You can't be trusted halfway around the block! There was I, utterly sincere, and you weren't only just da lying with me!"

It was Floyd's turn to display a righteous huff, and he did it.

"Well, not so's you could hardly notice it! And I can't say I'm stuck on your language neither! Think I'm those kind of a feller?"

Slowly her big brown eyes widened. "You mean—it meant something drastic to you too?"

He was still indignant. "Ayop. I guess so. Sure it did."

"Cross your heart?"

"Ayop. Or I would if I wasn't so bundled up in all this here beddin'!"

She caught her breath. "Oh, Floydie! And I never once suspicioned! But then we're ours, aren't we?"

"What? What say?"

Before she had time to develop her thesis, however, they were again interrupted by Mr. Peaslee, who had hitched up his fiery and untamed steed, named Narcissus. Narcissus had already been a mother before Floyd was born—to take them home. The buggy seat was so narrow that Gladys had to sit on the Bawby Ephalunt's lap; and he was numbed with bliss until, just as they reined up before the McEwen dwelling, and he squeezed her fairy hand, she whispered to him, "Oh, Floydie! Isn't it too perfectly exciting to be engaged?"

"Huh?" demanded the Bawby Ephalunt, palsied.

She continued to whisper. "It's all right; he's deaf as an adder. Good night, my fiancé."

His brain was a formless gray confusion. "What? What was that you said?"

"Fiancé. It means we've plighted our troth. Good night, Floydie!"

"Giddap!" said Mr. Peaslee, and Narcissus leisurely obeyed.

By fairy hands his knell was rung. "Holy sufferin' tripe!" said Floyd dazedly.

Now among the Bawby Ephalunt's contemporaries there was one yclept Haywood, who for two solid months had been clerking in the office of Cooley & Simpson, to educate himself in the sharp quillets of the law. Floyd found him at the engine house, playing red dog.

"Come outside, Sot," he said in a hoarse undertone. "I got a matter to put up to you."

Mr. Haywood, who had earned his nickname by unflinching fidelity to hard cider, happened to be three dollars ahead of the red-dog game, so he willingly went outside.

"Well, Bawby," he said, "what's wrong with your liver?"

"Listen, Sot. You're a lawyer. Well, they's a certain person in this town's got private reasons why he don't want to take this matter up with neither Simpson or Cooley; so I'm kind of smellin' round for him, to see how the land lays. So—well, how old do you have to be, Sot, before, just because you kiss a girl, you don't have to marry her? Ain't it when you're of age?"

Mr. Haywood shook his sapient head. "Well, to begin right smack at the beginnin', that's a kind of a illegal way to put the question anyhow. It's hind side to. Now, for instance, matrimony's a legal contract, same's any other legal contract, and you got to have a bona fide offer and a bona fide acceptance. Now, for instance, in Hobbs vs Massasoit Whip Company, that was a case about whether so many snakeskins was offered and accepted, or whether they wasn't. And dependin' on the nature of the overt act, why, maybe one party could be estopped from denyin' the offer or the acceptance, and that would be breach of promise. That was Hobbs vs. Massasoit Whip Company. I don't rightly recollect which one won, but it's a legal principle. For instance, unless the party of the first part makes a bona fide proposal of marriage, or else behaves himself so the jury would decide he must have had it in the back of his head to make her an offer—why, I should say he could kiss her all right, and if she don't like it she can lump it."

The Bawby Ephalunt breathed more freely. "That sounds fair enough, Sot."

Mr. Haywood uplifted a warning forefinger. "But they's one other tricky point. That was why I said you had it hind side to. For instance, in my legal capacity I got to treat you as a infant."

"Oh, is that so?" said the Bawby Ephalunt, eying him critically.

"Yes, sir-ree, sir. In law you're a infant until you're twenty-one. Me, too. And a infant can always welsh on his contracts anyhow, and they can't hold you to 'em. It's the principle of *de minimis non curat lex*. So even if a infant did agree to marry a lady, and then he wants to squeal out of it—why, she can't do a thing. So my professional judgment is, Bawby, you got all the nine points of the law on your side. Who was it—Edna Swan?"

Floyd, into whose veins new courage had been so authoritatively piped, pretended not to hear the query. "Lemme get this straight. The woman can't sue you in court unless they was a open-and-shut offer in so many words—and even if they was, but the man wasn't of age, you can tell them to go chase themselves anyway?"

"That's it. I couldn't have boiled it down neater myself. Who was it—Mamie Vance?"

"Thanks, Sot. Here's a little kind of a retainer for you."

It was a two-dollar bill; it was Mr. Haywood's first fee, and it was also his last, for a fortnight later he was handed his resignation by Cooley & Simpson, and went into the grain-and-feed business. But for once, at least, he had fulfilled the highest mission of an attorney; he had insured his client a good night's sleep.

Punctually at the appointed hour, and in complete agreement with the Old Farmers' Almanac, the silent sisters of Erebus drew aside with rosy fingers the damask curtains of the dawn; and simultaneously the milkman stumbled over a mop handle on the back stoop. Between them they aroused the Bawby Ephalunt from symphonic slumber.

The day was so fresh and fragrant, and Floyd's conscience was so limpidly clear, that at the outset, while he was climbing into his stylish stouts, he warbled a merry roundelay to the purport that his anthracite-tinted Venus

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With Leaden Steps He Plodded for the Pharmacy, and en Route He Was Waylaid by Five More Aspirants

THE GREAT AMERICAN GAME

By Richard Connell

ILLUSTRATED BY GEORGE E. WOLFE

Joel Graham's Hair Was Sorrel and Abundant

Brad Bailey's Hair Was Thick and Black

CLINTON CITY—The Busy City of Homes—numbered among its assets:

a. One main, and a goodly number of minor streets.

b. A palatial railroad station, a new city hall, fourteen churches, a synagogue, and a fitting number of banks.

c. A library almost as beautiful as a filling station.

d. A massive fraternity hall, where grips were exchanged.

e. Bronze statues of Henry Clay, James G. Blaine, and Malachi Clinton, who wrested the site of the city from the Indians.

f. Four temples dedicated to the art of the motion picture.

g. A large theater, *née* opera house, to which original New York casts invariably came direct from a year on Broadway.

h. Five hotels, one with a fumed-oak grill and an orchestra protected by palms.

i. A lively and optimistic chamber of commerce, which, in 1910, had caused to be painted on a large rock near the depot the words, "This is Clinton City. Bigger than New York in 1925." This prophecy was revised, some years later, to read "Watch Us Grow."

j. Several barber shops, sanitary as hospitals.

k. A public park, with two bears in a cage.

l. An adequate supply of soda fountains, sewers, right-handed lunch rooms, garages, elm trees, pay-as-you-enter street cars, parking spaces, dentists, grocery stores, public schools and specialty shops.

m. A nice jail.

n. A morning and an evening newspaper.

o. Thriving factories wherein were made ball bearings, overalls, derby hats, spark plugs, garters, cough drops, horseshoes, ice-cream freezers, bottled remedies for frost-bite, kid gloves, lawn mowers, playing cards, blankets, buttons and brake lining.

p. Finally, a circumstance of which all residents of Clinton City were inordinately proud, two department stores, to wit: The Big Store, Bradley C. Bailey, Sole Prop., and The Bee Hive, Joel Graham, Founder-President.

These two stores stood on Main Street, directly opposite each other, and all day they glared hostilely at each other with their plate-glass eyes. Had the laws of Nature which make six-story brick buildings practically stationary not intervened, it is likely that they would have sprung at each other's throats. To say they were competitors were to describe carbolic acid in terms of skim milk. They were keen rivals, bitter adversaries, open enemies. On every day of the year, including Christmas, the two stores fought each other with every commercial weapon that science, ingenuity and a rich hate could devise.

It was a fight to the finish, with no quarter given or expected. For years it had been an even fight, for the two stores were singularly alike in equipment, service and the quality and variety of their wares. One did not dare slip behind the other in any way. If The Big Store put in a row of glass cells where patrons could be confined while listening to phonograph records, The Bee Hive must instantly have a row of glass cells too. If The Bee Hive held a Bargain Week, sold printed silk at $1.48 a yard, and presented the children with toy balloons, The Big Store came right back with a Rock-Bottom Price Week, sold printed silk at $1.45 a yard, and presented the urchins with whistles. So in every important respect they were on a par. The unconcealed and hearty detestation Bradley C. Bailey, proprietor of The Big Store, felt for Mr. Graham, was balanced by the deep and implacable loathing Joel Graham, president of The Bee Hive, harbored for Mr. Bailey.

Now this had not always been the case. There has been a time when, every morning, Joel Graham had called cheerily across Main Street, "Hello, Brad. How's tricks?" And young Bailey had called back, "Pretty fine, Joel. How's the world treating you?" But that time was something more than a quarter of a century in the past, back in the more leisurely days when no trolley tracks ran down Main Street, when farmers drove in from the surrounding countryside in their rigs to barter fresh eggs for calico, when Clinton City was a somewhat somnolent town, and The Big Store a little store, and Bradley C. Bailey was its bookkeeper, buyer, advertising manager and entire sales force; and Joel Graham was starting a tiny business in a tiny shop, and sleeping under the counter to save room rent. They were young men then, who had come from farms in the same part of the state with nothing in their paper suitcases but a comb and a spare suit of underwear, but with an ambition that could not have been contained in seventy times seven suitcases. Those were the days when Brad Bailey's hair was thick and black, and Joel Graham's hair was sorrel and abundant. Those were the days when Joel Graham, putting up the shutters of his two-by-four shop at the end of the day, would call across Main Street to Bradley C. Bailey, similarly employed, "Say, Brad, you old curmudgeon, how much of that gosh-awful twelve-cent gingham of yours did you palm off on your innocent victims today?"

"A couple of bolts," Mr. Bailey would call back. "Say, Joel, were you able to wish any of that job lot of sheets off on anybody?"

"Sure," Joel Graham would answer. "There's nothing a really good salesman can't sell. After they looked over your moth-eaten stock they came over here."

"Well," would be Brad Bailey's repartee, "there's no accounting for tastes. Say, Joel, let's shoot a game of pool before supper."

But now Mr. Bailey's hair was no longer black, but gray, turning white; and Mr. Graham's hair was no longer sorrel, but nonexistent; and they did not indulge in badinage or pool with each other. When their day's work was over, Mr. Bailey stepped into his eight-cylinder car and sped home to dress for dinner, and perhaps to play a game of billiards with one of his sons in the billiard room of the big Georgian house he had built for himself out on the North Hill Road; and Mr. Graham stepped into his eight-cylinder car and sped to his large Colonial house on the South Hill Road, and perhaps played a round of golf at the country club with one of the numerous bright young men of his organization. Sometimes on the links Mr. Graham passed Mr. Bailey; this was at least one occasion on which both men kept their eyes on the ball. If Mr. Bailey existed Mr. Graham gave no sign that he was aware of the fact, and for all Mr. Bailey appeared to know, Joel Graham possessed the magic property of invisibility.

What started it all was that new plate-glass show window that Joel Graham installed in his store. A couple of years after he came to Clinton City and started to keep shop Joel Graham invested the money he had saved by sleeping in the store, in a new front for his place of business. For those times and that town it was a magnificent front, with two broad windows glittering with electric lights and adorned by waxen sirens displaying the latest thing in flowered muslin wrappers and bicycle bloomers. Of course such a front demanded a new sign; it was only natural for Joel Graham to deem his small wooden sign bearing the words, J. Graham, Dry Goods and Notions, inadequate for his expanding establishment. So he caused to be made a new sign of shining brass which shouted to the populace,

The BEE HIVE
JOEL GRAHAM, Pres.
More for the Money Here Than Anywhere Else

Bradley C. Bailey, coming down to open his store one morning, was hit squarely in the eyes by the new sign. Forthwith he retired to the small den under the stairs where he kept his books and safe, and chewed a penholder.

"Humph!" he remarked to his recently engaged sales force, Miss Ettie Breen, who in the years to come was destined to give mah-jongg fêtes as Mrs. Bradley C. Bailey. "Friend Joel seems to be stepping out. Wonder if he thinks that highfalutin front is going to help his trade."

"I think it will," remarked Miss Breen. "Women like style. You'll have to have a new front, I guess."

Mr. Bailey scowled.

"Not much, I won't," he retorted. "Honest goods don't need fancy packages. Folks don't go to a store to buy plate-glass windows and wax dummies; they want value for their money, and I'll give it to them. Joel certainly has got his nerve with him. 'More for the money here than anywhere else.' Humph! We'll see about that. And do you get that 'Joel Graham, Pres.'? If that don't beat all! Why doesn't he say 'Joel Graham, Pres., Vice Pres., cashier, bundle boy, window dresser and mopper-up'? That's nearer the truth. Him and his more-for-the-money! Well, we'll see about that; we'll see."

That evening he called: "Hey, there, President Graham! How many people got stung in The Bee Hive today?"

"Biggest day's business I ever had," returned Joel Graham, and from the note of elation in his voice Bradley C. Bailey was afraid Joel was telling the truth. "I took in a lot of honey today, Brad."

Mr. Bailey did not suggest a game of pool that evening He spent some hours in his store, going over his stock, deciding where he could cut prices. But prune and pare prices as he might, he found that his customers were being seduced by the glittering windows and painted-cheeked wax sirens in the store across the street. When he looked over his books at the end of the month he sent Miss Breen out for a bottle of red ink. Next morning, when Joel Graham called a greeting to him, Bradley C. Bailey's response was tinged with chill. The opening gun of the war had been fired.

There was only one thing to do, Bradley C. Bailey concluded, and he did it. He rented the butcher shop next door, replaced the steaks and chops with tinware and household goods, painted the fronts of the adjoining buildings a noticeable yellow, and caused to be constructed a brass sign twice as large as the one that graced The Bee Hive. In letters that were not only readable but unescapable, the sign said:

THE BIG STORE
BRADLEY C. BAILEY
Sole Prop.
The House of Real Values
(Others promise; *We* fulfill!)

"I guess," remarked Mr. Bailey, as he watched the morning sunlight glance from the sign and from his four new plate-glass windows, "that that will hold President Joel Graham for a while!"

"Well, Brad," said Mr. Graham, across the street that evening, "I see you are a sole prop. now. Must be a terrible responsibility, being sole prop. of a big store." And Mr. Graham laughed a loud laugh that jarred Mr. Bailey's sensibilities.

To his wife that night Mr. Graham spoke in tones which held little sweetness or light.

"That fellow Bailey," stated Mr. Graham, "has the crust of a bride's pie. Him and his Big Store. If that's a big store Clinton Pond is an ocean. And if you ask me, I don't like that line of his—'Others promise; We fulfill!' That looks like a slap at me."

"Never mind, Joel," said his wife. "You have three more dummies than he has, and your new summer dresses are a lot nicer."

"But his are half a dollar cheaper," said Joel Graham. "And he's put in a tinware department that will coin money."

"Then why don't you put in one too?" counseled Mrs. Graham. "And put in a line of rugs and carpets. You've got room in the cellar."

"By George, I will!" exclaimed Joel Graham; and he did. Of course there was nothing for Mr. Bailey to do then but move the boxes out of his cellar and establish a department which his advertisements referred to as "Carpet Land—The Place Where Good Carpet Grows. Compare our prices with ALL OTHER STORES selling Carpet!"

As The Bee Hive was the only other store in Clinton City at that time selling carpet, Joel Graham, on reading these advertisements, had a few terse and reasonably profane words to say on the subject of Mr. Bailey, and the next advertisement of The Bee Hive in the Clinton City Chronicle took occasion to remark, "Don't judge carpet by price alone! There are *some* carpets sold by *some* stores that are dear at *any* price. The Bee Hive sells Quality Carpet at the lowest price possible. To pay less is to get something unworthy of the name of carpet. Every foot we sell carries the Graham Guaranty! Our Carpet does not *grow*. It is made by experts. See it, and be convinced."

On scanning this pronouncement, Bradley C. Bailey emitted a hoarse sound indicative of wrath.

"The Graham Guaranty!" he snorted. "He must have picked up that idea from some big city store. The Graham Guaranty! Well, that smooth skinflint!"

The following day Clinton City was made aware of the fact that "Every article sold by The Big Store—from hairpin to grand piano—is Backed by the Bailey Bond."

The swing of words had somewhat intoxicated Mr Bailey, for he did not sell grand pianos, and Mr. Graham brought this pointedly to his attention when they chanced to meet on Main Street.

"I suppose," remarked Mr. Graham loudly, and with an open sarcasm that was apparent to the citizens who chanced to overhear the dialogue, "that you sold a dozen Bailey Backed grand pianos today."

"You mind your own business," was Bradley C. Bailey's curt reply.

Of course, after that, Mr. Bailey had to remodel his second floor and establish there a music department. In due time Joel Graham, having endured the tormenting sound of prospective customers playing chopsticks on the wares of his rival till he could stand it no longer, took over the store adjacent to his and arranged to handle a rival line of grand and less grand pianos. Furthermore, Mr. Graham engaged a young lady with strong arms to play daily and loudly in what he described in his advertisements as "Clinton City's Exclusive Salon de Musique." Bradley C. Bailey gritted his teeth when he heard the muscular young lady's notes echoing above the noise of traffic on Main Street.

Clinton City had been wakened from its slumber and had begun to grow, not with the patient increase of the century plant, but quickly, perceptibly, like a young colt A spasm of activity hit the city. The ball-bearing factory was coaxed to town by dulcet notes from the chamber of commerce, and with it came five hundred well-paid practitioners of the art of ball-bearing making, and their families. A buoyant new advertising manager breathed life into the old cough-drop works and created so passionate a demand for Clinton City Cough Drops among the peoples of the earth that a huge new plant and several hundred new cough-drop molders resulted. Cottage Park, Bungalow Vale and Homestead Manor came into being, and there were shirts for dad, and shoes for little Kenneth, and pie pans for mother to be bought. The Big Store seethed, and The Bee Hive hummed. Bradley C. Bailey and Joel Graham began to take a deep interest in cost accounting, overhead, sales slips, deliveries by motor truck, clearance sales, white-goods weeks, store atmosphere, and even floorwalkers. It was on the occasion of Joel Graham's employing his first floorwalker that Bradley C. Bailey resolved never to speak to Mr. Graham again; at almost the same precise moment, a similar resolution had been passed by Mr. Graham's mind with regard to Mr. Bailey.

Bradley C. Bailey was busy just then, concocting a surprise of an unpleasant nature for the merchant across the street. Mr. Bailey was immersed to his eyebrows in the blue prints of the new Bailey Building, which soon shot up to house The Big Store, to inspire prideful emotions in the bosoms of all patriotic Clinton Cityites, and to fill the veins of Joel Graham with the caustic acid of envy

When The Big Store's double-page advertisements appeared with the news that "Clinton City now has the largest and most complete department store in this part

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"Don't Mock Me, Joel Graham. All I Own in the World is This Suit of Clothes I'm Wearing, and That Old Safe"

FRESH AIR

By GORDON ARTHUR SMITH

ILLUSTRATED BY R. M. CROSBY

WHEN I married Evangeline my friends of both sexes looked at me, I remember, either with admiring pity or with pitying admiration—I never could quite make up my mind which. In any case pity and admiration were the two essential ingredients of their attitude; and this, to me, seemed inexplicable at the time. Had they been filled with envy I could easily have understood it and pardoned it, for Evangeline was—and, indeed, is—an exceedingly beautiful and talented young woman, whereas I myself am nothing more than an average, low-brow, fairly successful stockbroker.

"But you are so different from Evangeline!" pointed out almost everybody I knew, almost every time I saw them. I became saturated with the phrase, which was delivered breathlessly and in a tone of reproach, as if I ought to have been ashamed of myself for being different from Evangeline—as if my being different was a sort of secret and heinous vice.

I Threw Ipokek a Look of Fury That, Temporarily at Least, Narrowed His Smile. With a Gulp I Swallowed My Anger and My Pride—a Huge Mouthful

Scarcely anybody observed that Evangeline was different from me. No; Evangeline was the criterion, the ideal from which I had the misfortune to deviate.

Of course we were different. We were very different. Evangeline, at the time, was a violent but ever graceful radical, an enthusiastic supporter of all that was ultra-modern in politics, religion and the arts. The hoarse cry of freedom, which has enticed and deluded so many ardent young people throughout the ages, thrilled her and filled her like a flame. Any new movement that flourished the banner of revolt she embraced with an almost fanatic ardor, and she enrolled herself proudly in causes with strange names. She was—not necessarily all at one time—a disciple of communism, of vorticism, of dadaism, of cubism, and of vers-librism, if there is such a word. Fortunately she was not what I might call an active practitioner in any of these but the last. The others she merely patronized.

Now unkempt red causes attract unkempt red people, and Evangeline, herself always pale and immaculate, soon had her drawing-room littered up with hairy men and bobbed-haired women, clamoring for all sorts of things, from free love to government ownership. All these young radicals had, I soon discovered, achieved at least one form of freedom—the freedom from soap and water. On the afternoons of Evangeline's receptions I used to appear armed with a spray with which I succeeded in partially clearing the atmosphere. But Evangeline, while frankly admitting its appropriateness, questioned whether its use was in good taste, and resorted instead to the burning of incense.

You will have discerned that I was out of place in that galley—I, a conservative member of the capitalist class, a linen-clad toiler in that very Wall Street which was anathema to them. With the regularity of clockwork I voted the straight Republican ticket; I believed in private ownership of property, wives and children; I believed that pictures should be comprehensible to the many who had to look at them as well as to the few who painted them, and that both poetry and prose should be grammatical, decently punctuated and intelligible to the average mature mind. I was, you see, a hidebound reactionary. No wonder that people said I was different from Evangeline.

And yet we fell in love with each other. There is not the slightest doubt about that. Disagreeing as we did on every subject under the sun, scorning or despising each other's friends and associates, striving along totally different paths toward totally different objectives—we fell in love. What on earth—or beyond the earth—is it, I wonder, that makes people fall in love with each other? Dissimilarity perhaps.

We married. Evangeline's young men friends were frankly sorry for her and, I'm convinced, disappointed. They foresaw the cessation of free food and of very free drink which she had been wont to dispense so generously at what she called her studio. But they need not have worried, for Evangeline, matron, did not change noticeably from Evangeline, maiden. The studio gatherings continued; the great unwashed were welcomed and made to feel at home; poets, artists, novelists, musicians, critics, anarchists—all were encouraged to do their little stunt or to explode their little bomb while I, host and Philistine, sat speechless and panting in a corner, overcome by the fumes.

"I think you might at least try to take an interest," Evangeline would say to me after one of these painful occasions. "All you can think of is the stock ticker."

I would smile in a way that I knew annoyed her, and agree.

"It's so true," she would continue, "that the encouragement of the arts in America is left entirely to the women. The men are nothing but uncultured moneygrubbers without a finer feeling or thought in them."

"Too true," I sighed, "alas, too true!"

"If you admit it," she said coldly, "why don't you do something about it?"

"Well," I explained, "I haven't got the time. You must remember that all your protégés consume an amazing amount of food and drink, and somebody's got to pay the butcher and the bootlegger. When I sign the checks, my dear, I feel that I am contributing my bit toward the advancement of the arts in America—a modest bit, to be sure, but every man according to his ability. Now take, for example, that fellow Ipecac, the poet ——"

"His name's not Ipecac," she interrupted; "it's Franz Ipokek, and if you knew anything at all you'd know that he's one of the leaders of modern American poetry."

"No doubt," I said. "But take, for example, then, Franz Ipokek, the very American poet. When he left here this evening he contained about two dollars' worth of food and four dollars' worth of Scotch. If he should be inspired to write a great poem tonight I claim that I'd be justified in claiming some of the credit for it, since it was I that paid for the fuel or the ammunition or whatever you choose to call it. It's the same with that dark-skinned lad, Ganarelli, the very American anarchist. Whatever he destroys tonight—well, don't I come in for a share of the glory?"

"You're just being absurd," pointed out Evangeline, so wearily that it was clear she didn't like my absurdity.

And then, on that occasion as on others, I would give up trying to state my case even facetiously and, since I loved her very much, would cajole her back into a good humor by kisses and caresses to which, since she loved me very much, she would sooner or later capitulate.

This impossible sort of existence continued for upwards of a year after our marriage. Evangeline during that year devoted herself to composing remarkably modern poetry while I kept my nose relentlessly to the ticker. As may be imagined, the strain of quarreling and making up told on us both. We found that it grew increasingly easy to start a quarrel but increasingly difficult to end it. And occasionally we permitted the sun to go down on our wrath rather than go to all the trouble of making peace and starting a new war the next day.

When Evangeline announced to me one evening that she had had a poem accepted for publication, the conviction dawned on me that unless I acted adroitly and quickly we had come to what is called the parting of the ways. It was totally obvious that from that moment I could expect no compromise from my wife. More ardently than ever now would she dedicate herself to the arts, and more scornfully would she look upon me who concerned myself almost exclusively with finance. She was a full-fledged poet! Her feet were set firmly in the path!

I asked politely about the poem and the magazine which had accepted it.

"Oh," she said, trying bravely to appear careless and modest, "the poem is nothing very great. It's just one of many that I've written. It wouldn't interest you at all." And she added bitterly after a pause: "You probably wouldn't even understand what it is about."

"But, dearest," I said meekly, "I'd like to try. Won't you read it to me?"

She was, of course, at heart burning to read it to me. Wild horses could not have prevented her, but she wanted urging. I flatter myself that I was tactful enough and wise enough to urge.

"It's a sonnet," she said.

"Yes?"

"But not in the conventional sonnet form."

"I see."

"I warn you, you won't like it."

"If I don't like it I'll say so," I lied.

"All right. I'll read it to you, but be it on your own head."

To my surprise she provided herself with the manuscript before beginning.

"Don't you know it by heart?" I asked.

She seemed a little confused—reddened and stammered, "It—it's better to read it. I've made so many changes."

I nodded. "Well, shoot!" I said.

"It's entitled On the Portrait of a Young Boy as a Man. And without further delay she read:

"Tintamarre! Tintamarre out of mauve
lisping sleep athwart my sleep,
rend the opalescence uncovering my naked soul.
The hammers beat for dollars,
and the years burgeon insatiably; and I
wait with unfathomable iris eyes and silent songs.

"Tintamarre! Tintamarre, fulfillment
is an oyster's salted dream who
(stung with a rather ridiculous energy)
girds up his loins and charges into the wind,
baring his breast
to expectancy."

I made sure that she had finished before I ventured to comment on this. One is never quite certain with modern poetry just where it begins and where it ends, and it is unflattering to the author to applaud before he has finished.

"I think, Evangeline," I said gravely, "that that is the most extraordinary work you have done."

"Do you really?" she asked, suspicious but pleased.

"I most certainly do! You have avoided the rut of convention, and in my humble opinion you are in a fair way to revolutionize the sonnet. There's nothing like it anywhere in Shakspere or Milton or Keats that I know of."

"No," she agreed happily, "I don't think the form has been used before."

With a sudden burst of affection she came over to sit on the arm of my chair and, laying her head on my shoulder, she said in a whisper:

"It's so nice of you, Walter, to like it and to be appreciative. I've been afraid lately that you—that you were drifting away from me, and I'd be so glad if my poetry brought us together."

Well, my heart is not of ice and it melted. I vowed to myself then and there that, cost me what it might in pain and self-respect, I should never again appear to scoff at her work or that of her friends. No; in the future I should be a zealot, a devotee of the modern in the arts, waging indefatigable war on form and convention, order and sequence, rime and meter, harmony and intelligibility. In order to do this with conspicuous effect, to display my white plume in the van, I determined to neglect my business a little. What were a few extra dollars, I questioned rhetorically, compared to a happy and united ménage.

As evidence of my change of heart I made a point of coming uptown early in the afternoon to attend those gatherings in the studio which it pleased Evangeline to refer to as her salon, but which, more appropriately perhaps, might have been called her saloon. No longer did I sit morosely scornful in a lonely corner, critical and inarticulate. On the contrary, I set myself earnestly to the task of learning a few of the code words and phrases necessary to one who would converse in a modern fashion about modern arts and, mastering these without difficulty, I soon became an eloquent conversationalist, whose opinion was listened to with respect on almost any silly subject.

Evangeline fairly bloomed under the benign sun shed by my new personality. The fact that she had sold a poem to a magazine invested her with a new dignity and authority. From an ambitious amateur with money enough to enable her to entertain generously, she had now become a recognized professional. She read her sonnet aloud to a jealous but enthusiastic audience.

"It is so splendid!" cried Branting, a pale-faced cubist, shaking me violently by the hand as if he thought I should share in the splendor of it. "It will make the professors sit up, eh?"

Professors, I had early learned, were in great disrepute in Evangeline's salon. The term, moreover, was used rather loosely to designate anybody who publicly advocated adherence to law and order.

"It will make the professors lie down!" I said heartily. "Just think of it, Branting—a sonnet that has neither rime nor meter!"

"Amazing!" he agreed. "Neither rime nor meter, and yet so utterly and unmistakably a sonnet! Positively amazing!"

We were joined by Mrs. Etta Gaylord, a stout, bobbed-haired poetess with pince-nez on a cord.

"When may we expect to hear from you, Mr. Stacy?" she asked me. "Haven't you a masterpiece hidden away somewhere among your stocks and bonds? Come now, confess!"

Smilingly I explained that of course I had fragments—things begun but never finished.

"I have for a long time," I said, unblushing, "been interested in trying to express music in words. I refer, you will understand, to absolute music and not to that degraded music that strives to tell a story. Now you and I and all of us admit that a painting shouldn't tell a story, nor a piece of sculpture, nor a musical composition. We admit that, don't we, Mrs. Gaylord?"

She agreed vehemently that we did.

"Well, then," I continued, "I go even further. I claim that words shouldn't tell a story. And"—here I fixed her impressively with stern eyes—"and I claim, Mrs. Gaylord, that a story shouldn't tell a story!"

"Oh," she gasped—"how wonderful! How true! How utterly true!"

"Isn't it," I acquiesced.

"You must let us see your efforts, Mr. Stacy, even if they are unfinished. You really must."

"Some day, perhaps, Mrs. Gaylord. The beauty of such work as mine lies, of course, in the fact that one can rarely tell whether it is finished or not. If it satisfies a soul, then, for that special soul at any rate, it is finished. But it may leave other souls unsatisfied, and to them, accordingly, it will appear as a fragment. A soul, to grasp its entirety, must be of the same aura, must vibrate to the same ray. You perceive the difficulty, Mrs. Gaylord?"

She said that she did and, pleased with the profound impression I had created, I left her, to pour myself a much needed drink at the buffet. There I encountered Franz Ipokek.

Ipokek greeted me with the superior and patronizing manner which I had learned to expect from him. He alone of Evangeline's clique seemed suspicious of my sudden metamorphosis from stockbroker to patron of the arts.

"A triumph for your wife, eh?" he observed with a smile that was almost sarcastic.

"Well merited, too," I said shortly. "It's a superb sonnet."

He shrugged his shoulders ever so slightly.

"Would you mind telling me," he inquired, "just who was or is Tintamarre?"

Now that was a question which, although I had put it secretly to myself, was far too definite to be asked aloud, particularly in connection with anything so indefinite as Evangeline's sonnet. It is simply indelicate to demand of a modernist's poem or picture what it or any detail of it means. Had I not been at pains, indeed, to explain to Mrs. Gaylord the theory that even a story should tell no story?

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She Read Her Sonnet Aloud to a Jealous But Enthusiastic Audience. "It Is So Splendid!" Cried Branting, a Pale-Faced Cubist. "It Will Make the Professors Sit Up, Eh?"

Death and the Painless Bonus Bill

By GEORGE KIBBE TURNER

ILLUSTRATED BY GEORGE E. WOLFE

And Now a Second Time the Radio Voice Was Heard. "Will Marcus Aurelius Browne, the Great International Press Agent, Wire at Once a Statement to the Associated Press? In Answer to Ben Bumpus Boone?"

IT WAS the spring of 1924. The talk of huge financial operations, of presidential candidates, of taxes filled the air. Ben Bumpus Boone, the great free-publicity candidate, sat alone in the late afternoon, as was his custom, in his vacant office in the empty Senate Office Building, at work upon the last draft of the matter nearest to his heart—his coming radio broadcast to the nation, upon his Painless Bonus Bill.

In the silence he heard, or thought he heard, the sound of a light knock upon the outer office door.

"Come in!" cried out Ben Bumpus Boone.

A small man with a nervous and uneasy manner, but a strange and determined light-blue eye, now entered the room. "Do I address Senator Boone?" he asked earnestly.

"Yes, sir, you do, sir," replied the senator, rising.

"The author of the Painless Bonus Bill?"

"The same, sir."

After a serious and searching gaze the rather dingily dressed stranger with the singular and solemn eyes went on. "My name, senator," he said, "is Abraham Lincoln Smith."

"Mr. Smith, I am pleased to meet you, sir," said the great free-publicity senator, the idol of the soldier, the sailor, the farmer and the laboring man, advancing to shake hands

"I am the secretary of the National Taxation Without Misrepresentation League," the visitor in the badly pressed suit was stating, as he did so.

"Oh, yes. I have been hearing of your work," said Ben Bumpus Boone, thinking of course that it must be another one of those people's publicity bureaus by which, rather than Congress, the country is now so largely governed. "Won't you be seated?"

The man with the distrustful manner and the fixed blue stare sat down. "I have," he asserted, "as perhaps you know, between six and seven million taxpayers and voters behind me—interested, that is, directly!"

"A grand movement. A grand movement!" said Ben Bumpus Boone, smiling warmly, although feeling at the time that this estimate was perhaps excessive. "Now what can I do for you?"

"I have come to ask," replied the visitor with the fixed china-blue stare, more confidently, "in behalf of my six and three-quarter million taxpayers, an exact statement of your stand upon our great basic principle—the crux of popular government today."

"Your principle?" requested the senator, not quite certain that he understood as yet what he was speaking of.

"The principle of taxation without misrepresentation," his visitor answered him, with a sharp and perfect clearness.

"I stand firmly for it, in every branch!" said Ben Bumpus Boone quite positively. "Oh, absolutely. Yes."

"For it is my belief," his caller was going on in a firm voice, even before the senator had finished, "that the greatest, most fundamental need of popular government today is taxation without misrepresentation. And the greatest present necessity is to get some sane understandable statement from every presidential and congressional candidate of his stand upon this matter.

"And the purpose of my league is to see to it that they give this. And let no one imagine that he can escape me!" he ended sharply, in a note of warning which came strangely from one so slight.

Ben Bumpus Boone, watching closely, could not fail to note the growing earnestness of his rising voice and the increasing fixity of his serious and constantly more shiny eyes.

"And a praiseworthy service," he said, assenting; "a worthy service to this country—even if, as I fear, you will find it difficult with many candidates. Though fortunately I myself am not in this position. For fortunately," continued Senator Boone, now reaching out his hand to the desk before him, "I was just engaged, as you entered, in the preparation of my coming nation-wide radio broadcast on next Thursday evening, concerning my aim and purpose in the drafting and introduction of my Painless Bonus Bill into the present Congress; a speech which contains, I think, a very definite statement upon the greatly important matter in which you are interested. If you desire I will read this to you."

"Do. By all means," said Mr. Abraham Lincoln Smith, the representative of the National Taxation Without Misrepresentation League, and settling deeply in his chair he watched closely with his singular eyes as Senator Boone, his manuscript in hand, rose in the attitude of a public speaker—not entirely displeased to have the opportunity to rehearse the speech which he must broadcast to the world three evenings from now.

Clearing his throat, he spoke out over his audience of one—the small man in the yellow wooden office chair, who represented for the time being the people of the United States—in the snappy voice of a man who knows his subject thoroughly:

"I am asked—as author of the Painless Bonus Bill—to state to the American people tonight my position upon the bonus and the Federal income taxes. I will do so frankly and squarely. It is this: Raise the bonus! Eliminate the taxes!

"How will we do this? I will tell you how. We will do it as I have done it in my Painless Bonus Bill. We will let other nations, other nationalities pay both—both the bonus and the taxes. It is simple—very simple. I will illustrate it by the simplest possible illustration. Let us take an elementary example—the case of one of the smallest of our debts—the case of Montenegro and the pistache. When you understand one you will understand all!"

"The pistache!" called out his hearer, slightly straightening in his chair. But the speaker was rolling on.

"Montenegro is a small power. Her debt to the United States amounts today, principal and interest, to five billion pieces of pistache. 'Ah,' says my critic, 'but how far will that go with the pistache piece selling, as it does today, in the exchanges of the world at .000,000,313 of a cent? How will you pay off the soldiers' bonus with the pistache?'

"I answer: 'Very simply! Let the United States Government guarantee the debt of Montenegro to this country.' Having done this, what happens? It is almost too obvious to state. The pistache at once returns to par. The full debt of Montenegro is ready for distribution, either direct in the form of bonus certificates to our heroic doughboys or in the form of sound certificates to our investors."

"But——" cried his audience, now in quite a loud voice, yet one still smothered in the sonorous accents of Ben Bumpus Boone, reaching now the higher levels of his discourse.

"Is there any doubt about this reasoning? Is there any injustice involved to Montenegro, to our soldiers, to our sailors, our farmers or our laboring men—or in fact to anyone but the very rich, the profiteers of war? And if this can be done with the debt of a fourth or fifth class power like Montenegro, how much simpler would it be with the

obligations of the first-class powers—of France, of Italy, of England! Can anyone question this? Is it possible to refute it? And yet there are those who pretend today to criticize these very provisions for this simplest of financial operations, as they appear in my Painless Bonus Bill."

"But wait! Hold up!" his audience was again saying; but again in vain.

"Now then, my hearers," the speaker was sweeping on, "interest and principal, the obligations of foreign governments to our own—as is well known—total approximately eleven billion dollars. The enlarged bonus incorporated in my Painless Bonus Bill is but six billion dollars. What then shall we do with the five billion surplus? Do I have to ask you twice? Or hire some noted international banker to inform you? No. The hard common sense of the American people shouts out four words: 'Eliminate the income tax!' Which brings us to the second and no less important purpose of my Painless Bonus Bill."

"Go on!" his hearer now urged him, breaking in upon his oratorical pause, in a hard, impatient voice.

But he was not destined to do so on that evening, for now the ringing of the telephone interrupted.

It was the central radio publicity bureau, arranging to put in its instruments for the coming radio broadcast in Senator Boone's office, from which he always preferred to speak—in private, in his shirt sleeves.

"Excuse me, will you?" requested Ben Bumpus Boone, answering and looking up from his telephone at the visitor. "But this will take me some time. Would you mind coming around tomorrow about this hour? I'd be glad then to go on to the question you are most interested in—to show you how my Painless Bonus Bill will work to lift the grievous burden of the Federal income tax from the shoulders of the American taxpayer."

His hearer rose slowly, an odd figure, distraught and apparently not yet inclined to go.

"I wouldn't have believed it," he seemed to be saying in a scarcely audible voice.

"No! Would you?" said Ben Bumpus Boone, with bright enthusiasm at this apparent appreciation of his work, and turned back again to the telephone.

Waving warmly his good-by, his face toward the instrument, he did not note the singular and menacing expression upon the face of his reluctantly departing audience, this strange-eyed secretary of the six million members of this new people's publicity organization—the National Taxation Without Misrepresentation League.

II

IT WAS the morning of the succeeding day—two days before the evening of the great radio broadcast of Ben Bumpus Boone, the people's publicity candidate for President, upon the workings of his Painless Bonus Bill. Reaching his office, he called his confidential prepresidential publicity secretary to him.

"I want you to get out," he said, "and I want you to find out about this new thing—this National Taxation Without Misrepresentation League, claiming to have over six million members."

"All right, senator," his aide replied. "I'll get right after it."

It was late in the afternoon before he came back, clearly tired and discouraged.

"Well, what did you find out?" the waiting senator asked him.

"You said the name of it was the Taxation Without Misrepresentation League?" asked back the secretary, in a hostile, irritated voice.

"Yes."

"Senator, there ain't any such a thing. I've been telephoning and shagging around Washington all day. And I know it!"

"Where'd you go to?" the senator asked him. "The Labor Temple?"

"Yes. And I saw every publicity boy there—inside The Outcry of Labor office and out."

"And the Temple of Capital?"

"Yes. All up and down the marble halls—in the Scientific and the Ethical and the Efficiency Expert departments. I was in conference with people there all the morning. And at noontime I was out at the Lingering Luncheon Club."

"And you saw the National League of Women for Men's Rights?" said Ben Bumpus Boone, still leading him on.

"Yes: and the Women's Federation for Both Men's and Women's Rights," said his secretary, now going on by himself; "and the Foreign Veterans' Battling Bonus League; and the Home Guard Bonus Justice Association; and the Furious Farm Defenders; and the Farmers' Financial Experiment Station; and the Shale, Coal and Coal Oil Institute boys. I bet I've seen a thousand—half the press agents in Washington; and every man that I could think of among our own boys, in your prepresidential publicity chain. And not a word, not a hint anywhere!

"I'm afraid, senator," he said, "you've just got hold of another nut. There's not less than ten a week of these new people's publicity bureaus start up in Washington since the war. You know that!"

"Yes, I know. But you can't be too careful," said Ben Bumpus Boone, "when you're in my position."

"Yeah, but this one is wild on the face of it. The name itself is nutty. What sane man today would be interested in Taxation Without Misrepresentation?" said the irritated speaker. "What is it anyhow?"

"Yes, I know," said the senator again. "But I'll take another look at it, to be sure."

At six o'clock again he had the opportunity of doing so. There came again a light knock at the outside door, and he saw again the slight form and the strange light-blue eyes of Abraham Lincoln Smith.

"Good evening, Mr. Smith. Back again, I see," said Ben Bumpus Boone, springing up heartily from his chair.

"Yes, sir," said his visitor, and seated himself stiffly upon the office chair which was offered him.

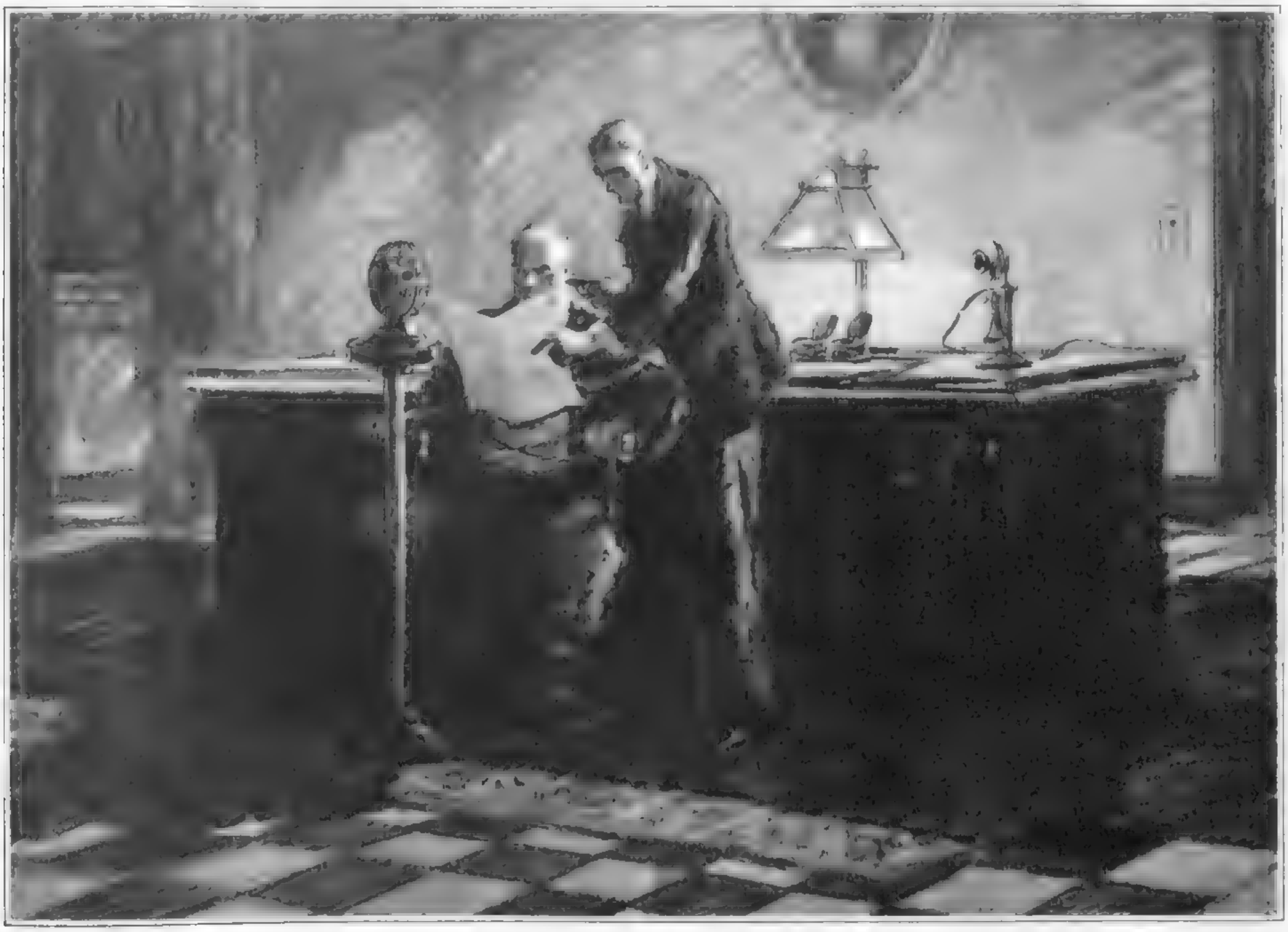
"Back to hear the remainder of my speech?" said Senator Boone, still doing all the talking. "Upon the working of the painless bonus?"

"Yes, sir," said his oddly irresponsive caller.

"Let's see," asked the senator, now taking up his manuscript, "where were we?"

"You had paid off the bonus with the pistache," said the visitor in a curt and colorless voice.

(Continued on Page 44)

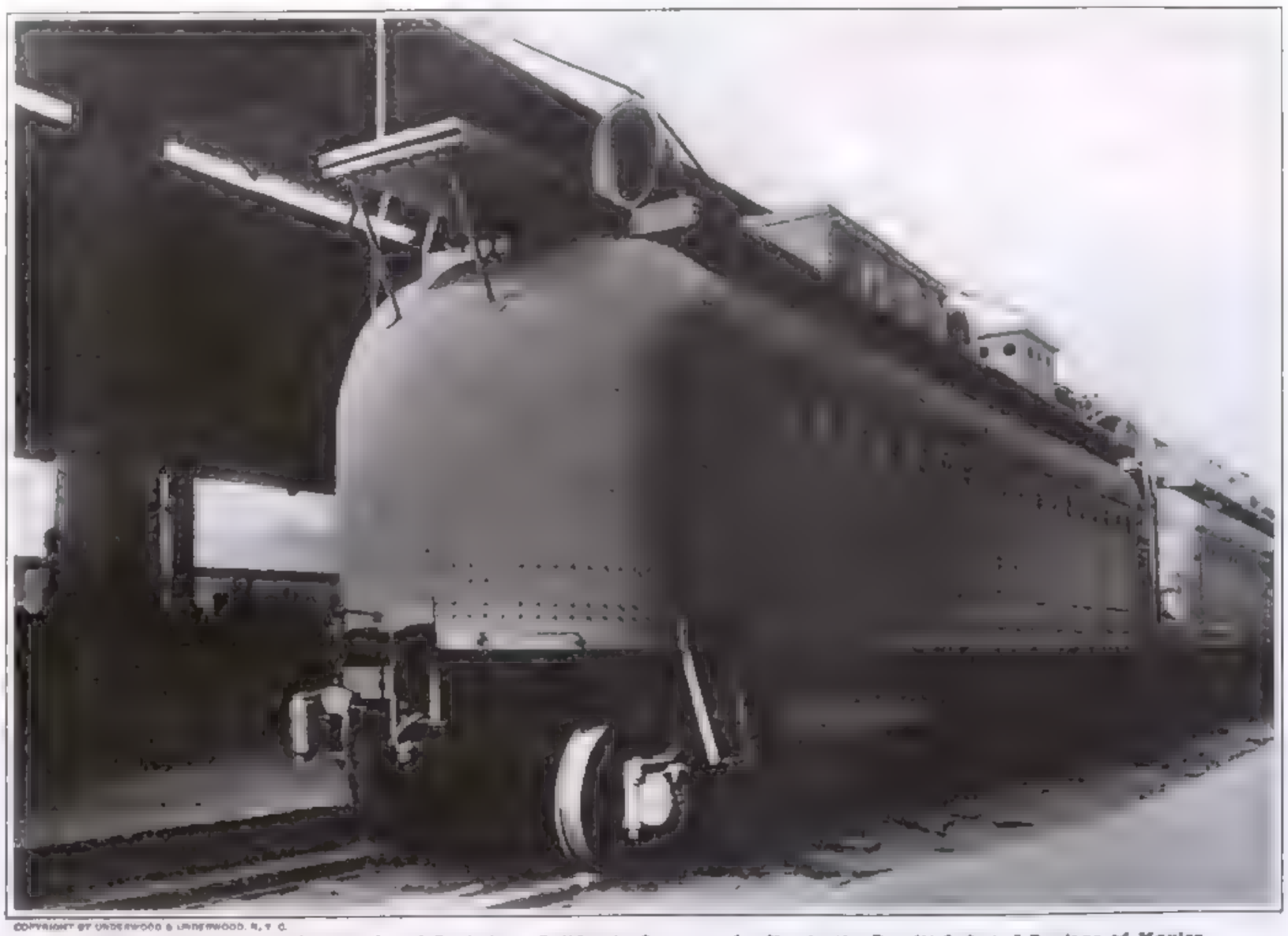


"Speak Up Now! Loud! So They Will Hear You. But One Word—the Flickering of One Syllable Beyond Your Manuscript, and You are Dead!"

Where Every Day is Pay Day

AND THE GHOST WALKS IN AN ARMORED CAR

By James H. Collins



A Steel Armored Car Designed and Built by a California Company for Use in the Bandit Infested Regions of Mexico

SATURDAY morning. Nine o'clock—ten—half past—eleven—quarter after—twenty minutes—— The hands seem to go slower than usual, for this is a half holiday. The old-fashioned bookkeeper sits on his high stool making entries. About half past ten the twenty or thirty workers begin watching him. Eleven o'clock comes, yet he does not climb down and start for the bank to get the pay-roll money. Quarter after, half past, and still he does not budge. Rumors begin to run around the shop in whispers. Will the ghost walk? Has the Old Man been unable to raise the pay roll? What relief when, just before twelve, the Old Man himself comes in and hands the bookkeeper a roll of bills and a bag of coin. Instead of drawing at the bank this morning, he has made collections from customers. The old bookkeeper takes out a little packet of manila envelopes, counts the right amount into each one and passes them around among the relieved employes.

That's one kind of pay day, and there are a good many enterprises of this magnitude still in the world, where the employer knows all his employes and the latter share his anxiety about the orders, deliveries and collections that mean work and wages.

Sudden excitement down in the railroad yards. Switchmen leave their engines, grimy mechanics in overalls emerge from shanties, the towerman climbs down and races with the freight clerk. A single passenger coach drawn by a locomotive steams slowly along, pausing every few hundred yards. Men clamber aboard and presently come out opening manila envelopes or counting bills and coins. Another kind of pay day—the ghost is walking on the railroad.

That was the personal ghost, who came on a certain day in the week, or about such-and-such a date each month. Everything hinged on his coming. Meal tickets and board were carefully calculated, merchants expected to be paid, and dreams came true on Saturday or the fifteenth.

Keeping Pay Day Human

"SAY! I can remember when the pay car didn't always come around if it was a small railroad and times were bad," says an old railroader. "Maybe it wouldn't show up for three or four months. Then we got slips of paper from the company, and took them to the grocer, and he let us have credit—for 10 or 12 per cent interest. By and by the railroad got some money again and the pay car came around once more. Those days are about gone now, with big corporations well financed. And gone are the days when the employes of a corporation shared some of the worries of management and wondered whether the ghost would walk at all. Nowadays the question whispered around is not 'Will it come?' but 'How much more can we get out of the company?'"

Pay day has grown, like everything else, with the expansion of business organizations, and is now quite a complicated affair, calling for quantity production.

The ghost has become a corporation auditor, looking after the pay envelope of 50,000 or 100,000 employes scattered all over creation. Work is done, time clocks are punched, tickets are made out and put into a slot, machines whir at distant general offices, and the pay envelope arrives in an armored automobile, guarded by men with rifles

It seems mechanical, as though the thrill had been taken out of pay day.

But go talk with the corporation auditor and you will find that despite the magnitude of his job he does everything possible to keep pay day human and conserve its thrill.

To him, every day is pay day. If there are 60,000 employes on the company's pay roll, instead of working like the devil one day a week to give them all their money, he has a force of 100 workers on the job steadily, paying off about 10,000 every day.

A fine trick the president of an Eastern savings bank played upon himself some months ago when the bank moved into a new building. It is a very old bank, one of the first ever established in this country. It has traditions of service running back to the days when one of the trustees was always on hand as long as the bank was open, to advise depositors who wanted business counsel. Moving out of a mercantile neighborhood, where people found it convenient to deposit during the business day, into an industrial neighborhood, where thousands of workers earn wages, the president thought it would be well to keep the bank open evenings—especially Saturday nights—so the humble toiler could come in and add something to his nest egg. But after a few weeks the idea was dropped. Nobody in particular came in. People were being paid every day in the week and the principal rush was during the noon hour.

Pay day in the big cities has been staggered. Somebody is being paid all the time, and everybody paid so that it is possible to make savings deposits during business hours. So far as the great cities are concerned, the thrill of Saturday night, with money in everybody's pocket, and the stores open, and the trolleys running out to the amusement park, and the excited shopping *en famille*—it's all out. And that holds true of pay day in practically every good-size factory. The pattern shop gets its money Monday, the office force Tuesday, the foundry Thursday, and the pay organization works right through the week like everybody else.

But while every day is pay day for the auditor, and the making up and passing out of manila envelopes a year-round job, that gentleman is most scrupulous about seeing that some particular day is pay day to everybody on his vast pay roll, and he has one haunting fear—that on the day appointed for paying Bill Jones or Molly Kelly the ghost will not materialize.

On the wall in the auditing department of a certain Eastern utility company there is a big chart. The auditor calls it a chart, but it is really a train dispatch board for keeping track of arriving and departing pay rolls. That company has tens of thousands of employes scattered over two states, and pay rolls ranging from several hundred names down to as few as half a dozen, or even two or three. Each pay roll, big or little, is posted on the chart, and not only by the day in the week that the ghost is to go forth but by fifteen-minute intervals through the day. A red marker is moved along this pay-roll dispatch board with the hands of a big clock on the wall, and should a pay roll be fifteen minutes late, a red tab shows a danger signal and steps are taken to see that Bill Jones or Molly Kelly shall not be disappointed.

Punctuality Essential

"KEEPING faith with employes and being on the spot with the pay envelope at the regular day and hour is the uppermost thought in every corporation auditor's mind," said an office-appliance salesman who specializes in the installation of pay-roll machinery and systems. "It is so all over the country, and the bigger the corporation, the more anxious its auditor will be about regularity. People who work in the pay-roll division of a corporation are prepared at any moment to double their efforts and stay all night if necessary to dispatch a pay roll that has fallen behind the time-table.

"The reason? There are several. First, the psychology of the thing. If pay day comes in some part of the organization and the ghost doesn't appear, there arises silently and simultaneously in the mind of every employe the thought, 'Something's wrong!' What is the haunting fear at the back of most workers' minds nowadays? Why, fear of losing the old job! It wasn't so a generation ago when I left the farm and got a job in town as chauffeur on a trolley car. I could always go back to the farm, and so could most city workers then. But the new generation, raised in the cities, knows no such independence. Life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness are all tied up in the little old job. Let the slightest thing go wrong in the daily routine and it is to worry. Do you know that if the pay envelope were one day late in most big organizations it would mean a costly labor turnover? It's so, for many an employe, suspecting that all was not well with the company, would quietly land another job where the prospects seemed better

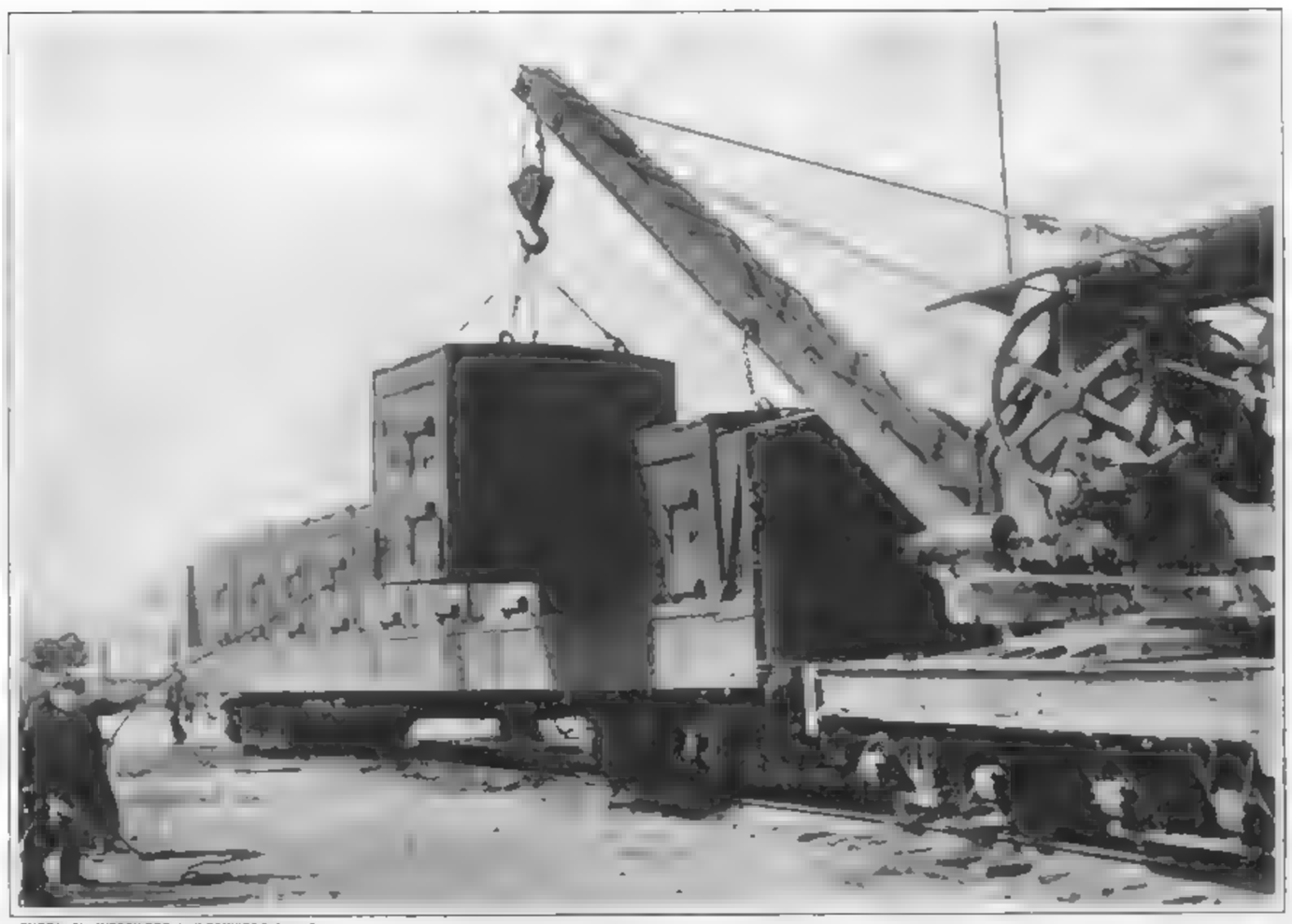
"Yes, the rats leave a sinking ship. Also remember this—that thousands of workers live on a cash basis from Saturday until Wednesday and on credit from Wednesday to Saturday, assuming that Saturday is pay day. The grocer, butcher and landlord expect to be paid on a certain

day. If workers do not get their money, explanations are necessary, and they like them no more than the business man who has to make financial excuses to his banker or board of directors. If the pay envelope doesn't arrive, the employe has to explain to his grocer, and the grocer apologizes to the jobber, and the jobber asks the bankers for permission to let his loan run on. There is a very definite backing up and stopping of the procession all through business, and the tangle is particularly bad where a community is living on one pay roll, such as that of a railroad shop in a division town. Moreover, any delay in paying throws the pay-roll organization out of its own stride. Remember, the contents of the pay envelope are just as much private business to the man who draws it as the receipts, costs and profits of a business man. You can very quickly start something among workers if you invade this privacy, and today the wise employer works to increase the privacy of the pay envelope.

"So while the modern corporation auditor does his work with machinery, and handles hundreds of separate pay rolls and thousands of pay envelopes every day in the week, the particular pay day and pay hour for Bill Jones or Molly Kelly is to him as sacred as the Puritan Sabbath, and he counts it a sin if the hour arrives and he isn't there with the pay envelope and the thrill."

A new thrill has been added to pay day by the pay-roll bandit.

Of the tens of millions of dollars a day paid to people in the factories, stores, utility organizations, offices and other establishments in Greater New York, a very large proportion circulates in large amounts. As will be explained later, cash payment is general and the use of checks exceptional for wages in large cities. Practically all this cash must be transported in a lump sum from the bank to the paymaster's office. From there it is forwarded in large sums to branch offices and stations, and carried out to construction and repair workers in distant places. So, where the bandit of yesterday held up a bank or a train, today he goes after a pay roll, carefully selecting the place and the hour where a good haul may be made, after obtaining information of pay-roll movements in various ways



The New Container Car, Fireproof and Burglar Proof, Just Completed by the New York Central Railroad for the U. S. Post Office Department, Holds a Number of Huge Square Steel Safes Which Cannot be Opened While on the Car, as it is Necessary to Move Two Levers, One of Which is Obstructed by the Side of the Car

Secrecy

PAY-ROLL robberies and murders have made it necessary for the corporation paymaster to devise protective measures. Where the company is large enough, and pay rolls are being transported every day, it may have its own armored car and armed guards. For the concern that pays on a certain day in the week, there is now outside armored-car service by which money is brought from the bank to the factory under guard. The car belongs to a company that makes a business of rendering such service, the guards are in its employ, and hundreds of thousands of dollars in separate pay rolls are transported daily for different customers. In one Ohio factory a guarded steel car runs right through the plant, stopping at each bay and laying down the pay envelopes to employes without interrupting their work.

The ghost's vehicle is a formidable fort. The compartment in which money is transported is of armor steel capable of stopping bullets. It has slots through which rifle fire can be directed by the armed guards. The driver sits in a separate steel compartment with windows of bullet-proof glass. Should bandits get into this compartment by any chance, they are still walled off from the money by a barrier of steel, and the guards in the money compartment can bring the car to a dead stop by controlling either the brakes or the ignition. On top of that, secrecy is used for protection.

"Our daily pay rolls foot up considerably more than $100,000," said the paymaster of one big corporation. "So we keep our own armored car busy. I do not myself know its hours of going or coming, nor what particular part of the city it is working in, nor would I know what route it is taking to reach a certain part of the city. More than that, its daily schedules are arranged by one of two assistants, and I don't know whether it's Johnson or Jameson. The ideal moment for a robbery would be when the car started out, from wherever it starts, with the combined pay roll for a morning's distribution. The longer it travels, the less would be the reward of a successful holdup. For as the car goes it drops a big sum of money here and another there.

"This money is in individual pay envelopes. Our guards see that it is safely delivered to a branch, where the local paymaster is waiting to receive it. The moment it comes into his hands he begins distribution, and in a few moments it is so widely scattered in individual pockets that bandits would have to line up a whole force to make any kind of a haul. The car not only carries large pay rolls to each branch establishment but visits scattered employes on outdoor jobs.

"Every pay-roll robbery begins with information about the movements of pay-roll money. Make it impossible to get information and you stop the robbery right at the start. We have had only one attempt at robbery, and that was easily frustrated by secrecy. Some months ago I was called up by telephone and a person who refused to disclose his identity told me that he had formerly been a company employe, but was now in the saloon business. Hearing several roughneck fellows talking about our pay roll, he warned us of an attempt at robbery, and the schedule and route of the car were entirely changed, so that nothing happened."

Pay-Roll Machinery

WITHOUT machinery, pay day would be a mighty expensive proposition for the corporation with thousands of employes. Up to about 150 employes, it is possible to pay by the hand method of the old-fashioned bookkeeper, figuring each worker's time and counting the correct amount into his envelope. But after that, say the appliance men, it is a job for machinery, because literally thousands of clerks would be needed to make the complicated calculations necessary in dispatching a big pay roll.

"An illustration of what it costs to make up a big pay roll by hand is found in the adjustment of a dispute," said a corporation treasurer "Not long ago we had a case in which an employe reported his envelope fifty cents short. We figured that it cost more than ten dollars to adjust the matter, counting the employe's time, the clerical work and the searching and making of records. On that account we not only use machines for every possible operation but the machinery is backed with all the accuracy we can secure through scientific methods."

In itself, pay-roll machinery is not particularly novel. You know what a time clock looks like, and the addressing and adding machine, and have seen a bank teller use a change-making apparatus which, at the pressing of a button, drops into his hand any amount of coin from one to ninety-nine cents.

(Continued on Page 72.

J. Harvey Smedley, Who Established the First School Savings Bank, Watching Children Depositing Their Money

BALISAND

By JOSEPH HERGESHEIMER

ILLUSTRATED BY F. R. GRUGER

"Then There is Nothing for Us to Do Tonight. You are Shooting Well, Richard?" "I Don't Need to Practice"

AT DINNER—which, on account of the general gayety and numbers present, was not announced until nearly four o'clock—Richard Bale sat on Ava's right. He counted eighteen at the board, and the children had a second table by a window. When the great soup bowl had been removed, the meat and fowls set at the head and foot, the vegetables on the corners, of the table, the confusion of voices settled into separate conversations largely interrupted by periods of attention to the food. Decanters of Madeira wine were constantly moved on their coasters from hand to hand; the men who preferred rum or brandy kept their goblets in the frequent need of refilling. This, he realized, wasn't a custom at Todd Hundred, where the wine was brought on at the masculine ending of dinner; but, during such a celebration as this, the usual habit was suspended. He noticed that Rose Ann Marable had a glass of Madeira, and that, in a society where women practically never drank in public, showed him how far the polite gatherings of the great world had gone.

Ava's manner with him grew more intimate; she spoke to him in a low voice about the marrowfat peas, which seemed to her to have been improperly cooked.

"I'll send Mary out to the kitchen," she went on. "There are a dozen Todd dishes she might as well know . . . carry with her," Ava Todd decided.

Lavinia, Richard saw, was silent, but not from any attention to the dinner itself. Another pause. The truth about her was that her thoughts went on journeys of their own . . . to what country? He wished that he might guess. She wasn't very firmly attached to what occurred immediately around her. She wasn't, it was evident, interested. Spoken to, she would smile instinctively, and all her brilliant being pour back into the fine shell of her body. That, for him, was a very elaborate and successful idea, and he went over it again in detail.

Yes, she was a little foreign to life; she appeared to have been put down in it without preparation or warning—always as she was now—and, in consequence, she had that air of surprise, the need of reassurance she had already, in a way, spoken of to him. But he hadn't said a thing to her that was wise or valuable; all his contact with her, so hurried and broken into, had been a failure.

However, he reminded himself, Gawin Todd specially existed to give her support. No one else was necessary, to be permitted; and he fastened his thoughts on Mary, sent to the kitchen to learn the processes of pickling, or, perhaps, the coddling of fruit. Sarah Markoe, the enormously fat cook at Balisand, would listen to her with a hundred exclamations of approval, and then proceed as she had been doing for the past twenty years. He mustn't forget to speak to Charles Todd about William, Sarah's nephew. An admirable servant. He provided himself with a deep glass of rum. Mrs. Patton could make the best lime toddy on the Tidewater, but the Todd Antigua rum was the finest in Virginia.

There was a scraping of chairs, a chiming of voices, the whisper of silk, and the women left the dining room. Gawin Todd shifted to a place by Robine, Henry Dalney was absent in thought, Bradlock Wiatt had a face already flushed with liquor, and Beverley Mathews was discussing fox hunting with the younger Doctor Ambrose, accounted the most daring rider in Gloucester County. Jasper Robine was drinking deliberately; he had already absorbed a large quantity of spirits; but it made no impression on him whatever. Gawin Todd was talking to him in a low but emphatic voice; Robine, carefully listening, made no comment. When he spoke he addressed the table.

"It's the old question of the English debts," he proceeded; "whether they should be assumed by the State where they were contracted, have the Confederation take them over, or an agreement reached to ignore them. Gawin thinks that is justified, and he intends to carry his opinion as far as it will go in the Legislature; but I don't agree with him. The honour of Virginia is up for consideration, and I think that, at any price, it ought to be held inviolate. In other words, the state must assume the debts she contracted. British merchants who freely gave us credit, ought to be protected to the last pound."

"That's well enough for Robine. Everyone knows that he is a very rich man, but the Virginians of Fauquier County have a right to a very different feeling. They have every right!" Gawin repeated strongly. It seemed to Richard Bale that Todd was directly addressing him. "They are poor," he continued, "and it may be they haven't been as long in Virginia as the Robines, but they are none the less Virginians. In a way they are more, for they're purely American; they have no old attachment to England. For that reason alone their opinions are particularly useful."

"But, after all"—it was Doctor Ambrose who was speaking—"it oughtn't to be charged to the rest of us as a fault that we came to Virginia very early. I have as much sympathy with the West as possible, but I can't see how that would operate against my own responsibilities Mr. Robine is correct."

"Correct!" Gawin Todd cried. "That's a word I'm getting damned sick of. It's a stone in all our pockets. And custom is in the other pocket. We're too weighted down to move."

"By God, you'd thought Ambrose was moving on Tansey if you had fox hunted with him," Beverley Mathews put in.

"Fox hunting isn't politics," Todd objected contemptuously. "Why, look at these British debts—what are they, most of them? I'll tell you—bills gentlemen owed for satin breeches. Nine times out of ten they are just that. A load of tobacco would be sent to England with requests for twice the nonsense it was worth, and the difference is this obligation of Robine's. To hell with it."

"You are not on the floor of the Legislature now," Jasper Robine reminded him. "Here we take satin breeches more or less for granted. And it doesn't matter what the money was spent for, we spent it, and that's enough. A large part, I'll remind you, went to the volunteers in the war. And there's the treaty—what do you propose to do with it?"

"Nothing," Todd admitted. "A time comes when it's necessary to change policies."

"Policies, but never honour." Bradlock Wiatt pronounced this sentiment with a blurred gravity. In return Gawin Todd asserted that he was as familiar with honour as any man present. That, Robine impatiently waved aside.

"It's a question of the whole State," he said; "the burden on one county must be borne by the others, or there will be no equity, no State."

"It's a question in my mind," Todd admitted, "if the Tidewater really belongs to the rest; it might better be joined to Maryland."

"You're mad, Gawin," Charles Todd interrupted him. "This is the heart of Virginia; it wasn't very long ago when we were the frontier, please recall. We went through that and paid dearly for what property and peace we have."

"English, English, English!" Gawin answered him, with a rising inflection. "This was a colony, it is a colony, and will always be that in spirit. Why, in 1676 we had to have a Bacon in order to breathe. And about Virginia—I meant that the East would have to come to the West; all the movements, the concessions, can't keep on the other way. You don't seem to know, any of you, how the upper counties have grown. It's got to be a question of men against property, humanity or plantations, and I'm for men." He took a long drink.

"How did you vote on the bill to give Thomas Paine some public land in return for his services to the country?" he was asked.

"In the negative. The land belongs to all the people. Let him apply to his necessary evil, since he called the government that. We're a State."

There was muttered the familiar phrase, a sovereign State. Bradlock Wiatt, with a crimson amazed face, vanished under the table.

Charles Todd called a servant.

"Help Mr. Wiatt to his room," he directed.

He would need, it was plain, assistance, and the two negroes disappeared beneath the board, straightening up with Bradlock Wiatt between them. They tried to lead him away, but he resisted them and faced the assembled men. He launched upon what had every visible appearance of a speech; his expressions were appropriate to a succession of emotions: he appealed to them, he challenged them, he waited for their approval; but, although he was greeted with a clamorous applause, nothing but a strained and unintelligible whisper came from his lips. After a graceful pause he began again; there were loud cries of complete agreement; and then, suddenly, out of his muddled effort, sounded the declaration that Henrico County had grown the loveliest flower of Virginia.

This, understood as a reference to Lavinia Roderick and Gawin's engagement, was a complete surprise; it had been taken for granted that his speech had been political; but, after a moment, its reception was rapturous. Impatient at restraint, he pushed the servants aside, and again, immediately, slid from view. Gawin Todd made a brief proper reply, and then returned at once to the subject of State obligations. Now he leaned toward Richard:

"There is nothing personal in this; none of us would rob the army of a particle of its due; but I must say that a discharged soldier is no more than a common citizen. No more and no less. He has the same privileges and duties as those who may or may not have fought, and I am opposed to all this agitation of post-war payments. I realize that in some cases I would work an injustice, but it must be met as a whole; and any payments discharged at least not sooner than Virginia is solvent."

"Why pay the men at all?" Dalney asked. "Forget the poor devils and give it to the general Assemblymen."

This Gawin Todd pointedly ignored.

"If Washington's army thinks so cursed much of itself, why didn't it hold on to the Continental script instead of selling it for about what the paper was worth?"

"We have to live," Dalney spoke again.

Richard Bale had made no effort to enter the discussion, since his beliefs were totally opposed to those of both Gawin Todd and Robine. He felt that he was so markedly their inferior in argument and in the possession of widespread facts that he determined to keep still. He hoped Henry would say no more; his old sense returned of being bound with Henry Dalney in a service that no one outside its officers and a few men understood or cared about. How could they explain what they had endured, for what they had fought? He had listened bitterly to Todd's account of the breaking down of even a Virginia unity. There weren't, it appeared, to be merely sovereign States, but sovereign counties—districts, hundreds, townships. Soon every individual would be a separate nation.

"Nothing could better show the weakness of Congress than the lack of public confidence in it," Gawin Todd continued. "But, then, it has no confidence in itself. Ask Richard Bale, who is a member, how many States were represented the beginning of this year, and if he won't tell you I will. Six! And get him to repeat the sea letter granted the ship United States—the United States: Most serene, serene, most puissant, puissant, high, illustrious, noble, honourable, venerable, wise and prudent lords, emperors, kings. I got that much before it made me sick. Past the middle of January there were only three States attending, and Virginia wasn't one. But I haven't a doubt that Mr. Jefferson, at least, had something more important to attend to."

(Continued on Page 87)

His Hands Caught Together and His Fingers Interlaced; He Looked Up at the Empty Landing

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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PHILADELPHIA, AUGUST 2, 1924

Taxation and Botheration

FROM any point of view taxation is an intricate subject, but perhaps its most puzzling feature has to do with the extent to which and the manner in which taxes are passed on and diffused among the population at large. Whenever ill-advised or merely hasty changes are made in the revenue system this problem becomes still more disturbing, and if there were no other cause for wishing that Congress might revise the tax laws with more judicial and dispassionate consideration than it usually bestows upon the subject, a sufficiently good reason could be found in this question alone.

Only persons with a curiously limited, distorted or childish knowledge of economics suppose that the tax burden is carried exclusively by any small or limited class. Even the wisest scholars, most astute lawyers and clearest-thinking business leaders are unaware of the exact force and incidence of all taxes. They merely know that taxes are an added complicating factor in the cost of doing business, necessary perhaps, but amounting to a large fraction of the national income. They know also that to a very considerable extent these costs are spread out among the whole mass of consumers, entering into the cost of living.

It is common knowledge that many taxes are not only passed on to the consumer but are intended to be. A good example is the state tax now being levied, in many jurisdictions, on gasoline. The tax is actually paid by the concerns which sell gasoline, but both by intention and in fact the sellers of the gasoline collect the amount of the tax from the millions of persons who buy it at retail.

The Federal taxes on theater tickets, automobiles, firearms, tobacco and telephone tolls are, or were, other levies of like character, collected, for administrative convenience, at a few relatively limited points, whereas the intent has always been to have the real incidence at another point—namely, upon the whole body of consumers. The tax on alcoholic beverages before prohibition was obviously of a very similar character.

It is likewise a matter of common knowledge that the general property tax, the most important in our entire system, is shifted to a large extent upon the renters of houses and apartments. Naturally if there is an oversupply of houses, if competition forces rents lower and lower, the owner must swallow a loss, and that loss may include his taxes. But in the long run the owners of capital will not build houses and apartments if the return on the investment after paying taxes is unsatisfactory. Moreover, if a house is built every contractor and material man will seek to figure in his taxes, and will bid, if possible, on the basis of what the job will net him.

Because in the long run taxes on this class of property are shifted to a large extent, it does not follow that the amount of taxes is a matter of indifference to the owner. It is sometimes said that if taxes are passed on there is no reason why property owners should complain of high rates. Indeed it is suspected that the very reason for complaint is that the owners of property do not succeed in passing the burden on.

The original or initial incidence of a tax is a matter of deep significance, no matter what its ultimate resting place may be. The owner of a building does not find it easier to pay taxes in a very bad year, when profits are nonexistent, just because of the sound theory that in the long run he will shift them.

But let it never be forgotten that the whole struggle, the whole effort of the property owner is to pass the taxes on to the tenant, and he does it as sure as fate if market conditions permit. A recent investigation in New York is reported to show that something like two months' rent on certain classes of apartments is ascribable to taxes.

Turn in whatever direction we will, escape on the part of any large section of the people from a share in the burden of taxes is a feat in prestidigitation unequaled in the long history of magic. No fiscal tendency is more marked in this country than the increase in taxes on large corporations, especially on the railroads. At first glance this money appears to come out of the pockets of a few bloated bond and stock holders and is used for the benefit of the whole people.

But let us see. Directly, or indirectly through life-insurance policies, savings-bank accounts and college and hospital endowments, scores of millions of people depend more or less upon railroad earnings. Congress has recognized this fact in the Transportation Act, which permits the Interstate Commerce Commission to adjust rates in such a fashion that a return not to exceed a reasonable figure may be earned on the investment held by the railroads.

In this case Government takes away with one hand, but is forced to give back with the other. State and municipal governments may take an ever-greater toll from the railroads, but the Federal Government adjusts the rates more or less accordingly, and the people are the ones who foot the bill.

When it comes to income taxes on corporations or on individuals engaged in business, the shifting process is less clear. If prices are fixed by competition, they may be set by smaller concerns whose earnings are not large enough to pay taxes, or at least only negligible sums. If the richer concern increases its prices to a point that includes all its own heavy taxes, it may lose its trade.

But every business concern seeks to be on the safe side. It may not be able to forecast the current year's taxes, but it knows what last year's were, and seeks to load prices sufficiently to cover another like contingency. The tax of the previous year and a little more for safety will be added to the costs of the following year, if conditions permit. In the long run it would be strange indeed if a company or an individual that stays in business and makes a profit fails to get back its costs, of which taxes are in most cases to be reckoned one.

For the salaried employe or official or the professional man to pass on his personal individual income tax is certainly not a simple undertaking. The same is true of incomes derived from investments such as bonds, mortgages, and the like. Yet human nature is such that we always seek to make up for loss, and individuals regard income taxes as so much loss.

If the doctor charges you five dollars instead of three dollars a visit, as formerly, you can be sure that among his reasons for raising his fee, taxes find a place, consciously or unconsciously. There is constant striving and struggling among all classes to retain as much of their incomes in net form as possible, and if there is success in adding to the gross receipts the public at large must foot the bill.

The investor cannot pass on his income tax except by demanding a higher rate of interest. If he succeeds in so doing he diverts part at least of his taxes to the backs of the people at large. Such a process is necessarily slow, confused and partial. But with an enormous available volume of tax-exempt securities, capital in its entirety will not flow into enterprise unless there is a prospect of earning as much in one place as in the other.

Evidence that heavy income taxes upon the rich are wholly and immediately passed on is lacking. But likewise there is no evidence that these taxes rest wholly and finally upon the rich. The high-salaried corporation president cannot shift the tax itself, but in many cases he can induce the directors to pay him a larger salary to make up for the loss, which is merely another way of attaining the same result.

The income tax has great advantages. But it does not conjure revenue out of the void. No tax does that. Most taxes have their merits, and in consequence nearly all forms have been sadly overworked. Perhaps it is just as well they are not more nearly perfect. If the defects were less marked, governments would spend money even more lavishly than now, and it would be still more laborious than it is to call a halt.

Bootleggers of the Past

THE bootlegger is just a smuggler under a new name. As Augustus framed the first known excise law, it can be taken for granted that the first bootlegger was a Roman fisherman, and that under cover of darkness there was plenty of booze-running along the Tiber. The smuggler has been operating ever since, and today revenue cutters patrol every water line in Europe. But by way of specific illustration, consider what happened when tea and coffee were first introduced into Europe. The beer and liquor interests objected strongly to the introduction of these new beverages and the governments of the day were solidly behind them. Charles I of England issued a proclamation against the coffeehouses which had sprung up, terming them seminaries of sedition. Later, three thousand of them were summarily closed up in London. In Germany, Frederick the Great thundered his disapproval of coffee in the form of manifestoes. He himself had been raised on beer, he averred, his ancestors had been raised on beer, his glorious victories had been won on beer, and he was disgusted to note how many of his subjects had taken to drinking coffee.

As his loyal subjects continued to drink coffee in ever-increasing numbers, Frederick endeavored to turn the traffic into a royal monopoly. Royal coffee-roasting establishments were started and the common people were forbidden to do any roasting on their own. The hausfraus of Prussia promptly proceeded to break the law by roasting coffee in their kitchens. In other words, coffee stills became the order of the day, and Frederick was compelled to organize a new force of revenue men who went about the streets of Berlin with their noses in the air hunting for proof of illicit coffee. They became known, naturally, as coffee sniffers and were rewarded by a share of the fines imposed as a result of their sleuthing.

Heavy taxes were clapped on tea when it first invaded Britain and tea bootlegging at once became a profitable occupation. The smugglers devised many methods of tea-running. Most of them wore a complicated and ingenious costume which enabled them to smuggle in as much as thirty pounds of tea concealed on their persons.

We have, unfortunately, given the world a grossly exaggerated idea of the extent to which we break the Volstead Law. If statistics were available it would be found that only a small percentage of the men of America are dealing with bootleggers and that the home still is becoming extinct. Disregard of the law may be glaring and wide open, but the number of people who break the law is nevertheless comparatively small. It is getting smaller all the time. We are adjusting ourselves to the new condition more rapidly than would be possible in foreign countries with their centuries of smuggling back of them.

THE SIN OF SUCCESS

By Albert W. Atwood

IT IS doubtful if the tax debates in Congress and long-continued discussion of the same subject in the public press have been free at any time from an underlying dispute as to success in life, as far at least as it meets with large material reward. Usually this divergence of opinion has been openly expressed; always it has been implied.

What is called success today means in many instances considerable wealth; in even more, a large income. In any case, such people are usually described as being rich; and probably every person who in the last half year or so has given the least thought to the hotly disputed question of income taxes has cherished positive convictions bearing upon riches and rich people.

But entirely aside from tax revision, this is a topic regarding which practically all men and women, rich and poor, educated and ignorant, intelligent and stupid, entertain strong prejudices, decided opinions and settled principles.

Yet how rare it is for anyone to approach the topic in any spirit except that of broad, loose generalization. According to our philosophy of life, we defend or flay success. We draw general inferences from a few cases. There is much heat and very little light; a constant emotional discharge, but precious few facts. The most trifling problem in mechanics receives the cold, impartial analysis of laboratory equipment; but these momentous issues governing the distribution of wealth are left to soap-box orators and special pleaders.

If success is frequently rewarded by a measure of wealth, or at least by a large income—and we know it is—there are two pertinent questions which cry for answer. The first has to do with the way in which the reward was won. Did the man render commensurate or at least notable service? Is he entitled to such a reward? Should we say bully when he makes a fortune, or should we sick the cop on him? As Stephen Leacock has expressed it, should such a man be known as an empire builder or as a profiteer?

It is with such interrogations that this article is concerned. Subsequently it is hoped to look at the other side of the shield, at Question Number Two. What becomes of the rich man's income after he has got it? How does he spend it? Perhaps the making of money is more important than its spending. Who knows? Both are important. They cannot be wholly separated, being but two sides of one and the same thing.

There is a class of readers who, I trust, will not follow this inquiry. These are the persons who do not face reality. During the debate on the tax bill in the upper chamber of Congress, and in the midst of an annoyingly technical passage at arms, a senator calmly and airily waved aside the perplexities of his colleagues by remarking that he belonged to that economic school "that never makes a millionaire and never makes a pauper." There may be schools of economic thought which never make either millionaires or paupers. But life as it is lived makes them. Fortunes and large incomes are facts, not figments of the imagination. Inequality of earnings has indeed been one of the most persistent facts in the long life of man on earth. In some far-off ideal Utopia, where private property, law, freedom of contract and enterprise, and other fundamentals of our economic system shall have been radically altered or abolished, there may perhaps be neither rich nor poor.

But in life as we know it what could be more futile than to disavow such a fact as inequality of fortune? It is like denying the existence of matter. Poverty does not seem to have been abolished in Soviet Russia, and rumors the truth of which the writer cannot vouch for have it that those who seized power there have placed large sums to their credit in foreign countries. Even if such reports be merely the base invention of enemies, the fact remains that in as extreme a communistic experiment as Russia those who control the government exercise power which is the equivalent of fortunes.

But whatever effect bloody revolution and communism may have upon extremes of poverty and wealth, the practical truth for us to bear in mind is that as long as we place any reliance upon private initiative and individual gain there are bound to be wide disparities in earnings.

Experience should teach the lesson that prophecies concerning the approaching end to large wealth are to be regarded suspiciously. Time and again we have been told with an air of finality, by this or that authority, that the day of fortunes was over. Some years ago the writer heard the then British ambassador to this country announce at a college commencement that the great accumulations of

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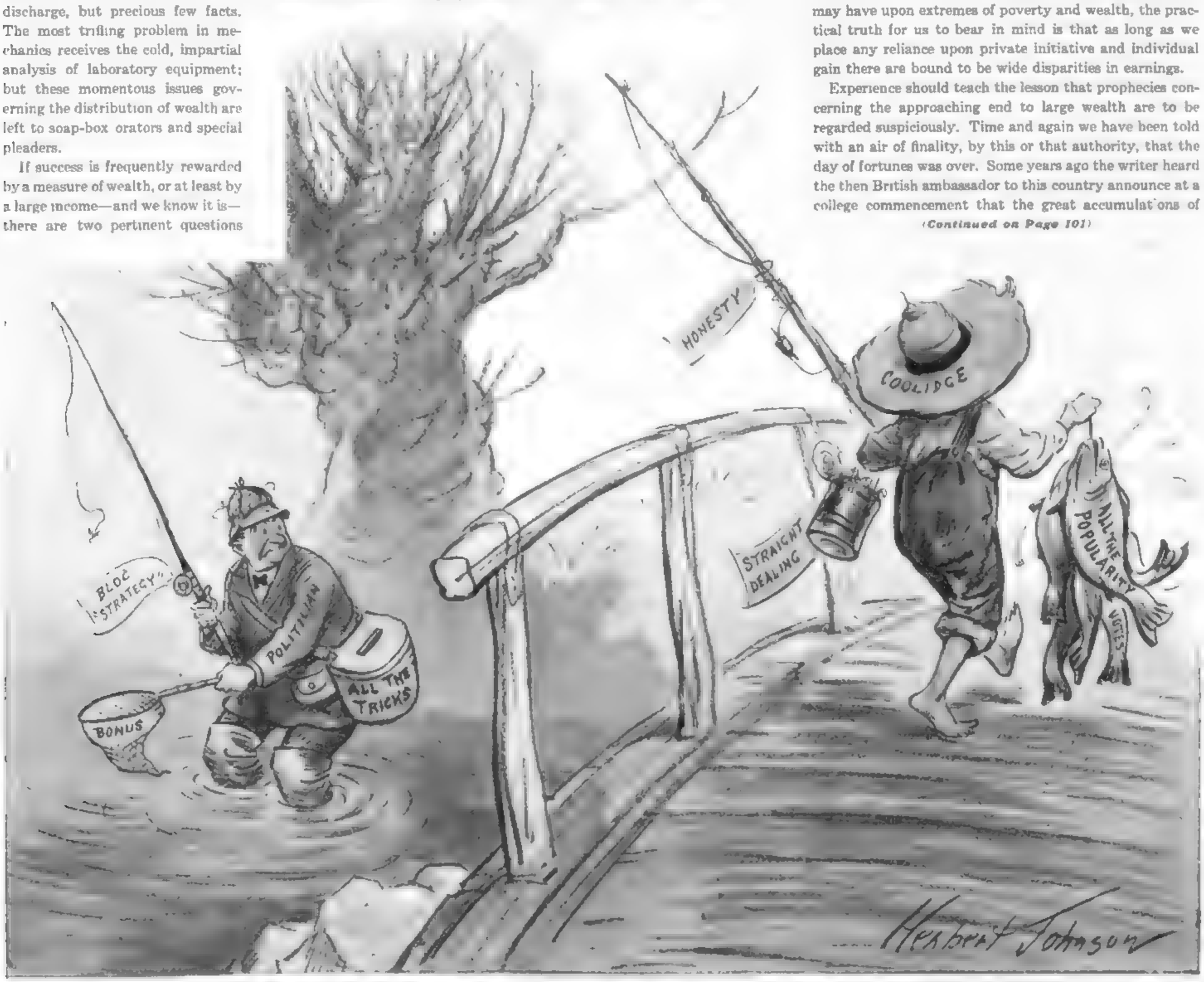

THE OLD STORY

SHORT TURNS AND ENCORES

Peak Loads

A Rimed Editorial

AN EFFICIENCY expert was Ambrose D. Gish.
Saving motion and time was his favorite dish.
Industrial problems, however involved,
He solved.

Were your dealer helps helping? If not, why? If, whom?
Did your slippage percentage plunge you in gloom?
Did your cost sheets get torn? Were your coupons uncut?
Tut! Tut!

Were you worried by overhead? Underfoot? Waste?
Such difficult questions just suited his taste.
You might laugh at them all -till you happened to see
His fee.

Some ciphering, a graph; problems curled up and flopped;
All but one which Gish had to admit had him stopped.
It baffled his charts and derided his codes:
Peak Loads.

Each winter, each autumn, each summer, each spring
He was stared in the face by the pestilent thing.
And as higher each season his labor curves leapt
He wept.

Four times every year he got fever and chills
As he watched all those valleys swell up into hills.
Though his mind for solutions he frenziedly pumped,
They jumped.

His brain seethed and boiled like a kettle of fat.
But those measly peak loads would NOT iron out flat!
Till one night while asleep he conceived in a dream
A scheme.

He wrote to his congressman promptly next day
A twenty-page letter describing the way
To make the elision of peak loads complete
Toot sweet.

His plan was a simple yet elegant one:
Abolish the seasons was all need be done,
So his congressman (Swoggle) at once framed a bill
With skill.

The bill passed House, Senate and President too
(Which these days is much more than a lot of bills do).
It abolished the winter, spring, summer and fall;
Yep—all.

Of course, just as soon as the bill had gone through,
The seasons all vanished—the weather did, too;

Brown—"Now What's the Matter With Hooing Our Lunch Right Here?"

And with them peak loads (of our evils the worst)
Dispersed.

The wheels of the factories peacefully ground
At uniform speed the entire year round.
And Gish had inscribed in the Hallroom of Fame
His name.

So let's take example from Gish's success
And when Nature says "No!" pass a law that says "Yes!"
Thus our troubles will vanish like—vanish like—well,
Likell!

—*Baron Ireland.*

Those Americans!

OLD BEAN: Uncommonly lucky, aren't I, to be in the States during what they call here a presidential year? Probably you haven't seen any notice of it in the papers at home, for the big show, of course, won't come off until November, but for the past few months there have been all sorts of rather potty little by-elections, and I assure you it's a tremendously important time for the Yankees.

And speaking of Yankees, an odd thing happened the other day when Elizabeth's brother Bill took me to what they call here a convention. It was evidently one of the really important by-elections, and I'll tell you more of it directly. While we were having a look round I was introduced to a most amusing old chap, who, Bill said, was a delegate from North Carolina—which, I should explain, is in South America. I'd been mugging up a bit on American politics, which are most frightfully confusing, so I asked him several questions and we got on capitally until I said, "I say, who's standing for you Yankees in North Carolina?" On my word, that was all I said, but it must have been a dreadful bowler, for to my astonishment the old fruit, who had apparently been absolutely in the pink a moment before, behaved in the most extraordinary manner—quite as if he were really unwell!

The convention was held in the Madison Square Garden, which, by the way, is not a proper garden at all, but an immense sort of exhibition building more like our Olympia. We were really most fortunate to get in at all, as it was "some" squash, as they say here. The procedure for the voting was quite simple. Every state sends a group of representatives, or delegates, which is supposed to vote for a chap from that state upon whom all the others are frightfully keen. This chap is called a Native Son. A leader of sorts gives the view hallo for each Native Son, and this is followed by a frightful row from the other delegates, the idea being, I believe, that those who back their man with the most noise win. This noise is tremendously important—so much so indeed, that it is broadcast. Terribly American, what?

The Americans evidently are keen as mustard on politics. Even the top galleries were packed with quite rough-looking fellows who appeared to be most awfully enthusiastic. As this election was held by the Opposition, you know, I'd no idea there would be so many of them. Bill said as a matter of fact there weren't; but he's fond of spoofing me, of course. The whole show really was most awfully jolly, and I soon found myself joining in with the rest in shouting "Good egg, McAdoo!" or "Played, Smith!" Naturally, as there are some fifty-seven varieties of states, I believe, it's not to be wondered at that these by-elections sometimes last as much as a week. It's as good as a Bank Holiday for many of the delegates, and the city does them very well. For example, the theatrical managers, who are all, I'm told, very democratic, charge them only the regulation box-office fee for stalls—something almost unheard of here—and there are various water-parties and excursions arranged for them. Most of the delegates bring their wives and families; and those who do not, according to Bill, are called delegates-at-large. A cushy time they have of it too! As you know,

(Continued on Page 44)

Mr. and Mrs. Beans

"I am Mrs. MacGregor, Mrs. Beans, an' I Hae a Bone to Pick Wi' Ye

"My Man Was Kept Out a' the Nicht by Yere Dissolute Husband an' Came to His Hame This Morn in a Maist Deesgraceful' Condition"

"Jay! You Tell That Scotch Stiff to See to It the Next Time He Inveigles Me Into a Night Raid on a Neighbor's Chicken Yard, to Make Sure There's No Bull Terrier on the Premises"

Insist on Campbells'

the beans that are Slow-cooked and Digestible!

It's the way to know your beans will be good every time!

Campbell's Beans are famous from Maine to California for their delicious quality, their appetizing tomato sauce, their wholesomeness, their rich, satisfying nourishment.

Campbell's—the beans you are certain to enjoy—always!

12 cents a can, except in Rocky Mountain States and in Canada

Serve hot
Serve cold

THE SILVER FOREST

By Ben Ames Williams

ILLUSTRATED BY W. H. D. KOERNER

X

CARLOTTA, when the long and miserable night had dragged itself away and morning came, found herself still torn and tortured by her hurrying thoughts. She felt too weak and weary for movement, felt it impossible to face the others and conceal her despair from them. But after eating and drinking the victuals Coxon brought to her, she found her composure returning; and at the same time there began to awake in her that deep and steadfast loyalty which had been for a little smothered and coerced to silence. Her husband came again to the room after breakfast, but she pretended to be asleep and they exchanged no words. After he was gone, however, she decided to get up and dress; and while she was involved in this process, she heard, with some bewilderment, the others come upstairs to their rooms. A few minutes later Grace Taber knocked at Carlotta's door and Carlotta admitted her.

Grace at once burst into a flood of tears, throwing herself into the other's arms; and in comforting the other, Carlotta found some measure of her own strength returning. When Grace was quieted, the two women had some talk together; and Grace told Carlotta what had passed, what now went forward. The knowledge that Coxon was questioning her husband completed the restoration of Carlotta's poise and self-control; that he might be in danger strengthened her, and after a while she sent Grace gently back to her own room, herself went downstairs.

Bruton was in the living room, in his rôle of sentinel; but the amiable cook had always been Carlotta's slave. He had now no misgivings; it did not occur to him to announce her coming to Coxon. They spoke together quietly for a moment, by the hearth, and the cook told her Coxon and Pring were in the library, whose closed door, hidden behind the deerskin hangings, effectually deadened the sound of their voices. Nevertheless, Carlotta could not take her eyes away from this door; and after a while she crossed toward it and stood still, in two minds whether to open it or to draw back again. Standing thus, she caught the raised tones of her husband, challenging and angry; heard without comprehending the murmur of Coxon's reply. Then the door was opened, the deerskin thrust aside, and Coxon faced her, her husband at his back.

The two men, thus discovering Carlotta, halted in surprise. Then Coxon stepped through the door to her side. Pring came upon his heels, more slowly, and when his eyes met Carlotta's he stared at her for a moment with a fierce and truculent expression; then with a gesture of anger turned aside and passed her and moved across the room. Her hand flew to her lips as though to press back a cry of pain; her eyes followed him fearfully.

Then Coxon, looking from one of them to the other, touched her arm and said softly, "I want to talk to you a spell, ma'am. Come in and sit down."

"I must talk to Warren," she protested faintly, still watching her husband.

But Pring did not turn his head, and Coxon said insistently, "He's got some things to attend to. Come in and sit down."

"I Crept Out Into the Hall to Hear What Warren and Doctor Moal Were Saying; Crouched at the Head of the Stairs"

She followed him, half distracted, and sat where he suggested. Coxon left her to herself for a moment while he replenished the fire and knocked out his pipe and stuffed it into his pocket.

Without looking at her, he said, "I thought you'd like to know how things have gone. I can see you're feeling better. You'll be all right after lunch."

He directed no questions to her, talked on in a gentle and soothing tone, detailing as much as he thought wise of the events of the morning, the arrangements that had been made, the manner and demeanor of the other persons in the house.

So he came at last to relate the part he had himself undertaken, the duty of collecting and collating all available information on the spot.

She found herself interested; asked at last, "Are you taking notes?"

"I remember things pretty well," he replied.

He explained that he had been talking with her husband. "About Wardle, and how long he's known him, and his sister and everything," he continued in a matter-of-fact tone, and he added as calmly, "Naturally, I started in with him and you because I know neither of you had anything to do with it." He was careful not to look toward her, careful not to see her reaction to this statement. "From what he was telling me, I guess Wardle deserved what he got. He wasn't much of a man, now was he?"

"I never liked him," she confessed.

"I can see Miss Taber's fond of him," Coxon remarked. "It's funny; no matter how miserable a man is, there's always some woman finds something in him."

"That's so true."

He smiled.

"I'm the only one," he told her. "Never was a woman cared enough for me to marry me, anyway." Her own eyes softened in something like a smile; she began to be more at ease, and he saw this and pursued his inquiry. "I thought you might be willing to tell me something about him," he suggested. "Things Mr. Pring wouldn't be apt to know."

She said uncertainly, "I'm not sure what you mean."

"Well, were him and Miss Taber thinking of getting married?" he asked.

She shook her head, her eyes wistful.

"Grace would have married him, I think," she confessed. "I thought last summer they would come to it. He was with her so constantly. And I'm sure Grace thought so, because she was radiantly happy. It was she who persuaded me to let him come up here. I believe she counted on finding an opportunity to be much with him."

"She has been with him quite a lot."

"But I don't believe he cared for her," Carlotta confessed. "Oh, he was attentive last summer—very much so. Quite without meaning it, perhaps, he put Grace in an unpleasant position, so that I think everyone assumed they were engaged."

"And they weren't?"

"No."

"Sure?"

"Grace told me so."

"I shouldn't think she'd like him so very much after that."

She smiled pitifully.

"That is the way with women," she replied.

He was silent for a little while; then he asked, "You know any reason why Doctor Moal should have a particular grudge against him?"

"I don't think so—except that they disliked each other."

"Wardle guyed him quite a lot. And I heard someone say that Doctor Moal lost some money in the stock market or something, on something Wardle told him." She nodded.

"I heard them joking about that," she agreed.

He watched her keenly.

"I kind of thought Doctor Moal liked Miss Taber pretty well, too," he suggested.

Carlotta seemed uncertain and reluctant.

"Did you?"

"I'm pretty sure of it."

"I should be ever so pleased if they did—become fond of each other," she told him. "He's a splendid fellow and she's a dear girl." He nodded.

"I like him," he agreed. "He's a good man. But didn't you ever think that—about him and her?"

Continued on Page 28

Hupmobile

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Hupp Motor Car Corporation
Detroit, Michigan

Continued from Page 26

"I must have thought it," she assented at last. "But Grace never spoke to me about him."

"He ever talk to you about her?"

"Yes; yes, now and then he spoke of her—always admiringly."

Coxon seemed to catalogue and file this information in his thoughts. When he spoke again it was to refer to a new figure

"How about Mr. Rotch?" he asked

"What do you mean?"

He said awkwardly, "The thing is, Mrs. Pring, someone did this. I'm trying to figure out who might have done it, or might have wanted to do it." He smiled faintly. "Seems us though everybody had it in for Mr. Wardle, but that doesn't show anything. You can hate a man without wanting to kill him. I'm looking for something bigger."

"I understand," she agreed. "But there was nothing of that kind about Bert about Mr. Rotch. At least, I knew nothing."

"Him and Doctor Moal both lost some money in that stock business"

"Yes, I think they did."

"Of course, that was just business; but Wardle must have guyed them about it. And Mr. Rotch did a good deal of drinking after he came up here. You can't always figure what a man will do when he's that way."

She said unhappily, "This is a terrible thing, Coxon. These people are my guests. I can't bear to discuss them so cold-bloodedly"

"I don't like it myself. But it's got to be done now or later, and better now."

"I suppose so."

He hesitated, then continued: "I see a good many things, being around all the time the way I am, that you wouldn't imagine I'd notice. When I talk about them now, it's not curiosity; it's business. I can't help seeing. . . . Didn't you think Mr. Wardle was playing up to Mrs. Rotch?"

Carlotta was astonished and said so.

"No, no!"

"It looked so to me."

She stared at him, striving to remember, and suddenly laughed a little.

"You mean because he kissed her when they were dancing the night before last. Was that what you saw? That didn't mean anything. Bill was just the sort of man who kisses more or less promiscuously"

"I didn't happen to see that," he confessed. "But that wasn't what I mean, anyway. No, it seemed to me Wardle was making up to her just to see Rotch get mad."

"I haven't seen anything of that kind."

He abandoned the question.

"But suppose he was," he suggested, "and suppose Mr. Rotch found it out. Think Rotch might get mad enough to—shoot him?"

She said slowly, "I can't bear to think such things, Coxon. It's impossible for me to believe that any of these friends of mine killed him. It's impossible for me to convince myself the thing has happened at all."

"I suppose any man, specially when he's been drinking pretty heavily, might get jealous and mad enough to kill," Coxon remarked thoughtfully.

"I suppose so," she wearily agreed.

"What I'm thinking is this," he explained: "Wardle came out of his room into the living room for something. Suppose that was to meet Mrs. Rotch; and suppose Mr. Rotch heard her come downstairs, and came down himself, after them. If they were sitting in front of the fire together he could get down without their seeing him; get into the gun room, maybe just to listen. And then he might have heard something to make him mad."

She said shudderingly, "Please don't! I can't bear it!"

He checked himself.

"Ma'am, I'm sorry," he said regretfully. "I was thinking aloud."

He looked at her, hesitated, then said firmly, "But, Mrs. Pring, you've probably got some idea. Who do you think did it?"

She cried, "No, no, I don't think anything about it!"

He said gently, "We're bound to kind of suspicion everybody, and I thought you might be worried." He seemed on the point of saying something further, but checked himself.

After a moment he reached into his pocket and drew out a handkerchief. "You can tell me whose this is, I expect?" he suggested.

She took it from him.

"Why, yes," she agreed. "It's one of mine. I had it last evening."

"Didn't take it upstairs with you, did you?"

"I don't remember. Where did you find it?"

He hesitated.

"Well, ma'am, I'll tell you," he replied. "I found it stuffed in behind that mounted trout on the wall, part way up the stairs."

"How in the world did it get there?"

"I don't know."

She was spreading it in her hands, scrutinizing it. "What is this spot on it?" she asked.

"That Reminds Me," He Suggested. "Somebody Did Do Something, After All. I Wanted to Ask You. You Didn't Hear Anyone Come Downstairs While You Were Talking to Him, Did You?"

He took it from her as though to see more clearly, glanced at it, then folded it with some care and quietly restored it to his pocket.

"That's a spot of blood," he replied.

XI

THAT faint stain upon her handkerchief brought home the fact of the tragedy to Carlotta more forcefully than anything that had occurred theretofore. There is a sinister significance in blood. Even that of animals has a certain power to revolt and terrify; and this is infinitely more true of the blood of human beings, no matter how innocuous the wound from which it has flowed. All persons feel in more or less degree this terrifying power; Carlotta was peculiarly susceptible. She had imagination enough to see not merely a dark spot upon white linen, but a visual evidence that as this blood flowed life also had ebbed away. She saw not merely a small brown spot; she saw Bill Wardle, that fat and amiable buffoon, slain where he stood, his body sprawling all along the couch. And his blood had stained her handkerchief!

So now her eyes widened and her cheeks turned ivory-white and she stared at Coxon, lips groping for words, throat dry and aching.

When she could speak she asked, "But how did it get there? What does it mean?"

Before he could reply, however, her nerves rebelled and she flung to her feet, both hands raised as though to press him back from her; and she retreated before him when he also rose, until she felt the door at her back, and so fumbled for the handle and burst into the other room.

Her sudden entrance there discovered her husband standing on the hearth, talking to Bruton, and at first, impetuously, she would have fled into Pring's arms; but his bearing somehow forbade. Coxon had come after her; she was abruptly afraid of the little old man, afraid of his steady eyes and his shrewd and searching thoughts; and she turned to the right toward the stair and ran away from them, up toward her room. Halfway up the stair she encountered Hubert Rotch, beginning to descend, and she swung past him with no word, and so to refuge and sanctuary behind her own closed door.

Rotch looked after her with a sardonic grimace like a grin; he hesitated for a moment, then continued on his way downstairs, the sound of his steps announcing his coming and those below waiting for him in silence When he encountered their eyes, he seemed to feel some hostility in their glances; and he stiffened himself for the encounter.

"A gloomy lot you look," he remarked cynically

Coxon said gravely, "I was just going up to ask you to come down."

"Grace couldn't stand being alone," Rotch explained. "So she came in to weep on Julie's shoulder. That was too much for me. Besides, I wanted a drink."

The woodsman considered this; and Pring said thoughtfully, "I suppose it is infinitely harder for them than for us. Hard enough for us, God knows."

Rotch lifted a glass and filled it and said, "If it weren't for this, I should be decidedly at a loss. But as long as a man has a drink, he's not quite without a friend. Did that ever occur to you?"

Coxon asked, "Have you wrote out what you can remember of what's happened, Mr. Rotch — the way Mr. Pring said?"

Rotch, the glass at his lips, shook his head.

Continued on Page 30

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WHEN BETTER AUTOMOBILES ARE BUILT, BUICK WILL BUILD THEM

(Continued from Page 28)

"Hardly. What's the use? What little I know, there's no particular danger of my forgetting."

"I was hoping you'd let me see it," Coxon explained.

"Nothing to see," Rotch assured him airily.

"Well then," said Coxon, "I wish you'd come into the library with me for a little while. I'd like to ask you some questions. I've already talked with Mr. Pring and Mrs. Pring."

Rotch glared at him with lowering brows, his manner changing.

"What particular business is it of yours, my friend?" he demanded.

Pring interjected, "I've a good deal of faith in Coxon. He's level-headed; he may be able to fit the bits of the puzzle together."

"I have no bits," Rotch replied.

"You can't be sure of that," Coxon told him. "Things that might seem to you not to matter might help a lot."

"The idea annoys me," Rotch retorted sardonically. "I do not care to be interrogated."

There was for a moment silence; then Bruton, who had listened with some interest, said roughly, "If that's the way you aim to act, you've got to expect us to think you know things you don't want to tell."

Rotch stared at him.

"Suspect and be damned!" he exclaimed. "What do I care for your suspicions?"

But Coxon, with a nod, bade the cook be silent; himself replied.

"That isn't the point," he explained.

"I'm not interested in your points," Rotch explained. "I know nothing about this business, except that I do know I had nothing to do with it. That's enough for me. I don't propose to be cross-examined."

"But I'm figuring on cross-examining you," Coxon replied, with a firmness which surprised the other. "I want to ask you some questions. I'd like to talk to you alone, but that's for you to decide."

"It's decided," Rotch replied grimly. "You lose."

Coxon made a gesture of resignation.

"If you won't come into the other room," he said, "then I'll have to ask you here where the others can hear. You lost some money on stocks, taking Mr. Wardle's advice, didn't you?"

Rotch grinned.

"Motive stuff, eh?"

"I know he made you mad, too," Coxon continued.

"Righto! I had no use for the fat ass."

"You'd done more than your share of drinking," Coxon reminded him calmly. "I guess it's safe to say you've been half drunk all the time."

Rotch grinned; but his cheeks were flushed and his eyes were suffused with blood. He held himself in check, made no reply.

"I've seen your sort," Coxon remarked. "When you've drunk about so much, you've got a sneering sort of grin all the time; but you're ready to get fighting mad—killing mad—at mighty small excuse."

The other looked toward Pring with a grimace.

"This is what comes of having a murderer among your friends," he remarked.

"I didn't want to mention Mrs. Rotch," Coxon continued steadily. "But you thought Wardle was paying her too much attention. You were mad about that."

Rotch said between stiff lips, "I've a mind to mash your face in for that, old man, old as you are."

Coxon disregarded this remark.

"Mr. Wardle got up last night, after others were asleep," he persisted, his tone an accusation. "He came out here into the living room to do something, to meet someone. If you had waked up and found Mrs. Rotch gone, and come down and found her talking with Wardle—what would you have done, Mr. Rotch?"

The question was cut off sharply; it ended on a lashing note like the snap of a whip. And Coxon's eyes fixed those of the man he questioned, and Pring and Bruton watched, scarcely breathing. Rotch himself became livid. He took a stumbling forward step, toward the other; and his hands twisted rigidly. Coxon did not move, but Bruton came a little nearer, ready to take a hand if the occasion arose. His movement caught Rotch's eye, distracted his attention, and the man looked away from Coxon toward the others, his glance baleful. His mouth was open, his lips drawn, his countenance a mirror of fury and rage. But while they watched, he visibly brought himself to a measure of composure. His color somewhat faded, his rigid muscles relaxed, his eyes dropped and he took a cigarette from his case and with steady fingers lighted it, expelled a cloud of smoke toward Coxon and said easily, "Sounds as though you were accusing me of this murder."

Coxon shook his head.

"You might have done it," he replied. "But that's true of the others. Mrs. Pring didn't. She's the only one I'm sure of yet. You're not being picked out specially. I wanted you to answer some questions, and I've been trying to show you why you ought to."

Rotch flicked away the ash.

"You've failed to persuade me," he said in an amused tone. "However, I'll go so far as to point out to your acute intelligence the fact that I was asleep. You would perhaps call it a drunken slumber. I was so thoroughly asleep that not even this yammering rabbit which awoke the rest of you penetrated my perhaps somewhat fuddled consciousness." His color suddenly heightened, his voice rose, he cried ferociously, "Asleep, do you hear, you miserable fool? Make what you can of that!"

"You say you were asleep," Coxon agreed. "But how do we know it's so?" He leaned forward, emphasizing his words. "Mr. Rotch, a minute or two after Mr. Wardle was killed, someone ran upstairs and went into your room. What do you say to that?"

Rotch did not seem surprised; his glance was one of interested incredulity.

"I assure you, you astonish me," he replied.

"It wasn't you?"

"I was in the pleasant land of dreams, my friend."

"Then who was it?"

Rotch said easily, "I suggest you ask my wife."

Coxon studied him for a moment without moving; then his posture relaxed and he nodded, turning away as though to dismiss the other.

"I'm going to," he replied, and started toward the stair. Rotch chuckled mirthlessly behind him. Pring and Bruton stood and watched him go.

XII

COXON went upstairs and knocked at Julie's door. After a moment's delay she bade him enter; and when he did so he discovered her in a chair by the hot little stove which warmed the room. Grace Taber, sitting on the edge of Julie's bed in a posture which suggested she had been lying across it on her face, had risen at Coxon's knock. Her hands were busy with her hair. The two women looked at the old woodsman expectantly, but without speaking. He stepped into the room and allowed the door to close behind him.

"I wanted to talk to you a little while, Mrs. Rotch."

Julie at first seemed faintly puzzled; then smiled with understanding.

"I remember. We're all to be questioned in due form. That's it, isn't it?"

"I've been talking to Mr. and Mrs. Pring and to Mr. Rotch," Coxon assented.

Julie looked at Grace.

"Why don't you go in and see Carlotta?" she suggested.

Grace—Coxon had marked the fact that she was extraordinarily white and shaken—rose uncertainly to her feet, her hands a little outstretched as though she groped for a hold. Julie took her arm and led her toward the door, past Coxon. The two there whispered together for a moment; and Coxon, now that the light was behind him and upon Julie, saw that she was not so composed or so thoroughly at ease as she had seemed. It was only the contrast between her bearing and that of Grace Taber which had made her appear assured and calm; as Grace turned away and Julie faced him, closing the door behind her, he marked that her lips were white and her eyes somewhat dilated. There were cigarettes on the table beside her bed, and she lighted one with something like a swagger, and sat down in the same chair and crossed her knees as though to impress Coxon with her perfect lack of nervousness or perturbation. He saw that her eyes flickered watchfully; that something like a film masked them and hid their depths into which he sought to look. Her defenses were up.

With an instinct to put her at ease, he said casually, "You haven't been up in this part of the country before, have you, Mrs. Rotch?"

She seemed to welcome this opening.

"No, never," she agreed. "Of course, I've been outdoors, hunting and fishing; but never here."

"I thought when you shot that deer you were a cool hand—used to it."

She smiled with pleasure.

"Did you? I was really frightfully scared. I shot a wildcat once, by accident almost; but birds have usually been my game. That was my very first deer."

"I've seen men go all to pieces at their first chance," he remarked, and chuckled. "I had a sport last fall," he continued reminiscently. "Mr. Pring wasn't coming up, so I was able to do a little guiding. I took this man in a canoe, up a brook above here, upriver; and I brought him around a bend right on top of a big buck. Inside ninety yards, he was. The buck was standing in the brook, and at first he didn't hear us or see us. He was feeding, head down, broadside on. As good a set of horns as I ever saw. This sport fired till his gun was empty, fast as he could pull, and never did bring the butt to his shoulder. I expect some of those bullets are still going. They were aimed high enough."

"I've heard of such things," she agreed. "My brother missed his first deer, with a shotgun and buckshot, at twenty yards. Missed him clean with both barrels. Yet he can drop a jacksnipe four times out of five."

Coxon saw the color returning to her lips.

"Where have you hunted mostly?" he asked.

"South Carolina," she replied. "A club Mr. Rotch belongs to."

"Quail?"

"Yes, and turkey and ducks and geese."

"I've heard there's lots of game down there."

"Lots of it. Of course, they preserve it pretty carefully and keep the land stocked."

"The way we do our trout brooks," he agreed. "It has to be done, with so many people hunting and fishing. You live in New York, don't you?"

"Yes."

"I've always thought I'd like to go there once."

"You've never been?" she inquired in faint surprise.

He shook his head.

"I was born on a farm about fifty miles south of here," he explained. "Took to the river when I was fourteen. Been working pretty steady ever since. But I haven't traveled to amount to anything, except in canoes, or coming back from Fort Kent after a trip through with a party."

"You're not married, are you?"

He shook his head.

"No, ma'am. I never could seem to manage to find anyone willing to go into it with me."

She laughed in a friendly way.

"I expect you didn't try very hard."

"Well," he said gravely, "I've seen some mighty nice people, coming up here the way you people do. But they weren't my kind; and yet I suppose I couldn't help wanting that kind."

Julie was astonished to find her heart full of pleasure, while her eyes filled with tears. She thought what he had said the highest compliment she had ever received; her quick imagination seemed to scent the sweet dusts of an old and faded romance; she guessed a thousand guesses, and wished to question him, but his quiet gravity forbade.

"I've always been used to being in the background, watching people like you," he continued. "In a good many ways, you're different from the folks around here. You talk more without meaning anything but talk; and you joke with one another about things we don't mention unless we mean something. Like Mr. Wardle's kissing you. I could see that was just a way he had with everybody."

She did not perceive that her examination had begun.

"Bill was the kissing sort," she agreed carelessly. "Some men are, you know. He didn't mean anything."

"I didn't like him," Coxon confessed. "But I never thought there was much harm in him."

"Not a bit," she agreed. "I think Bill always thought he was the life of the party. I think he felt that everybody was as pleased with him as he was with himself."

"This is a kind of a joke on him, in a way. I expect he'd feel bad if he knew."

She was so amused at the whimsicality of this suggestion that she laughed aloud, and in the silence which hung over the big camp her laughter had a startling quality.

"I expect it would spoil his whole day," she agreed.

"I think he'd feel worse knowing someone felt like killing him than he would about being killed," Coxon pursued, in a matter-of-fact tone that robbed the topic of its terror.

"He was really lovable, in the way a puppy is lovable," she suggested.

"You've always known him, I expect?"

"Years and years," she agreed. "He and Bert saw a lot of each other."

"Good friends, I could see."

She made a gesture as though to say "I suppose so." Then added aloud, "Of course, Mr. Rotch isn't a particularly friendly sort. He has an unpleasant way of saying unpleasant things. People are a little afraid of him."

"You've got to understand a man like that."

"I understand Bert through and through." Her tone had an edge which he detected.

"He was the only one in the house that slept through last night, I guess," Coxon remarked. "You woke up, didn't you, when that rabbit yelled?"

Her hesitation was barely perceptible.

"Yes; yes, that woke me."

"Didn't wake him, though?"

"No, he was snoring terribly," she replied, with a faint smile.

"You hadn't been awake in time to hear anything downstairs, had you? I mean you went right to sleep when you went to bed—didn't hear anyone moving around?"

"I was in that first sleep that's so delicious," she told him. "You know what I mean. When a person's waked up out of that sleep, I think they always stay awake a while, don't you?"

"I can sleep most any time," he replied. "But it don't take much to wake me. You laid awake afterwards, did you?"

She considered, as though trying to remember.

"I suppose I was half awake," she agreed. "But I was half asleep too. Nothing made any particular impression on me."

"You didn't hear Mr. Pring go downstairs then, did you?"

(Continued on Page 32)

The Cobbler of the Old Dominion

Up and down the dusty roads of colonial Virginia he went—the itinerant cobbler with his kit of tools and store of news from "other parts."

From town to town, from farm to farm he wandered, fascinating the children with the lively rat-a-tap-tap of his hammer, regaling the grown-ups with his gossip, fashioning footgear for the countryside.

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Swift & Company

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A nation-wide organization owned by more than 46,000 shareholders

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(Continued from Page 30)

"No—well, I'm not sure. I have a faint recollection of hearing something. But if I did, I'd have thought it was just someone the rabbit had waked up. I didn't pay any attention."

"What time was it when you first went to sleep?" he asked. "I mean when you first came to bed."

"Why, right away," she replied.

"How long after you came upstairs then?"

"I didn't spend much time on my hair. It was cold. The fire had gone out. Twenty minutes; perhaps half an hour."

"I know sometimes you or Mr. Rotch read for a while after you go to bed. I've seen the light in your room."

He thought her color faded.

"I do sometimes," she agreed. "But I didn't last night."

His next question was delivered in the same matter-of-fact tone; delivered while she was still vaguely alarmed by his previous inquiry.

He asked quietly, "Who was it came upstairs and came into your room, about a minute after the rabbit let out that scream?"

The effect of this question upon Julie, while not wholly apparent to Coxon's eyes, was nevertheless appalling. She had, upon his first coming, been alarmed and nervous; but his casual manner and his commonplace conversation had quieted her fears, led her to forget them—almost amused her. She had gained confidence and certainty; had answered his more pointed inquiries when they came in a definite and forthright fashion which gave her more confidence in herself.

And then, when all seemed to go well, the suggestion that she had read for a while last night had wakened her to faint alarm; and while she was still tremulous, his direct and damning question overthrew her hardly gained composure. So, though she sat still and motionless, Julie was all in turmoil and consternation, groping hopelessly for words.

"Into my room?" she asked with stiff lips.

"Yes," he said. "Of course, you might have been asleep before they got here. But I thought they—he—she—whoever it was might have waked you again."

She had not strength to seize the loophole he offered.

"Into this room?" she repeated blankly.

"Someone came in here," he assured her.

"I must have been asleep," she said gropingly.

"You didn't stay awake but a minute then?"

"I do sleep soundly."

"I heard you telling Mrs. Pring you couldn't sleep up here, it was too quiet," he reminded her. "That's why you liked to read at night, I expect."

"That was so at first, when we first came," she confessed. "The silence used to oppress me."

"You sleep better now?"

"Oh, much better."

"Why, then," he suggested, "if you were so sound asleep you didn't hear anyone come in, maybe Mr. Rotch wasn't in bed here after all. You couldn't have waked up enough to be sure, if you went to sleep so quick after."

"Oh, I'm sure," she insisted, too bewildered to choose any device which might avoid the destruction she foresaw.

He looked away from her for a moment, then swiftly back again.

"Now, Mrs. Rotch," he said in a friendly way, "I want you to be straight with me."

She protested, "I am—I am!" Tried to summon indignation. "What do you mean?"

He said flatly, "This morning, when I made your fire, there was a book on the table by your bed. You took it downstairs with you and didn't let anybody see it and put it back in the library. What'd you do that for?"

"I don't know what you mean!" she cried.

"Doctor Moal says you brought it upstairs with you last night when you came," he continued, as though she had not spoken. "Did you?"

"Why, yes—yes, I did," she answered, seizing this explanation. "I'd forgotten. So many things have happened. But that was it."

"Read a little while after you got to bed?"

"A little while, yes."

"How long?"

"Not very long."

"Why did you take it downstairs this morning without letting anybody see it? What was wrong with your having it?"

"Anyone could have seen it," she protested. "I didn't hide it."

"I was watching for it," he told her steadily. "I had a notion right then."

"A notion?"

He leaned forward, fixing her eye.

"Mrs. Rotch," he said impressively, "Wardle got up from bed and put on a dressing gown and came out into the living room for something, or else he came out to see somebody. I think he came out to see you."

"Me?"

"Yes, ma'am. I think you went to bed, and then you decided to read, and so you went down to get that book—and he heard you and came out and found you."

"He didn't! He didn't!" she cried.

"Why not?" he asked sharply. "Why didn't he? Where did you hide?"

"I was in the library," she told him; "in the library." His posture suddenly relaxed, he sat more easily in his chair, and she perceived the extent of her admission. For a moment she stared at him, her fingers intertwining, her eyes miserable. But at last she said unsteadily, "Well, yes, I was in the library."

He said in a kindly tone, "Mrs. Rotch, I want to say just one thing. Nobody thinks you killed Mr. Wardle, and I know you didn't. But you can tell me some things, and I want you to do it. Now you go ahead and tell me just what happened, best way you can. Only, you ought to realize that I've got some sense, and I can see things, and if you try to fool me, you probably won't be able to. You can help me if you want, and that's what I'm asking you to do."

She nodded slowly.

"I know, I know. I was wrong; but I was afraid. You might not have believed me. I thought there was no need of anyone's ever knowing I was there."

He said urgently, "You tell me what you know. You went down to get this book to read, didn't you?"

"Yes."

"Take a lamp?"

"No, I took my flashlight."

He nodded.

"I found it on the library sofa this morning," he confessed, and drew it from his pocket. "You can have it back."

She stared at him in increasing terror.

"You see so much!" she stammered.

"Was the gun-room door shut?"

"I didn't notice."

"Library door?"

"The curtains were drawn, but the door was open."

"And you went in?"

"Yes."

"And then you heard someone come downstairs?"

She shook her head, faintly inclined to triumph over him.

"No, I heard Bill come out of his room. The click of his latch startled me and I snapped off my light. Then he struck a match." She colored faintly. "I hadn't bothered with a dressing gown," she explained. "I expected to run down and right back upstairs again. So I didn't want him to see me."

"Couldn't he see into the library?"

"The hangings were drawn across the door, all but a crack on one side."

"He must have lit the lamp."

"Yes, he did." She hesitated, and after a moment he prompted her.

"Well, what did he do then?"

She seemed to weigh her answer.

"Why, he walked around the room a little," she replied, "and he put a log on the fire. And then he walked some more. Oh, and then he sat down and began to read a book."

He said thoughtfully, "There wasn't any book on the library table. Just some magazines."

"It may have been a magazine."

"All right, go ahead."

"Well, he just sat there and read," she pursued; "and I waited, wondering what to do. And at first I thought I would try to slip across to the stairs. His back was turned. But he might have heard me."

Coxon interrupted her with a decisive word.

"Now, Mrs. Rotch, I've got to say it again—I want you should tell me just what happened. I've seen the way you people are with one another. You don't mind little things. From what you say, you had on a nightgown, or pajamas or something, and you didn't want him to see you. But you know and I know that if that had been all, 'stead of sitting there in that cold room waiting Lord knows how long, you'd have called out and told him to keep his eyes on the fire, and skipped up to bed. If you figure on my believing you, you'll have to do different."

She surrendered so adroitly as to seem to put him in the wrong.

"You wouldn't wait to hear," she protested. "I was going to tell you. I would have done as you say in a minute. But someone else came in."

"Came in?"

"Yes."

"If they came *in*, it must have been Doctor Moal. The rest were upstairs. They'd have had to come *down*."

"I didn't mean it that way," she told him quickly; hesitated, then went on in a firmer tone: "I don't want to tell you who it was, Mr. Coxon."

"Why not?"

"It's not fair."

He said soberly, "Mrs. Rotch, this is a murder. It's foolishness to talk of being fair or not. You've got to tell me who this was." She was still reluctant, and he added thoughtfully, "Matter of fact, you don't need to tell me."

"Why? Do you know?"

"I know it wa'n't Mrs. Pring, and I know it ain't likely any of the men would have got up to go down and talk to Mr. Wardle. They got enough of his talking in the daytime. And you say you didn't speak to him. I kind of thought from the first he was maybe out there to see Miss Taber."

She threw out her hands at the name, cried, "You mustn't think hard things of Grace, Mr. Coxon."

"I'm not thinking hard things about anybody, ma'am," he replied. "I'm trying to find out what happened. Miss Taber came down and met him there, did she?"

Her eyes fell.

"Yes," she replied, and he saw her cheeks flush.

"What did they do?"

"They—talked together for a while."

"Then what?"

"Then she went back upstairs."

"Left him alone?"

"Yes."

He said gently, "I don't expect you want to tell me what they talked about?" She shook her head. "I'll have to ask Miss Taber that," he remarked, half to himself. "Hate doing that too. Going to make it mighty hard for her."

"She needn't tell you unless she wants to."

"She don't know you were there?"

"I couldn't bear to have her know, ever. She'd hate me."

He smiled faintly, and his tone was kindly.

"You tell me more than you think," he assured her. "Can't you see I'm going to guess somewhere near the truth? You know how things were between them, and I do too. I'm going to tell you what they talked about. She likes him, or did like him. And he—he's tired of her. And they talked about that, and he laughed. He always laughed at everything, that man. And at last she got mad and ran away. I guess that was pretty close to it."

She hid her astonishment, managed an unmoved countenance.

"I don't mean to say," she repeated.

"Well," he assented, "I'll have to ask her that." He considered. "Go ahead," he suggested. "She left him. What'd he do then? Still sit there?"

"He was standing up," she explained.

"You watched—all the time?"

"No, no; I tried not to, tried not to hear. But when she—well, I knew when she went upstairs, and I looked out."

"You heard her go upstairs?"

"I saw her go toward the stairs," she answered slowly, a thought taking form in her eyes. "Yes, yes, I know when she went upstairs." This last came more emphatically.

"And him standing there, looking after her—and laughing."

"I saw her go, but then I drew back, afraid he would see me—back in the shadows."

"Couldn't see him?"

"No."

Her eyes were clouded with thought, and he saw that she was trembling.

He said easily, "About then, you must have heard the shot."

"Yes," she answered slowly, her voice uncertain.

"Didn't sound very loud, did it?"

"I shouldn't have known what it was if we hadn't been firing the rifle that afternoon. Just a sort of 'chuh!' But I heard a sound from him, like a sigh, and then the springs of the couch creaked, and at the same time I smelled the powder."

"I should have thought you'd have yelled," he suggested, his tone grave and sympathetic.

"I did, I think," she replied. "I made some sound at least. Then I found myself going out into the room—till I could see him lying there."

"Lying there?"

"As though he were kneeling, his head and shoulders on the couch."

He considered this, asked in a new tone, "Did you notice anything about him?"

"I seemed to know he was dead," she replied.

Her courage was returning, and though her eyes were fixed and still, her voice was stronger.

"How were his arms?"

"I didn't notice. Oh, yes, I did. His right arm was out along the couch, flung out there."

Coxon was silent for a moment, then he leaned a little toward her with that movement habitual to the man when he wished to emphasize a question.

"Did you notice a handkerchief?" he asked.

She considered for a moment, then nodded.

"Yes; yes, I did," she replied. "There was one on the couch, partly under his head. I remember seeing it sticking out."

"Man's or woman's?"

"A woman's. I thought Grace might have left hers."

"Did you pick it up?"

A shudder ran through her whole body; she put her hands to her face, palms out.

"I couldn't have touched him!" she cried.

"What did you do?"

She answered, "I ran away." And when he was for a moment silent, she exclaimed, "Oh, I know it was cowardly! But my being there at all would have meant so many explanations. I was so frightened. I just ran madly upstairs to my room. I didn't realize I still had that book till I got upstairs."

"Move as quiet as you could?"

"I suppose so."

He said slowly, "There's just this one last question, Mrs. Rotch: When you came up the stairs you came right in front of Miss Taber's bedroom door—right facing it. There was beginning to be some starlight outside by then. There'd have been light in her room, on that side of the house. If that door was open, you noticed it. If it was closed, you might not notice; but if it was open, you know it. I want to know."

Her eyes met his fearfully; her face twisted with grief.

"I can't bear ——"

"I wish you'd tell me the things you know and let me do the figuring," he urged almost roughly. "You're thinking if the door was open it shows Miss Taber was still downstairs. Well, if it does, we've got to find it out. But what you think it would mean if it was open don't matter." He hesitated. "I can see," he continued, "that you're beginning to think maybe she shot him. I think you're wrong; I know you're wrong to make up your mind now without knowing more. But whatever you think ——" He checked himself again, half smiled. "There, what's the use of my asking. If it was shut you'd have said so. It was open then."

She nodded miserably.

"Yes, Grace's door was open," she replied.

XIII

UPON Julie's admission that Grace Taber's bedroom door was open a moment after Wardle was killed, Coxon rose as though satisfied with what he had learned.

He said mildly, "Well, that's something to go on. I'm much obliged to you, Mrs. Rotch."

Faint relief appeared in her eyes, whether because her ordeal was over or because she had been able to keep from him details he might have wished to know, he could not be sure. The old woodsman hesitated for a moment, uncertain whether to resume his questioning, struck with sudden doubt of the truth of her statements. She had at first concealed the facts; had amended her statement only when forced to do so. It was quite possible there was still something

(Continued on Page 35)

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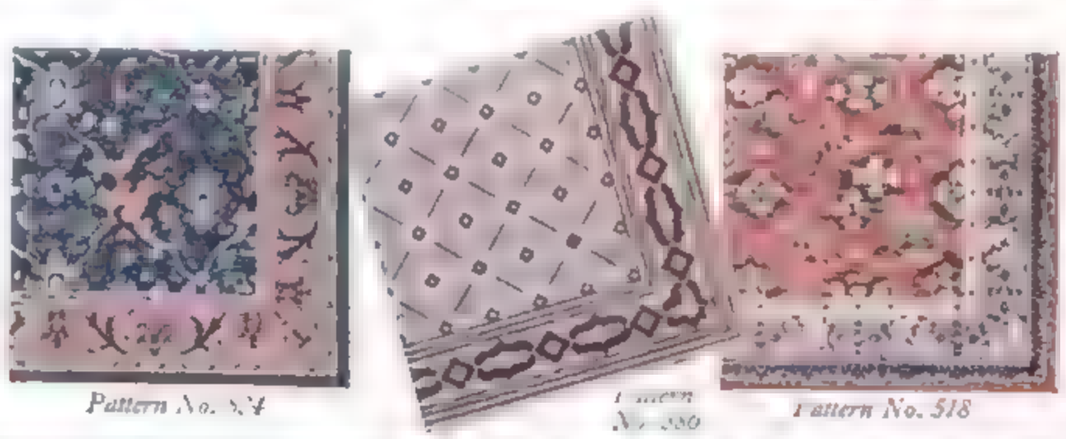

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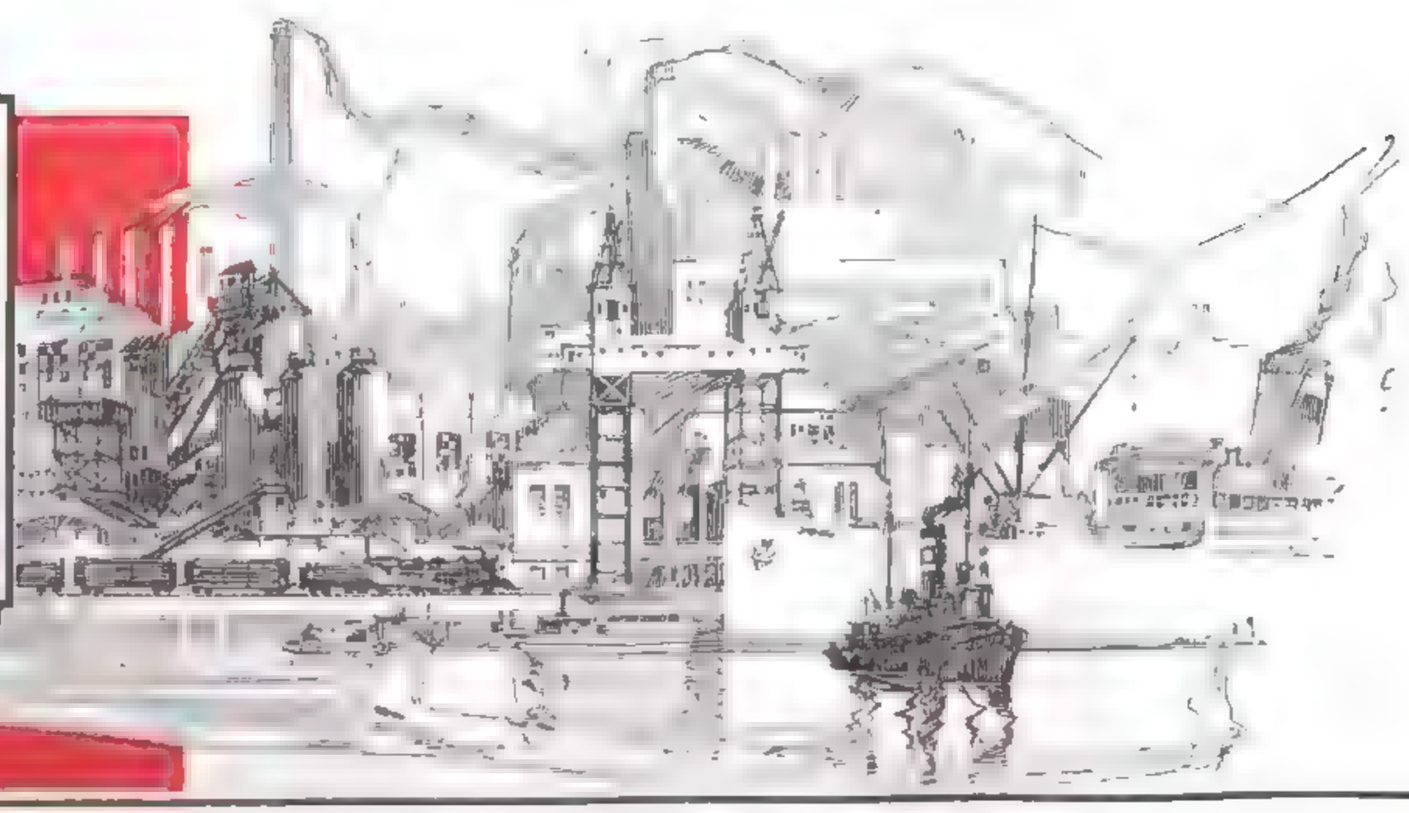

A frank talk on costs

Most plant executives are quite willing to admit that they get better results from Correct Lubrication than by buying "just oil." But curiously enough they are held back by an idea that it costs more—considerably more. Let us ask ourselves then:—

Do high-grade oils cost more than ordinary oils?

By the gallon, yes—a little more. By the year or per unit of production, no—they cost less. It is unfair and misleading to judge lubricating costs except by a comparison over a period of time. One of the most accurate measures is the lubricating cost *per unit of production.*

Why do high-grade (correct) oils cost less on that basis?

First of all because good oil *wears* better—less is used. In most cases, the rate of feed can be reduced when our high-grade oils are installed. *Also:*—there is far less loss of power through metallic friction—*and* smooth, continuous operation is assured. You can quickly see the effect this has on lubricating costs *per unit of production.*

Are there any other savings?

Yes. The most important savings are in what the oil actually does. The power saved will save a substantial sum on coal or kilowatts. The reduction in wear will cut down expenses for repairs. With fewer repairs needed, you avoid the chance of costly shutdowns. To these savings can be added a slower rate of depreciation on your machinery which probably represents a large capital investment.

How can you as an executive bring about these economies in your plant?

First, learn from the world's leading lubrication specialists how your lubrication can be put upon a scientific and economical basis. This can be accomplished by arranging for a Lubrication Audit of your entire plant as explained below. Then take steps to see that the recommendations made in the Audit are faithfully carried out—even though the initial purchasing price of the oils may run a trifle higher than you have been paying.

You want *low cost*—not *low price.*

A letter addressed to our nearest branch office will put you in touch with an experienced representative who will be glad to discuss this further.

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THE LUBRICATION AUDIT

Here is a condensed outline showing how the Company's knowledge and experience are brought to bear on individual plant problems:

INSPECTION: A thoroughly experienced Vacuum Oil Company representative cooperates with your plant engineer or superintendent in making a careful survey and record of your mechanical equipment and operating conditions.

RECOMMENDATIONS: We later specify, in a written report, the correct oil and correct application of the oil for the efficient and economical operation of each engine and machine.

This report is based on:

1 The inspection of the machines in your plant.
2 Your operating conditions.
3 Our 58 years of lubricating experience with all types of mechanical equipment under all kinds of operating conditions throughout the world.
4 Our outstanding experience in manufacturing oils for every lubricating need.

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FOR THE ABOVE FREE SERVICE address our nearest branch office.

GARGOYLE

Lubricating Oils *for* **Plant Lubrication**

(Continued from Page 32)

hidden, something she had not told; but after a moment's consideration he decided that if this were the case, he must accept temporary defeat. He had no weapons with which to force her to further disclosures. So he pretended to be satisfied, put a stick of wood in the stove and again expressed his thanks.

"This has got to be straightened out, you know," he reminded her. "I guess all of you want that. And I expect you've helped a lot by what you told me."

She rose to face him; said reluctantly, "I hated doing it."

He smiled with understanding.

"You're thinking of Miss Taber. I don't think you need to worry about her, ma'am."

"I'm sure Grace didn't do it," she said.

"Why, so'm I," he agreed. "That is to say, sure as a man can be of anything." He opened the door. "I expect lunch is about ready by now," he suggested.

"I'm coming right down," she replied, and he closed the door behind him.

Having done so, he stood for a moment in the posture of one listening; but if he expected some betraying sound from within the room he was disappointed. So he moved toward the stair and down.

In the living room Coxon found Rotch and Pring and Doctor Moal now together. At his step they all looked toward him, and after a momentary silence while they studied his countenance, as calm and unreadable as it always was, Rotch said unpleasantly, "You were long enough."

"There's no cause to hurry too much," Coxon replied.

"Julie tell you anything startling?"

Coxon smiled.

"A while ago," he reminded the other, "when I asked you a question, you told me to ask her. I guess I'll say the same to you now, Mr. Rotch."

Doctor Moal smiled faintly. Pring's countenance, rigid and weary, did not relax. Rotch colored with sudden anger, but did not speak as Coxon crossed between them to the kitchen door and went out to ask Bruton whether he needed help in preparing lunch. He thus put aside for a time his rôle of inquisitor and became something like a butler, arranging dishes and cutlery on the table, going back and forth between kitchen and living room. On one of these passages he saw Pring emerge from the gun room and join the two other men before the fire. The circumstance faintly impressed him, and he weighed it in his mind. At his suggestion, Pring summoned the three women from above stairs, and so presently they all sat down to lunch together. Since their number had been odd before, the removal of Wardle's chair now left no empty space which might have served as a reminder of the tragedy. Nevertheless, they must all have been conscious of what lay behind the closed door, so near the end of the table; and the conversation was restrained and awkward. Pring and Grace Taber scarcely spoke at all. Rotch exchanged a word or two with Julie, then silently addressed himself to his food. Doctor Moal and Julie and Carlotta talked together in tones unconsciously lowered.

When they were served, Coxon drew aside, a vague conjecture taking shape in his mind; and when an opportunity offered, he went inconspicuously into the gun room and opened a drawer in one of the cases there. It was the drawer in which he had left that pistol whose broken firing pin precluded its use. He was not surprised to discover that the weapon was gone, nor had he any doubt that Pring had taken it. The circumstance in itself meant nothing, he assured himself. It was natural enough for Pring, no matter how innocent, to wish to be armed. The fact that he had taken possession of the only weapon left in the camp might have a sinister significance, or it might not. When he came back into the living room and found Pring's eye upon him, his guess that his employer had taken the pistol was confirmed by the other's expression, and he filed the circumstance in his memory.

Doctor Moal and Carlotta and Julie, willing to distract their minds, had fallen into talk together upon a topic apparently as far as possible removed from that which filled all their thoughts. They were discussing opera and the failure of opera in English. Coxon heard a sentence or two, heard Doctor Moal say:

"After all, opera deals with passions which in ordinary social intercourse are controlled and stifled. When you handle such matters without gloves, in the familiar speech of every day, they become so incongruous as to be incredible."

Carlotta nodded her assent.

"People don't go to opera for the story," she suggested.

"Operatic dramas," Doctor Moal continued, "are drawn from that period, about the time of Cellini, when men drove straightforwardly toward their desires—killing, strangling, lying, overriding every obstacle if they might have their way. The period of the pre-Shakspereans. Any more recent setting must strain credulity."

Julie said thoughtfully, "Such things do happen nowadays, though. People are killed ——"

She checked herself, as though only just remembering; her eyes unconsciously turned toward that closed door.

There was a moment's awkward silence, and then Carlotta intervened, said in a clear voice, "Warren, are you going to try to get into the woods this afternoon?"

"I hardly think so," he replied.

Rotch laughed.

"Little excitement in killing a deer after killing a man," he commented. Carlotta looked at him with cheeks suddenly ashen; looked from him to her husband.

Pring said mildly, "I hardly think Bert means that as a direct accusation, Lotta. You need not be alarmed."

"I hate to think about it," Carlotta said tremulously.

"No doubt it's more or less instinctive for us to want to keep together for the present," Doctor Moal suggested. "That is to say, those of us who—are innocent. The other will imitate the innocent, I suppose."

Rotch looked toward him with flickering eyes, but he made no comment. He had been drinking even more heavily than usual all morning; was more nearly on the verge of intoxication. His face was flushed, his eyes shot with blood, his lips pale. When he spoke, his voice was sufficiently steady; but there was a suspicious care about his movements when he was on his feet.

When they rose from the table, while the others drew toward the fire, Doctor Moal spoke to Coxon and handed him a folded paper.

"I thought Pring's suggestion a good one," he explained. "So I have written out my observation of the wound itself, and also a few details, more or less important. You may care to put it away safely against the time of need."

Coxon thrust the paper into his pocket.

"Much obliged," he said. "I wish they'd all do that, but the women won't want to. I'd like to talk to you for a while by and by, doctor."

Doctor Moal nodded, smiling faintly in assent.

"I am always at your service, in any way," he said courteously.

"I'm going to help Bruton with the dishes first," Coxon explained, and the other accepted this delay. Coxon returned to the kitchen.

When the dishes were done, Coxon went with Bruton to the cabin which the guides had occupied. Beside the stove there he set a chair, and from an inner pocket drew a pair of steel-rimmed spectacles which he adjusted to his nose. Then for a space he pored over what Doctor Moal had written. He found the account complete and careful. It began with the rendezvous of the party in New York, described their journey northward to the time of their meeting with Coxon, detailed the trip in to the pond and the days following. Coxon found that the physician had set down with some care the more conspicuous incidents illustrative of Wardle's offensive peculiarities. It was through this document that Coxon learned for the first time of Pring's open outbreak, his furious anger when Wardle spoke of his former wife. Doctor Moal had not spared himself in this recital; he detailed that bridge game when Wardle had derided him, and he related his own defeat in the matter of the target shooting. The whole account seemed to the guide dispassionate and just. He sought in vain for any evidence that Doctor Moal suspected the murderer; sought equally in vain for any slip of the pen which might have pointed suspicion toward the doctor himself. When his reading was done, he bestowed the document in his pack sack and returned to the main camp. Pring and Rotch and Doctor Moal were in the living room, again alone, and Coxon guessed that the three women must be together above stairs.

Doctor Moal caught his eye as he came in from the kitchen, and at once rose and asked, "Ready for me, Coxon?"

"I thought we might stir up the fire in your room," Coxon suggested.

The doctor nodded.

"We'll need more wood," he said. "I used quite a bit this morning."

Coxon accordingly went to the pile by the kitchen door and took half a dozen pieces of split birch in his arms. Thus burdened, he followed the physician upstairs, and with a sheet of bark and a bit of spruce for kindling set the fire going in the little stove.

Doctor Moal, closing the door behind them, now offered the old guide a cigar; but Coxon declined this.

"I've always stuck to a pipe," he explained. "If the smell of it don't bother you —— She's pretty heavy."

Doctor Moal smiled.

"I can stand it," he assured the other. He drew a chair near the stove, and Coxon took another, whittling a fill from his plug and rolling it between his palms.

"I been reading what you wrote," he explained.

"Yes?"

"I'm glad to know some of the things you tell about," the other continued. "Of course, some of them I already knew. I hear a good deal and see a good deal, being around pretty steady. But there was one or two things."

"It's a curious situation," Doctor Moal remarked reflectively. "As far as my analysis has gone, I think it is accurate to say that we all of us disliked Wardle pretty thoroughly. Yet it's hard to believe any of us had sufficient reason to want to kill the man."

"You can't ever tell what will make a man want to kill another one," Coxon commented. "I remember, twenty years ago or better, there was a couple of men trapping up north of here, living in a little cabin. One of them liked to do the cooking—would have it that he should cook all the time. He was a good cook, too; but he couldn't make good coffee, so the other man finally killed him. Man by the name of Broad did it."

The doctor smiled.

"Isolation, too close intimacy—these conditions often work curious psychological changes in men and women."

"That's the situation here," Coxon reminded him. "You've all been shut in together." His pipe was filled; he lighted it, settled a little in his chair and said thoughtfully, "I wish you'd go over last night, doctor. What you know about it? I'd like to talk it over. We might think of something you've forgotten."

The other nodded.

"I'm trying to avoid imagining I remember things which didn't occur," he remarked.

"I guess you prob'ly heard that rabbit yell, same as the rest of us did," Coxon suggested.

"That was what waked me," the physician replied.

"Did you get right up?"

"No; no, I lay there for a while. It was cold, you know. I had my head pretty well covered."

"Could you see around the room?"

"I could if I raised my head," the other assented. "But for a time I did not move; did not look around."

"When did you look around?"

"When I heard someone moving in the next room."

"Mr. Pring?"

Doctor Moal nodded.

"Yes, I raised my head to listen, and saw at once that Wardle was not in bed. His bed was between me and the door, you remember. The blankets were thrown back and the bed was empty."

"I guess you thought it was him in the other room."

"Yes, yes, I did think that."

"You got out of bed, did you?"

"Not till I heard Mr. Pring speak. I think he must have called to his wife. I heard him say Wardle was shot. Naturally, that brought me out of bed."

"Did you go right in the other room?"

"My heavy bath robe was across the foot of the bed. I put that on, and my slippers. It was cold, and the wind was coming up. I noticed a little snow drifting in through the windows that open on the porch, so I closed them. Then I opened the door and saw Mr. Pring, and a moment later Mrs. Pring came downstairs."

"Didn't take you very long, did it?"

Doctor Moal said thoughtfully, "It's hard to be sure of time. I don't think it took me very long."

"Mrs. Pring went right back to bed, didn't she?"

"Yes."

Coxon eased his posture.

"What did you and Mr. Pring think?" he inquired.

The physician half closed his eyes, as though seeking to remember.

"I know I assured myself Wardle was dead," he explained. "Then we began to conjecture how he had been killed. He had obviously been standing with his back to the fire, facing the stairs, and fallen forward on the couch. That meant the shot came probably from the gun room. The fact that we had not heard it suggested the light rifle. I remember we examined the rifle."

"Was the door of the gun room open or shut?" Coxon asked.

Doctor Moal considered for a moment.

"Open," he said. "I am sure of that." He went on, reciting such incidents as he remembered; and Coxon listened in silence, his attention evidently wandering. At length he interrupted.

"Doctor Moal," he said, "I'm going to come out in the open with you. I don't know who did this, any more than you do. Except that I know Mrs. Pring didn't do it and I know you didn't."

The other flushed with faint satisfaction.

"It's kind of you to say that."

"You couldn't have got to the gun room through the living room without being seen," Coxon explained. "And you couldn't have gone along the porch, because there was snow there."

"I might have slipped across the room while Wardle's back was turned," Doctor Moal suggested quizzically. "Or Wardle and I might even have been talking together there."

"That's what I'm coming to," Coxon explained. "I know you didn't do that, cross the room, because Mrs. Rotch was in the library all the time."

The other received this information in momentary silence.

"In the library?" he repeated at last.

Coxon nodded.

"She tells me that much," he replied. "She had come down for a book and was in there when Wardle came out into the living room. She stayed there till after he was killed; heard what there was to hear and saw as much as she could see from where she was."

Doctor Moal studied the other thoughtfully.

"Then that suggests at once," he said, "that she can answer the first big question."

"Who killed him?"

"Not that, perhaps. But she can tell why he was there."

Coxon nodded.

"Yes, she told me that."

The other waited for a moment, then asked quietly, "Do you—propose to pass on the information to me?"

"He was there talking to Miss Taber," Coxon replied readily, and looked toward the other with a steady glance. The physician received this information without a sign, save that his eye fell and he seemed to become absorbed in his own thoughts. Coxon watched him for a long moment; then he continued slowly, "I guess they had a kind of quarrel. I thought it was funny their voices didn't wake you up."

Doctor Moal did not at first respond to this suggestion; but after a moment he lifted his eyes and met those of the other man.

"As a matter of fact, Coxon," he said quietly, "I knew this much."

Coxon considered this.

"You didn't want to mix Miss Taber up in it?"

"No."

"Well," said the old guide, "I guess I'm as anxious as you to keep her out of it. I'd like to have you tell me, though, anything you feel like telling."

"There's very little to tell," Doctor Moal replied, smiling a little awkwardly. "Simply that I was wakened by the commotion Wardle made when he got out of bed. I saw him go into the other room. And presently I heard Miss Taber's voice with his."

"Hear anything they said?" Coxon asked. Doctor Moal shook his head.

"Not enough to justify me in repeating it. Mrs. Rotch did not tell you that?"

"I guess Mrs. Rotch knows a few things she didn't tell me," Coxon admitted. "I kind of half think, matter of fact, she knows who shot him."

Doctor Moal considered this.

"Why do you think so?"

"Some things she said."

The other colored.

"You can't mean—Miss Taber?"

"Well," Coxon replied, "her door was open when Mrs. Rotch went upstairs."

"What of it?"

"That might mean she was still downstairs, still in the gun room, hiding there." He eyed the other. "I wish you could tell me whatever you heard them say. I've got to talk to Miss Taber pretty soon and I'd kind of like a lead—something to ask her."

"I can't go so far as that," Doctor Moal said thoughtfully. "I wish it were possible to spare her altogether."

"Can't hardly do that."

"Well, if she wishes to tell you anything, she will. You must not expect to enlist me against her."

Coxon nodded, rising.

"Well then, that's about all you know."

"Mighty little, I'm afraid," Doctor Moal replied courteously.

"You've helped some," Coxon assured him. His hand on the knob of the door, he paused. "By the way," he enjoined, "I'd rather you wouldn't tell anyone I think Mrs. Rotch knows who did it."

"I can undertake to hold my tongue," the other gravely assured him.

"You see," Coxon explained, "if whoever did it knew that she knew, there's no reason why they shouldn't kill her too. I wouldn't have told anybody but you."

"I see your point," the doctor replied. "There really is that danger, isn't there?"

"We don't want too many killings around here," Coxon remarked, and with a nod opened the door.

XIV

WHEN Coxon emerged from Doctor Moal's room and closed the door behind him, he stood for a moment in the upper hall, his head bent, his eyes clouded with thought. From below stairs he heard a murmur of voices and guessed the others were all there together. He had now talked with all of them save Rotch and Grace Taber. Of Rotch he decided it was impossible to make anything. Guilty or innocent, the man had chosen to armor himself in defiance, to cloak himself in silence. If he were guilty, this silence was his privilege, with which Coxon was not minded to meddle. He wondered for a moment now whether Rotch's attitude were not the equivalent of a confession; shook his head. He could not presume so far. He must assume that Rotch, his temper on edge, had reached that sullen stage of intoxication where he refused every request and denied every suggestion with the unreasoning obstinacy of a drunken man.

There remained Grace Taber. Coxon looked forward to his conversation with her with a distinct distaste. He told himself now, quite frankly, that it was possible she had killed Wardle. She had loved the man and he had scorned her. This much even her friends knew; how much more sinister the actual truth might be, only she herself could now say. Wardle's lips were sealed. Coxon found himself imagining a scene between these two; a scene faintly tainted with theatricalism yet nevertheless sufficiently plausible; a scene at the end of which she might have flung away from the fat man with a last furious word; might have slipped into the gun room, willing Wardle should think she had gone upstairs, waiting to see what he would do. Perhaps the fat man had discovered she was in hiding there, had called some last derisive word to her, so that she was whipped into despairing fury and snatched the nearest weapon and fired. Coxon imagined her crouching in horror of what she had done while Julie emerged from the library and fled upstairs. Certainly Grace's door had been open when Julie went up, and if Grace had been already in her room, she must have shut her door. Coxon was more and more convinced, not necessarily that Grace had killed Wardle but that she had been in the gun room when Julie went upstairs.

He heard Doctor Moal moving about in the room at his back, and this sound brought him out of his abstraction, so that he crossed to the stair and descended to the living room. The others were all there together. Carlotta and Julie were sitting near the fire, their bodies wearily relaxed, talking idly with Rotch, or rather listening to the sardonic monologue of which that man delivered himself. Pring and Grace Taber were playing Russian bank at a card table at one side; and Grace was the first to perceive Coxon's coming, and her eyes met him, and she waited in silence for him to speak.

He hesitated, then said in a friendly and amiable tone, "Well, you folks have done about all you could do to help clear this thing up."

"Where have you left Doctor Moal?" Pring asked.

"I guess he'll be right down," Coxon replied. His glance passed from one of them to the other, fixed itself on Grace. "You're the only one I haven't talked to, Miss Taber," he suggested.

She made a movement as though to rise, then relaxed in her chair again, her color fading.

"I really don't know anything about it," she protested faintly. "I hardly even woke up last night. Of course, I heard that scream; but the bed was so warm and the room was so cold." She made a faintly whimsical gesture of deprecation.

"Well, I'll tell you," he replied. "I wanted to ask you just about one or two things that happened day before yesterday. They don't amount to a thing, but I'd like to know ——"

"You're beset by curiosity," Rotch said sneeringly. "You're a busybody, my friend. Don't give him the satisfaction, Grace."

But Pring said evenly, "My advice is to go with him, Grace. Coxon, I'm sure, is doing what seems best to him."

Grace hesitated for an instant longer; then slowly rose and crossed toward the stair.

"Where shall we go?" she asked.

"It's warm in Doctor Moal's room," Coxon suggested, "and he'll be coming downstairs."

She nodded and went ahead of him. Upstairs, Coxon knocked at the doctor's door.

"The fires are out in the other stoves," he explained. "I thought we could come in here if you're going down."

Doctor Moal assented readily.

"I was just going down," he replied.

He glanced at Grace, hesitated as though he would have spoken to her; but there was nothing he could say. Only as he passed her just outside the door he put his hand toward hers and held it for an instant in a reassuring grip which seemed to give her strength. Coxon saw this interchange. Then she went into the room and he followed, closing the door behind them.

With the possible exception of Carlotta, Grace Taber had been all this day more obviously on the border of a nervous collapse than any of the others. Coxon saw that she was now as white as snow, and that she trembled, shudders passing over her body in great waves as she shook with terror. He waited for her to sit down, and for a moment he was silent, wondering how he should begin this conversation. So small a matter might precipitate her into a hysterical outbreak.

He sought for a way to avoid this; and at last, with the valor of desperation, said frankly, "Miss Taber, I can see you're mighty upset and scared, afraid of what I may have found out and what I know. I don't want to scare you worse. I'm going to tell you all I do know. Then you won't have anything to be afraid of. I want you to try to keep hold of yourself. You've got to figure I'm aiming to help you and I want you to help me."

She stared at him with pale lips quivering.

"I know you went downstairs to meet Mr. Wardle last night," he said steadily. "I know you were with him for a spell, and I know you came upstairs just before he was shot." He smiled. "That's all. Only, I want you, if you can, to tell me what you and him talked about."

He fell silent, uncertain what to expect. He would not have been surprised if she had screamed, wept, laughed; nothing she might have done would have surprised him. He had staked everything on his beginning; now waited to see what her reaction would be.

She had heard him through with widening eyes, the last vestige of color drained from her pale cheeks. She heard his statement that he knew she had been below stairs the night before with a faint muscular tremor like that of a person suddenly drenched with icy water. But save for that movement she did not stir, only sat very still and watched him; and when he was silent, her eyes slowly filled with tears, and she closed them and relaxed in her chair, head back, while the tears flowed down her cheeks. But he saw her color beginning to return, and so knew she would not lose all control of herself; knew that his object was attained. This much of victory in his grasp, he sought to reassure her.

"Nobody else but me knows you were downstairs," he told her, and her eyes opened and she looked at him.

"Nobody knows?"

"Not a soul."

"How—did you find out?"

"I heard you say to him after dinner that you had to talk to him. I guess you planned to meet him downstairs after the rest were in bed."

She nodded in slow confirmation.

"Yes, yes; that is true," she confessed.

"Somebody shot him right after you came back upstairs," he continued. "I know you were upset, because you forgot to shut your door. Mr. Pring noticed it was open when he went down. So that made me sure it was you."

"I forgot it," she murmured.

"Forgot to shut the door? I expect you were upset."

"Yes, yes."

"When did you shut it?"

"After he went down. I was lying across the bed and I heard him go downstairs. I got up and started to undress, and then I saw the door was open and I shut it."

"When did you know about what happened?" he asked.

"I heard Carlotta come and call down to him," she explained. "I was leaning against the door, listening. I heard what he said."

He nodded sympathetically.

"You must have had a pretty miserable night."

Her face twisted with anguish at the memory.

"Oh, it was terrible, terrible!" she cried. "I was alone, and everything was so still. This horrible silence, all about us; knowing there wasn't a human being for miles. It wouldn't have been so bad if the night had not been so still. But I could hear my heart pound. Oh, I was half insane!"

"I expect you were."

She smiled quaveringly.

"I think if I could just have heard a street car ——"

"I've known people couldn't sleep for the quiet, up in the woods here," he agreed. She was silent, and he added, "Now, Miss Taber, I wish you could manage to tell me what you talked about." He saw her movement of fearful refusal and more hurriedly continued. "I want you should think of me the way you would of a doctor," he urged. "I'm something like a doctor—trying to cure what's happened. I can guess a good part of it." He studied her, saw her wide eyes full of gathering alarm. "I'll tell you," he suggested. "You just let me talk. I've seen you and Mr. Wardle together, and I'm an old man and I've watched other folks like you. I know you liked him. And I expect he must have liked you—must have made a fuss over you. But he'd quit doing that, hadn't he?"

She nodded miserably.

"Yes."

"He was beginning to pay more attention to others than he did to you. You kind of wanted a chance to talk to him, alone."

"Yes." She watched him fearfully.

"And you tried to get him to tell you what you'd done, why he had changed."

"Yes, yes." Her cheeks were slowly turning crimson. "Oh, could others see as much as you saw?"

He smiled reassuringly.

"I don't expect so, miss. I don't think they could."

"I was miserable," she confessed, beginning to feel confidence and trust in the old woodsman. "Oh, I know it was my part to hide my feelings, keep still; but I wanted to make one last effort. He used to be fond of me."

"Of course he did."

"But last night I got angry with him," she confessed, "because he just grinned at everything I said; just sat and grinned. I got furious."

"He'd make fun of anybody," Coxon ventured cautiously.

"He did—he did," she agreed. "He made fun of me, in that way of his, as though he expected me to share the joke with him. He said he never meant to get married again, said he had had his lesson. Oh, he talked about Bess in a way I hated. I hardly know her, but she's a dear girl. I was as furious on her account as on my own." Her cheeks flushed. "I can't tell you!" she exclaimed. "I was shameless. It seems to me now I must have been blind. I can see now how obnoxious he really was. Oh, I was almost ready to kill him myself!"

Recollection filled her with anger as well as with shame; and Coxon saw her more confident bearing and ventured to say whimsically, "I never saw a man that more folks felt like killing."

"If Warren had heard what he said about Bess he would have done something," she declared.

He considered this, shifted his posture. "That reminds me," he suggested. "Somebody did do something, after all. I wanted to ask you. You didn't hear anyone come downstairs while you were talking to him, did you?"

Her cheeks were crimson.

"No."

"Think you would have heard them?"

"I might not have," she confessed. "We were sitting on the couch with our backs to the stairs. We talked quietly; but I was—I didn't know anything that went on, really. I might not have heard."

"Didn't hear anyone go down before you went down?"

"No."

"When you left him, you came right up?"

"Yes."

"And lay down on the bed?"

"Yes."

"I expect you were crying."

"I was crying with anger, I think, as much as anything. But I was miserable too."

"Did you hear anyone come upstairs while you were lying on the bed and crying?"

"No."

"Your door was open too?"

"Yes, it was open at first."

He considered thoughtfully.

"What was the first thing you did hear?" he asked.

"I heard Warren go downstairs," she replied. "That was the first thing."

"How long was that after you came up?"

She considered.

"Not very long. Oh, I really don't know. I don't know how long it was."

"You had shut the door before Mrs. Pring came out into the hall, hadn't you?"

Grace hesitated.

"I listened, with a crack of the door open," she explained. "I expected to hear Warren and Bill talking together. So I listened to hear what they would say."

Coxon asked with sudden attention, "Did you hear them say anything?"

"I heard Warren say something."

"What did he say?"

"Not the words; I couldn't hear."

"You didn't hear Mr. Wardle say anything, did you?"

She stared at him.

"But that would mean Warren killed him—after he went downstairs!"

"I'm just trying to find out what you heard," he reassured her. "Did you hear Mr. Wardle?"

She shook her head.

"No; no, I'm pretty sure I didn't. I couldn't have. Why, Warren didn't kill him! You can't mean that!"

"I don't mean anything," Coxon assured her patiently. "What happened, then, was that you heard Mr. Pring go downstairs and say something, and that's all you heard?"

"Every single thing."

"How long did you stay there?"

"I heard Carlotta's door open, so I closed mine, almost shut."

"What happened then?"

Her eyes drooped for an instant wearily.

"I heard her call to him and him answer."

"Heard him say Mr. Wardle was dead?"

She nodded slowly.

"Yes; yes, I heard him say that."

"You hadn't undressed, up till then?"

"No."

"Did you stay there and listen for a spell?"

"I stayed there till Carlotta went downstairs and came back up again. Then I crept out into the hall to hear what Warren and Doctor Moal were saying; crouched at the head of the stairs."

"Why didn't you go down?" he asked.

"I thought they would wonder why I was still dressed."

"So after a while you went to bed?"

She nodded.

"Yes, I went to bed."

He rose, stood for a thoughtful moment.

"Did you notice," he asked at last, "whether the door of the gun room happened to be open when you first went down?"

She shook her head.

"How about when you came upstairs?"

Continued on Page 38

When your car has a body bearing the emblem—Body by Fisher—you turn a thousand and one possible annoyances and discomforts into never-ending enjoyment and satisfaction.

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Watch This Column

A Nation-wide Dramatic Treat

About the time you read this announcement, Universal's fine success, *"The Signal Tower,"* a Clarence Brown production starring Virginia Valli, supported by Wallace Beery and Rockliffe Fellowes—will be showing at leading theatres throughout the country. Look for this beautiful romance—see it, then please write me your opinion of it.

JACK HOXIE

JACK HOXIE, a fine figure of a man, a rough-rider of amazing ability, and a good actor, is doing a lot to perpetuate the memories and traditions of the old West. In his newest picture, *"Fighting Fury,"* introducing Universal's famous Ranch Riders, he has an unusual production, in which the outdoor scenic effects are more than remarkable. Some of our studio critics say it is "gorgeous," and I guess that's the word.

Are you watching your favorite theatre for HOOT GIBSON'S latest, and perhaps his best picture, *"The Sawdust Trail"?* This picture has a real circus for a background and the atmosphere of the Wild West, including a heroine who rides as well as the cowboys.

I am much enthused over Champion JACK DEMPSEY'S *"Fight and Win"* pictures. They are two-reel masterpieces of romance and action and I believe that every moving picture theatre in the country will show them. The first of the series is entitled *"Winning His Way."* The stories were written by Gerald Beaumont.

Carl Laemmle

President

(To be continued next week)

UNIVERSAL PICTURES

1600 Broadway, New York City

(Continued from Page 36)

She said slowly, "I don't think I noticed," caught herself. "Yes, I did notice too. I remember the curtain was drawn across it; but when I started upstairs I was almost running, and I put my hands out against the wall as I turned up the stairs.

My right hand was on the wall, but my left hit the curtain, and I remember it gave way, so the door couldn't have been shut behind it."

His eyes were full of interest.

"That's the most important thing you've told me," he assured her; and repeated a moment later, "Yes, miss, I certainly am glad you told me that. And I want to thank you for talking to me at all. I know it's been hard."

"You've been—very considerate," she assured him.

"I don't want you should feel bad about my knowing," he urged, and she managed at last to smile.

"I won't feel badly," she promised him. "It's going to work out all right."

"I'm sure it is."

He turned toward the door.

"You want to come downstairs?"

She smiled again.

"I think I'll bathe my eyes first," she replied, and he let her go before him into the hall, and saw her enter her own room before he himself descended the stairs.

(TO BE CONCLUDED)

LETTERS FROM THEODORE ROOSEVELT TO ANNA ROOSEVELT COWLES

(Continued from Page 4)

California claret for the guests—25 cents a bottle. None of the guests have died yet.

Give my best love to Anna.

Your loving brother,

THEODORE ROOSEVELT.

Speck was Baron Speck von Sternburg, German Ambassador.

UNITED STATES
CIVIL SERVICE COMMISSION
WASHINGTON, D. C.
June 20th, '91.

DARLING BYE: Springy and I have been having very pleasant times together. He is a good fellow; and really cultivated; in the evenings he reads Homer and Dante in the originals! I wish I could. At times he has a most querulous feeling towards America; he oughtn't to be a diplomat; he is too serious.

It is very hot here; but in a week or more I shall have finished my hard work for the summer, and after that I shall only have to be here ten or fifteen days at a time. Of course I miss Edith and the children frightfully. But it is pleasant to be engaged in a work which I know to be useful and in which I believe with all my heart.

In the afternoons I go up to the British Legation to play tennis with the younger "dips" or else I row on the river.

Last week Springy and I gave two dinners which I think would have amused you. At one our guests were Secretary Proctor and Sir Julian; and at the other Secretary Tracy and Sir Julian; colored Millie who really cooks very well presided over each and we had soft shell crabs, chicken and rice and cherries as dessert, and claret and afterwards tea! I'll bet that in all his previous diplomatic career nice old Sir Julian never saw similar entertainments. But I believe he enjoyed them; and I know the two Secretaries did. I like them both very much; they are fine types of American public men, each in his way.

Tom Reed has written me a most amusing letter; and another to Cabot; he evidently most heartily enjoyed seeing you.

Your devoted brother

THEODORE ROOSEVELT.

Remember after July 1st I am no longer at 1820.

Sir Julian Pauncefote was the British Minister. The "Springy" constantly referred to was later Sir Cecil Spring-Rice.

Tom Reed referred to was, of course, the Speaker of the House, who happened to be in Paris where Anna Roosevelt was staying with her brother, Elliott Roosevelt.

1215 19TH ST.
WASHINGTON
Wednesday.

DARLING BYE: I had a very good letter from Elliott in answer to one of mine; it will be out of the question for me to get down to see him, I regret to say, for I am in the final stages of my fight with Wanamaker, having just sent him my ultimatum, and a copy to the worried, halting president. I am very confident I shall down him, but precisely what effect it will have on my own standing in the administration it is impossible to foresee.

Yours ever T. R.

John Wanamaker was then Postmaster-General.

WASHINGTON, D. C.,
June 30th '93.

DARLING BYE: Since I came back here I have been literally steeped to the eyes in work, and have complicated matters this week by a lively tussle with the entire Cabinet—from that cool, able, rather timid old copperhead Carlisle to boisterous, strong, shifty Hoke Smith, with his twinkling little green eyes. I think I held my own pretty well with them; but of course there is a by no means pleasant side to my position here. However, I have straightened matters out for the present, at least to the extent of giving me a clear field for a week, and I hope two, at Sagamore; and thither I go tomorrow, very anxious to see Edith and the blessed bunnies.

Yours,

T. R.

John G. Carlisle, of Kentucky, had been Speaker of the House, and had first been elected to the Senate. He left the Senate to take the position of Secretary of the Treasury.

SAGAMORE HILL,
July 5th, '93.

DARLING BYE: Poor Uncle Jimmie is of course terribly sad and lonely; he dreads being alone at night; we have just dined with him. It has been of course very sad here. The children loved the fireworks—silly Kermit remarking, with an eye to edibles, that perhaps he might "eat the firecrackers!" The name struck him as suggestive. Alice, envying Ted's appearance, announced a strong desire that she too might have her hair cut and wear trousers; also, that she no longer desired twins (an unholy aspiration of hers, usually confided to a mixed company in Edith's presence), but a monkey! Ted went for an hour's ride on pony Grant today. He is so fat the side saddle will not stay on him.

Your,

T. R.

WASHINGTON, D. C.,
Dec. 17th, '93.

DARLING BYE: Edith cut out the enclosed for Rosy; I was pleased with it; it does pay, after all, to be a courteous gentleman and to appreciate that a representative of our Government has a duty to *all* travellers of his own nationality, whether they are of importance or not.

Even my Micawber-like temperament has been unable to withstand a shock it received this week. Douglas blandly wrote me that there had been a mistake as to my income and expenditure, and that I was $2500 behind! We are going to do everything possible to cut down expenses this year; if we again run behind I see nothing to do save to leave Sagamore; and I think we will have to do this anyhow in a few years when we begin to educate the children. The trouble is that my career has been a very pleasant, honorable and useful career for a man of means; but not the right career for a man without the means. If I can I shall hold this position another winter; about that time I shall publish my next two volumes of the Winning of the West; I am all at sea as to what I shall do afterwards.

Your aff. brother, T. R.

689 MADISON AVENUE,
Dec. 10th, '93.

DARLING BYE: *Your* dinner in the evening was one of the greatest successes I have seen. The guests came at 7:30 and went at one. It was very useful, too, and the reform will benefit by it. Bissell was delighted with it; he and Carl Schurz and Dana made speech after speech, and became tolerably angry with one another, for their words were of the frankest, and then Seth Low, looking very good, and sleek and able, got up and poured oil on the troubled waters. They all said they had never enjoyed a dinner more.

I was resplendent in a cast-off vest and cut-down trousers of Bob's, and looked so burstingly slim that I was much like these German officers in very tight coatees. Chamberlain handled the dinner to perfection.

Your loving brother, T. R.

1215 19TH ST.,
WASHINGTON, D. C.,
Dec. 24th, '90.

DARLING BYE: Last week we went to one or two pleasant dinners; one to meet the Secretary of the Navy, who is a nice, healthy-minded, well-meaning old barbarian; and another at Cabot's, where Tom Reed and I were the only guests, to meet Governor-elect Greenhalge of Massachusetts. He had come all the way on especially to meet us three, and get our criticisms on his forthcoming message. I was really touched by his including me. His message was admirable; and on the three or four points we criticised he adopted our suggestions. By the way, Reed's minority report on the Wilson Bill is the ablest tariff document I have ever read. . . .

Your aff. brother T. R.

WASHINGTON, D. C.,
Jan. 7th, '94.

DARLING BYE: I continue to get on beautifully with the President, who is really very cordial with me; but I think he has made a fearful mess of the Hawaiian affair; and his party bids fair to have open civil war over the tariff and the income tax combined. My new colleague Proctor is a trump. In the evenings I work hard, to little purpose, over my 3d vol. of the "Winning of the West."

On Monday I rather enjoyed my White House and cabinet calls, meeting all my dearest foes. . . . In the evening I went to my annual dance at the Pauncefote's; the only place in Washington where I *can* dance, or enjoy a party, as the rooms are so large, and the floor good. Tuesday we had a very pleasant dinner at Henry Adams', to bid him good-by, and on Thursday the Reeds and Storers dined with us to meet Judge Taft, of whom we are really fond.

Love to Rosy.

Your aff. brother, T. R.

WASHINGTON, D. C.,
Feb. 11th, 1894.

DARLING BYE: I am so glad you are having this winter in London; it is everything for Rosy in the first place, and in the next I am glad for your own sake.

London is such a world in itself (do you realize that it is far more populous than the entire empire of Queen Elizabeth and Shakespeare?) that I suppose you get your own little set, besides a general knowledge of all sets, and no human being counts for enough to be of real importance in the maelstrom. I wish that I could be over with you for a fortnight; I would enjoy it so much; and there are a number of people whom I would greatly like to see.

Washington is just a big village, but it is a very pleasant big village. Edith and I meet just the people we like to see. This winter we have had a most pleasant time, socially and officially. All I have minded is that, though my work is pleasant, I have had to keep at it so closely that I never get any exercise save an occasional ride with Cabot. We dine out three or four times a week, and have people to dinner once or twice, so that we hail the two or three evenings when we are alone at home, and can talk and read, or Edith sews while I make ineffective bolts at my third volume. The people we meet are mostly those who stand high in the political world and who are therefore interested in the same subjects that interest us; while there are

(Continued on Page 41)

Served with cream or rich milk Grape-Nuts gives you in most delicious form the essentials of a well-balanced ration

Strength and vitality are stored for you in this tempting food

An EMINENT PHYSICIAN says:

"Digestion is intended by nature to be an orderly process, starting in *the mouth* with thorough mastication and insalivation of the food.

"People who eat nothing but soft, lazy foods neglect this step and pay for it with over-worked, worn-out stomachs.

"I consider Grape-Nuts a particularly beneficial food because in addition to its high nutritive value, it is in a form that induces thorough chewing."

Grape-Nuts starts digestion right. It comes in crisp golden kernels you must chew.

One out of three persons in this country, rich and poor alike, suffers from *malnutrition*.

For malnutrition is due not merely to lack of food but rather to the wrong *kind* of food—food that fails to nourish or that is difficult to digest.

The government, women's clubs, schools, doctors, dentists, biological chemists, dietitians, all are at work to check the evils of *malnutrition*.

Why does one man fail? Why does another man succeed?

Nine times out of ten the difference is largely one of physical and mental *vitality*.

One man eats food that drains his vitality in the work of digestion. The other wisely chooses food that daily renews his vitality—food his body can utilize without difficulty.

Nourishment you daily need

THE great power that daily renews your strength and vitality is locked in the food-elements we know as *carbohydrates*. At least one-third of your nourishment should come from them.

But in order not to strain your digestive organs—in order to get the full benefit of their wonderful nourishment—the carbohydrates should be rightly prepared.

In the form your body can digest

Grape-Nuts (made from wheat and malted barley) is three-fourths carbohydrates —*dextrinized*—slowly baked and specially prepared just as your body wants them.

Grape-Nuts is in the form your body most readily digests and transforms into strength and vitality.

There is no other food like Grape-Nuts in form or taste. Eat Grape-Nuts every day and see how much more alive you feel. All grocers have Grape-Nuts. Hotels and restaurants serve it in individual packages of a single portion.

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What makes some Fords age quickly—

while others stay new so long?

TWO brand new Ford cars are driven away from a Ford Agency, both in perfect mechanical condition. Both owners have bought the same make of car; both have paid the same price; both have a right to expect the same amount of service and the same operating economy.

What happens to these cars in one, two or three years? The one Ford has given its owner thousands of miles of satisfactory service at a minimum cost. The engine is still "sweet" and powerful.

The other Ford has aged before its time. It has made numerous trips to the repair shop for engine repairs and overhauling. It has been a costlier car to drive.

There is but one answer to the difference between these two Fords. It is *lubrication*—for experts tell us that poor lubrication is the cause of 75% of all engine troubles.

Why lubrication makes this difference

Correct lubrication is an especial problem in the Ford because of the unique design of the Ford lubrication system. Due to the fact that the Ford engine and transmission are combined in one housing, both of these units must be lubricated by one and the same oil. Yet lubricating an engine and lubricating a transmission are two distinct jobs which require different characteristics in an oil.

Unless the oil you use is scientifically created to combine these necessary characteristics it cannot lubricate your Ford properly. If it fails as an engine oil it will cause a succession of engine troubles. If it fails as a transmission oil it will permit racking transmission band chatter when you start, stop and reverse.

The sure way to prevent this is to use an oil *made to lubricate the Ford exclusively.*

This oil made for Fords exclusively

You can now lubricate your Ford perfectly by using Veedol Forzol, the economy oil, made by Tide Water engineers to lubricate the Ford *exclusively*. In Veedol Forzol, the qualities needed to do *both* lubricating jobs have been combined.

Veedol Forzol is a perfect Ford *engine* lubricant. It is also a perfect Ford *transmission* lubricant. It gives 8 economies in operation.

The 8 Economies of Veedol Forzol

1—10 to 25% saving in gasoline—Hundreds of tests have demonstrated that Veedol Forzol saves 10% on gasoline consumption. 25% to 33% savings have been developed repeatedly.

2—Eliminates costly chatter—Veedol Forzol lengthens the life of Ford brake and transmission bands by properly lubricating them. Chatter, a result of faulty lubricants, is entirely eliminated.

3—10 to 25% saving in oil—The savings in oil consumption run from 10% to 25%. The exact savings depend upon the mechanical condition of the engine and the lubricant formerly used.

4—10 to 25% less carbon—Veedol Forzol forms on an average from 10% to 25% less carbon in the Ford engine cylinders. The exact savings depend on the mechanical condition of the engine and the lubricant formerly used. Less carbon means more power with fewer repairs.

5—Resists heat and friction—Veedol Forzol possesses the famous characteristic of all Veedol oils to resist heat and friction.

6—Increased ability to coast—With average lubrication, a Ford will only coast down steep hills. With Veedol Forzol, coasting is possible down the slightest grades.

7—Resists fuel dilution—Even with poor fuel, Veedol Forzol maintains its power-seal and lubricating value longer than other oils. Result—more miles per gallon of gas and per quart of Veedol Forzol.

8—Fewer repairs—Because Veedol Forzol masters the lubricating problem of the Ford power plant, it gives a new freedom from engine vibration and repair bills.

If you want your Ford to be one of those that "stay new so long," use Veedol Forzol. Test the eight economies to your own satisfaction. Have the old oil drained from your crankcase and refill with 5 quarts of Veedol Forzol. Any dealer displaying the orange and black Veedol Forzol sign will render this service.

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Ford Owners in the Middle Atlantic and New England States can secure additional power and protection through the use of Tydol Economy Gasoline

VEEDOL FORZOL

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The economy *oil for Fords*

(Continued from Page 38)

enough also who are men of letters or of science to give a pleasant and needed variety. Then besides our formal dinners, we are on terms of informal intimacy in houses like Cabot's, the Storer's, the Wolcott's and Henry Adams'. It is pleasant to meet people from whom one really gets something; people from all over the Union, with different pasts and varying interests, trained, able, powerful men, though often narrow minded enough.

This is like a spring day, and Cabot and I have just returned from a three hours' ride over the fields and beside the Potomac. I am writing in great difficulties, for Ted is lying on my back, having climbed upon the chair behind me; he says (at the top of his voice in my ear, his paddy-pans round my neck) "Give Auntie Bye a hundred bear-waves, first; we wish she was here; I know I love her very much."

Your loving brother,
T. R.

WASHINGTON, D. C.,
Feb. 18th, '94

DARLING BYE: This week has gone by much as usual. The most entertaining dinner from a spectacular standpoint to which we went was one at Senator ——'s—he looks like Judas, but unlike that gentleman has no capacity for remorse. There were thirty guests, the table was very handsome, and the people ranged from Kate Field to Blair, with divers Senators, including Cabot and Nannie, between. I took in Mrs. ——, who told me she thought the Washington monument "common"; I told her that an Indiana lady of my acquaintance thought the same of the Pantheon, but, being tactful, she was careful to avoid saying so. This opening seemed unpromising; however we got on famously afterwards, and she promptly asked us to dinner, which we even more promptly declined.

The delightful Wintys are staying with the Lodges, and they all dine with us tonight. Imperiali was here, with some other people, the other night and was very pleasant. Friday we dined with the nice Allen Johnstones. —— and —— were there, their manners and I suppose their morals are good, but looking at them from the standpoint of pure intellect I should never be surprised to see them develop tails and swing from a bough.

I have just finished reading aloud to Ted and Alice; they went out walking today for the first time; poor Kermit now has the chicken-pox. I took a three hours' scramble this morning myself. Your loving brother, T. R.

The "Rosey" referred to in all these letters was J. R. Roosevelt the first secretary of the American Embassy in London.

WASHINGTON, D. C.,
May 20th, '94.

DARLING BYE: Last evening at dinner I met among others the new senators from California and Michigan, Perkins and Patton. The latter is a Yale man, the former self-made, but very shrewd, honest and kindly. Tom Reed was there in his best form. I am on the brink of another row with certain members of the cabinet over the Civil Service law; but I really don't think much of such rows now, as they have become fairly chronic. Fortunately, since Edith and the children went, I have had to work very hard on my third volume, which the Putnams want by July 1st, to publish in the fall. It has been very harassing to do it here, with all my other work upon me, with the temptation of social matters around me, and with the still greater temptation of Edith and the children whenever I sat down to work.

I hope there is no truth in the rumor that Gresham and Bayard have considered the wisdom of abandoning Samoa. It is a great mistake that we have not annexed Hawaii, gone on with our Navy, and started an interoceanic canal at Nicaragua. The Democrats are in a horrible mess over the tariff.

Lovingly yours, T. R.

WASHINGTON, D. C.,
May 27th, '94.

DARLING BYE: Washington is too beautiful for anything now, with all the trees out and the tulip-trees in particular all in bloom.

I like much Senator Davis of Minnesota. He is an odd-looking man who worked his way up from the ranks; he served in the Civil War, and in the Senate made a great record by his bold assault on Cahenselyism. He is extremely well read in English, Greek and Latin, except John Ropes, he is the best authority I know on Napoleonic

Ex-President Taft

matters. The other day, he remarked, anent an investigating committee on which he and Cabot were both serving, that it reminded him of Byron's description of Mitford: "He had every qualification of a historian; extreme partiality and abundant wrath."

The other night I dined with Mrs. Hobson to meet "Zum" Cushing. He can talk of nothing but the Pueblo Indians, and that strange southwest; but on both these subjects he was really most interesting. That is a singular country; you saw something of it. New Mexico and Arizona will ultimately have a dense population in their belts on the irrigated lands; and the basic element of this population will be Indian, though English will be the language, and there will be a large admixture of white blood.

We have had a fierce brush in the House over C. S. reform, but won. We'll win right along, I think; but I am personally in such a tangle of animosity with Carlisle and Hoke Smith, that I may have to go at any moment.

Yours, T. R.

WASHINGTON, D. C.,
June 3d, '94.

DARLING BYE: Mahan has had a great vogue in London, apparently; he has had fuller recognition there than here. I am very glad I was able to give him a helping hand at the beginning. I have had to interfere at the Navy Department this winter in a row between him and Admiral Erben, who is a fine old sea-dog with an unaffected contempt for books and their makers. Your loving brother, T. R.

Captain Mahan had made his first visit to England in the spring of 1894, since the publication of the Influence of Sea Power Upon History; and though only the captain of the admiral's flagship, he had an overwhelmingly flattering reception in England, which made John Hay say at the time to me he was so glad Mahan had been publicly recognized, as Theodore would now no longer feel obliged to make them all go to Annapolis to hear his lectures.

SAGAMORE HILL, June 10th, 1894

DARLING BYE: On Wednesday I came on to New York, was well cared for over night by Chamberlain, and came out to lovely Sagamore on Thursday afternoon. All the blessed bunnies were too cunning for anything, Edith looked too well and pretty. The guinea pig is living happily in the cage with the white rabbit Pony Nellie is very cunning; I led her round with Ted on her back yesterday. She jumped about a little, but I think she'll sober down about the time he and she both get old enough for real riding, a year or so hence. I am trying to arrange a "swap" of Pickle for a black pony like Diamond. The country is so green and beautiful.

The other day Kermit asked Edith why I had sold the field to Uncle Jim. She answered, to get bread and butter for the bunnies. He was much impressed, and after much thought said, "If we hadn't *any* bread and butter I know Auntie Bye would sell *her* field, for she loves us *berry* much"! They talk a great deal about you. I am glad you are coming back next fall, so as to see them. You mustn't be away too long! Though it may be worth your while to stay a season or two more with Rosy in London. You are having your London experience just in the right way; there is an object in your being there, and no reason why you should not have a year or two more; for to stay in a really official position is just the thing to do, while to take a house in a non-official position would be to become part of that least admirable of all classes, the American Colony abroad.

Your aff. brother, T. R.

WASHINGTON, D. C.,
Aug. 12th, '94.

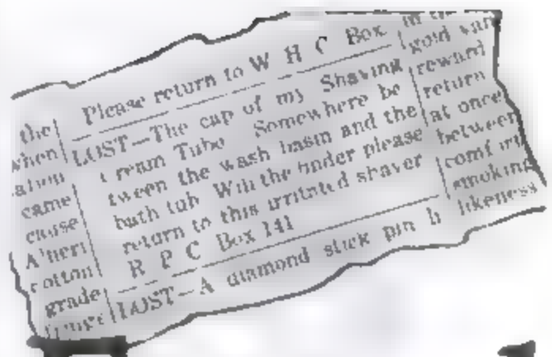
DARLING BYE: Another week has passed, and the tariff wrangle in the Democratic party still continues; but I think the end *must* come soon. Well, it has been to my advantage, at any rate, for it has kept Cabot here, and I have been virtually living at his house.

Every afternoon I have been playing tennis with funny, gruff old Olney. Cabot and I breakfast together, and dine together, alone, or with some Congressman; Tom Reed, or Dolliver of Iowa, who has suddenly developed a distinct literary sense, or Quigg, who always shakes his head mournfully over the fact that, together with my many admirable qualities I also possess such a variety of indiscretions, fads and animosities that it is impossible to run me for Mayor. To which I answer him that I have run once!

Your loving brother,
T. R.

1215 19TH ST., April 7th, '95.

DARLING BYE: The cold weather lasted until the end of this week, but now it really seems that spring has come. Cabot and Nannie have been in New York; and we have missed them much. The



Found

~a shaving cream cap that can't get lost!

The name that is best known of all in shaving now leads with another improvement: a cap that's hinged on.

We know what you men like. We know you shave in a hurry. You'll spot the convenience of this new Williams cap just as you spotted the finest cream on earth to shave with. Every Williams user knows the speed qualities that make it so:

—Williams lather is heavier, finer in texture. It holds the moisture *in* so that *all* of every hair is quickly *soaked* with moisture *all* the way through!

—A gentle lubricant in this lather lets the razor work smoothly, entirely eliminating painful razor-friction.

—There is an ingredient in Williams that's helpful to the skin. Even in daily shaving, your face remains soft, supple, in delightful condition.

Ask any dealer to show you one of the new tubes with the Hinge-Cap. Open the tube and note how pure and white the cream is. No coloring matter in Williams! It is the art of shaving-cream making at its highest; a cream made for you by the people who more than any others have found the secret of easy shaving.

Large tube, 35c; *double size* tube, 50c, containing twice as much cream.

THE J. B. WILLIAMS COMPANY
Glastonbury, Conn.
The J. B. Williams Co. (Canada) Ltd.,
St. Patrick St., Montreal

Aqua Velva is our newest triumph—a scientific after-shaving preparation. For free trial bottle write Dept. 18-A.

Williams
Shaving Cream

Brooks Adams have been here, both very pleasant; we dined with them last evening

On Friday, Dan Wister was in town, and I gave him a dinner; the other guests were Kipling, Tom Page, John Hay, Austin Wadsworth, Merriam, Rockhill and Proctor. It was the pleasantest dinner of the winter, if I was the host, and they stayed until one. All got on beautifully, and the stories, discussions and all were as entertaining as possible. Wister and Kipling were at their best. Kipling in particular, who is certainly a genius, and who has been exceptionally well behaved ever since our rough-and-tumble the first night.

This afternoon we are going to take the children for their weekly scramble up Rock Creek, which has become quite a feature, as divers other children usually turn up to take part in it. I'll drag Kermit and Ethel on the buck-board, and leave them to pick flowers with Edie, while I clamber over the rocks with the others; I have a rope for the steeper cliffs.

I have been working like a beaver in my office and at my books; my work is very attractive, but it does not keep me busy.

Your own brother, T. R.

Dan Wister referred to above is Mr. Owen Wister.

WASHINGTON,
April 14th, '95.

DARLING BYE: Your letter with the clipping came at a very appropriate moment. Strong first offered me the position of Police Commissioner through a third party, and I refused. He then offered it to me again, directly. By this time I had received numerous requests to accept; Cabot and Douglas both most willing I should, and I have accepted, subject to getting decent colleagues; but it is not yet final, for I have not heard in response from the Mayor.

I hated to leave Washington, for I love the life; and I shall have, if I go, much hard work, and I will hardly be able to keep on with my literary matters. Moreover, it is a position in which it is absolutely impossible to do what will be expected of me; the conditions will not admit it. I must make up my mind to much criticism and disappointment.

But, on the other hand, I am nearly through what I can do here; and this is a good way of leaving a position which I greatly like but which I do not wish permanently to retain; and I think it a good thing to be definitely identified with my city once more. I would like to do my share in governing the city after our great victory; and so far as may be I would like once more to have my voice in political matters. It was a rather close decision; but on the whole I felt I ought to go, though it is "taking chances."

We have just returned from our usual Sunday afternoon scramble, taken with a large assortment of friends.

Your loving brother,

T. R

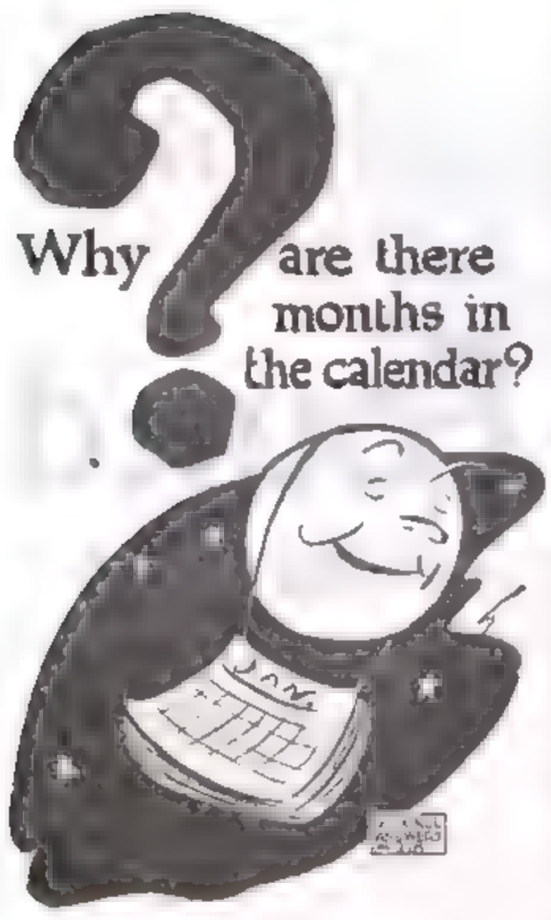
WASHINGTON,
April 21st, '95

DARLING BYE: We really enjoyed the Johny Stewards' visit to Washington.

I have seen the President and resigned; and unless something unforeseen happens I shall go on to New York to take office in a week or two. We feel very melancholy at leaving here, where we have passed six such very happy years; but I feel very sure I am right in going back to my own city to stay among my own people; and I shall not be disappointed, whatever the outcome, for I fully realize the dangers and the disagreeable features of the work and the life. Corinne and Douglas are here and it is so lovely to see them.

Your own brother, T. R.

Editor's Note—This is the second of four articles composed of letters written by Mr. Roosevelt. The next will appear in an early issue



—because early astronomers, noting that the moon went through her phases in about 30 days, divided the year into 12 moons. Hence "moonth" or our word month. In summer months especially,

Puretest
Mineral Oil
RUSSIAN TYPE

is a splendid aid to health because it rids the body of poisonous food waste.

Puretest Mineral Oil is widely used in cases of faulty elimination. Acting as a non-irritating lubricant, it overcomes the objectionable features of commonly used cathartics.

Puretest Mineral Oil is tasteless, odorless, colorless and absolutely pure—even better than the finest oil that formerly came from Russia. All the more desirable because it is easy to take!

One of 200 Puretest preparations for health and hygiene. Every item the best that skill and conscience can produce.

SOLD AT 10,000
Rexall
Drug Stores
There is one in your town.

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THE POETS' CORNER

The Flight Around the World

ABOVE the clouds I fare
With tireless, ample pinions;
I am the lord of air
And of the sky's dominions.

(I am a dream come true
From ages old and dim,
Of happy gods that flew—
Angels and cherubim.)

Oh, what are puny miles?
Across the sea's vain thunder
For me old Nippon smiles,
A few hours over yonder.

I am a dream fulfilled,
Mankind at last complete;
I am Dædalus, the skilled,
And Icarus, in Crete.)

Earth and the folk thereof
To me are nameless millions;
I rush through heaven above,
One with the Sun's postillions.

(I am man at last complete,
Descended from afar;
Hermes with winged feet,
Medea's flaming car.)

O'er Iran and Irak
And towns like beehives humming,
I turn not, look not back—
I am coming, Europe, coming!

(Man, with his God-like brain,
Long crept with crawling things;
Why should he yearn in vain
And carrion crows sprout wings?)

I've joined the feathered band,
In heaven I am regal;
On! On! To God's own land
I swoop, a homing eagle.

(Man, at his primal birth
Was a crawling thing, a clod;
He conquered sea and earth
And now is a winged god!)

—George Horton.

Puñalada

I HAD thought, chiquita, that when you went away
You'd take the little shoes with crimson heels,
The flaring comb of silver that you tilted in your hair,
The sultry saffron manton that you liked so well to wear,
Your cage of singing linnets and the lute you used to play,
And your kisses like wild honey and your lips like scarlet seals.

I had said, chiquita, that after you were gone
The house would fill with silences and dusk,
But I'd fashion my tomorrows all the better for the dream,
And my sunlight and my starlight would shine whiter for the gleam,
And I'd warm no empty fingers at a yesterday forlorn,
And I'd count no house of life a rifled husk.

I could not know, chiquita, that like a slender flame
Your little willful shoes with heels of red
Must flicker always through my house and vanish up my stair,
And night still bring your kisses and the honey of your hair,
And every open doorway hold a painting in its frame
Of a slim Velasquez lady with a saffron manton spread.

Nor could I know, chiquita, that when you went away
You'd pluck the moon from out the startled night,
And whistle down the morning stars that sang above my wall,
And take my patterned sunlight for a black-and-yellow shawl;
But I have wished, chiquita, that since you went to stay
You'd taken, too, the little shoes and hid them from my sight.

—Dorothy Paul.

Trees at Night

Storm Tossed

Buyers Turn To GMC

Because GMC Sturdiness, Reliability and Economy Reduce Delivery Costs

Every truck in the service of the Froznpure Ice Cream Company of Louisville is a GMC because:

There is extra strength designed and built into every GMC part.

There is a simplicity and accessibility to GMC design that cuts even the usual upkeep attention.

The economical sized GMC engine develops maximum pulling power and maximum speed working through the famous GMC two-range transmission, using the minimum amount of gasoline and oil.

GMC trucks are priced on a basis of actual value—production cost plus a fair profit. Their list price contains no added profit for excessive "trade-in" allowances.

Distribution Centers at

Akron	*Minneapolis
*Atlanta	*Milwaukee
Baltimore	Montreal, Quebec
*Birmingham	New Orleans
*Brooklyn	*New York
Boston	Oshawa, Ont.
Buffalo	*Oakland
Beaumont	Omaha
*Chicago	*Philadelphia
*Charlotte	Pittsburgh
*Cleveland	Portland
Cincinnati	Parkersburg
Clarksburg	*Pontiac
*Dallas	Rochester
*Denver	*St. Louis
Detroit	*St Paul
Dayton	*San Francisco
El Paso	*Seattle
Erie	*Spokane
Houston	Salt Lake City
*Indianapolis	Saginaw
Kansas City	San Antonio
*Los Angeles	Shreveport
*Louisville	Toronto, Ont.
Lincoln	Vancouver, B. C.
London, Eng.	Washington
*Memphis	Winnipeg, Man.

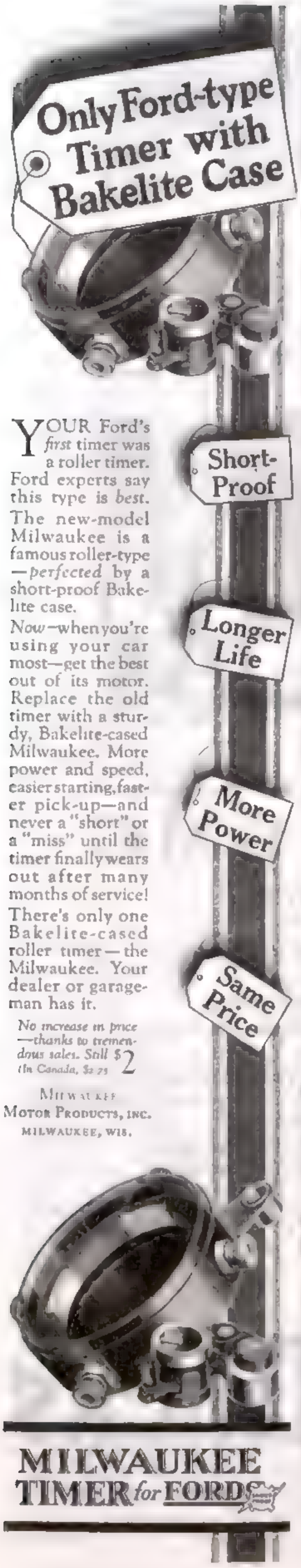
**Direct Factory Branches*

GENERAL MOTORS TRUCK COMPANY
Division of General Motors Corporation
PONTIAC, MICHIGAN

In the Dominion of Canada
General Motors Truck Company of Canada, Limited, Oshawa, Ontario

General Motors Trucks

GMC



YOUR Ford's *first* timer was a roller timer. Ford experts say this type is *best*. The new-model Milwaukee is a famous roller-type—*perfected* by a short-proof Bakelite case.

Now—when you're using your car most—get the best out of its motor. Replace the old timer with a sturdy, Bakelite-cased Milwaukee. More power and speed, easier starting, faster pick-up—and never a "short" or a "miss" until the timer finally wears out after many months of service!

There's only one Bakelite-cased roller timer—the Milwaukee. Your dealer or garageman has it.

No increase in price—thanks to tremendous sales. Still $2
(In Canada, $2.75)

MILWAUKEE
MOTOR PRODUCTS, INC.
MILWAUKEE, WIS.

MILWAUKEE TIMER *for* FORD

SHORT TURNS AND ENCORES

(Continued from Page 24)

I'm rather fond of having a flutter on future events, and as things look now I think I shall back a chap named Jennings Bryan for a couple of quid. He was, I believe, a former Home Secretary, or something of the kind. Bill will give me very good odds.

Doesn't it seem extraordinary that while so many really swagger American women have been bitten by the idea of messing about with politics they have not one Parly-girl at present?

Sorry, old thing, but the bally fountpen's quite done, so this chit must be continued overleaf, as they say in the magazines at home. —KATHARINE DAYTON.

Study-Prevention Week

TEACHER: "Good morning, children. We shall omit the morning exercises this morning, for it is a very busy day. The Society for the Aid of Disabled Hack Drivers has started a campaign for funds and wishes our help.

"Here is a letter from them which I am to read, and then you are to tell your Fathers and Mothers about the great work this society is doing. Contributions which your parents wish to make, you are to bring to school.

"This is Be Kind to Coal Dealers Week, as you know, but first we have to finish our colored posters for the Plumbers' Relief Association convention which opens Tuesday. We want to get these done quickly, for next Wednesday we shall begin our house-to-house canvass for funds for the dear little children of the Zulu Islands, which the Missionary Society told us about."

They spend an hour working on the colored posters.

TEACHER: "There is the bell for recess."

On resuming their places the pupils are greeted by a member of the Society of Keep Your Yards Tidy.

In concluding a half-hour talk the committee member says, "We wish the schools to coöperate with us in every way. To help you remember the wonderful work which our committee is doing, we are going to offer prizes to the boy or girl who will sell the most tickets for our bazaar, which will be held to raise funds," and so on.

TEACHER, after bidding the committee member good-by: "I have an announcement to read to you from the Fruit Growers' Society. They say that all children should eat fruit, and to help the good work along they propose to place fruit on sale in the schoolhouse so that all may buy fruit," and so on

"Now, let's take our arithmetic, and —— Oh, good morning, Mr. Snowberry. Time for the exercises on the playground? I'm sure we all forgot it, we've been so interested in our school work.

"Now, children, we shall form in line and march outdoors to watch Mr. Snowberry plant the lovely little tree given us by the Historical Society to mark the spot," and so on.

TEACHER, after returning from the exercises: "What is it, Esther? We haven't had our æsthetic dancing? So we haven't. Let's do it before we do anything else, for The Thursday Morning Society of Rhythm was so kind to introduce it into the schools."

Teacher plays the piano and the children take their places.

TEACHER: "That was very good. Now we shall be busy this afternoon with the rehearsals for the cantata so kindly arranged for us by the Municipal Music League. What? Oh, yes, James, this is the day for our banking, isn't it? You may take your pennies and file into the hall. Remember Mr. Johnson of the Thrift Society told us about how the pennies made the dollars." The children file to the hall.

TEACHER, on their return: "Now we'll take our arithmetics." She is handed a paper by a messenger. "Children, the Anti-Cosmetic Association wishes you to be taught something every week about the harmful effects of the use of cosmetics, so if you will lay aside your arithmetics I will read you the first little lesson which they have prepared for the use of the schools." She reads.

TEACHER: "Oh, dear, there's the dismissal bell. No time for our arithmetic this morning. Perhaps tomorrow we can get to it. Yes, Tommy, what is it? So we do. Tommy says tomorrow we have the long-promised visit from the president of the Junior Politicians' Reform Association. I had forgotten. They want us all to become members and help them raise money to combat," and so on. "Good-by, children. Perhaps day after tomorrow we'll have time for our arithmetic."

—*Charles Pendexter Durell.*

DEATH AND THE PAINLESS BONUS BILL

(Continued from Page 17)

"Oh, yes. With the pistache and the franc and the pound and the lira—the European debt! And we had now come to the point that you were interested in. We were about to show how we would eliminate the income tax in my Painless Bonus Bill."

"Without misrepresentation!" remarked the visitor, now raising up his curious eyes with this strange statement. And Senator Boone, watching closely, saw quite clearly the change in those eyes—the increased glassiness of their blue, the look of sullenness and resentment as he spoke.

"Oh, yes," he answered, and passed his heavy finger down a typewritten page. "Yes, here it is!" and was again started on his reading.

"Fellow citizens," he said, now standing, "there are five million of our voters, our brave boys who protected us in our Great War—both at home and abroad. To these will be disbursed six billion dollars without distinction as to health, wealth, age, or time or place of service, by the provisions for the increased bonus in my Painless Bonus Bill. But that is not all. These are not all who must be considered. There are six million of our citizens today who bear the grievous postwar burdens of our Federal income tax."

"Almost seven million," his fixed-eyed listener broke in to say.

"Seven," went on Ben Bumpus Boone, acknowledging his interruption. "Seven million, the brain and brawn and backbone, the manhood and womanhood of this nation—especially those, the six million voters in the lower income-tax brackets. What of these? This! This! We eliminate at one stroke their heavy burden from them, in my Painless Bonus Bill. We eliminate this intolerable, unjust burden of the income tax from all those worthy but harassed six million taxpayers in the lower income brackets. Nor is this all!"

Swinging now well into the rhythm of his speech, the speaker no longer noted the still glassier blue in the sullen eyes before him.

"Nor is this all," he swept along. "For the Painless Bonus Bill, having lifted the burden of taxation from those who should not bear it—the ninety-eight per cent, the bone and sinew of our voters—will not for that reason remove it from the place where it should logically be borne. On the contrary, it will place it even more firmly there—upon the shoulders of the blood-sucking rich, the multimillionaires, the pernicious profiteers of the late war. By an increased surtax, by increased vigilance, by every means which a sovereign government possesses we will increase this righteous tax to the utmost."

"But hold. Wait up! Would there be enough?" his hearer was once more calling.

But Ben Bumpus Boone swung on, caught up now in the full rhythm of his own voice.

"Nor is this all," he cried. "The great gatherings from this source will not be allowed to remain idle in the Treasury of the United States, as now. The Painless Bonus Bill provides for their use at once, as the basis for the establishment of my chain of national-credit banks, to furnish credit upon demand to every farmer or laborer who has been refused a loan by existing banking institutions, on the safe-and-sound guaranty banking system, worked out along the methods discovered by the Farmers' Financial Experiment Station—thus insuring a prosperity to our agricultural and manufacturing centers never duplicated before in the history of this Republic! Nor is this merely localized prosperity all."

The audience, having once attempted unsuccessfully to interfere, now settled down with a deepening look of sullenness, depression and almost sinister resentment, as the unconscious speaker rushed on, now evidently caught up in his climax and conclusion:

"Not all, my fellow citizens. No. For now, at this time, we can but faintly adumbrate all of the benefits which will accrue to this nation through the final working out in practice of the Painless Bonus Bill. It will not only pay an increased bonus to our heroic boys; it will not only eliminate the taxes of the worthy sturdy ninety-eight per cent of our voters; it will not only bring back to the National Treasury the soiled and sordid accretions of the piratical profiteers—the two per cent of our population, who, statistics show, now hold the ninety-eight per cent of its property; it will not only provide to the farmer and laborer all the credit desired, without interest, but it will place at once in the hands of five million strong, optimistic young men at the height of their spending power, billions of spending money in amounts of two or three hundred dollars each, which will be returned at once to the channels of trade, of business, of enterprise—to fill these channels to overflowing, to build homes for the homeless, give work to the workless, bring peace, prosperity and riches to our people to an extent never before realized in recorded time!

"Fellow citizens, you have asked me to outline in a few brief words the aims and purposes of my Painless Bonus Bill. I have done so, frankly and without fear. If you approve of it, it is well. I shall be more than satisfied."

Stopping abruptly and impressively, and bowing, from long habit, to his audience, Ben Bumpus Boone now observed that it was upon its feet—its strange eyes glassy, its lips muttering.

"Murder is too mild!" it seemed to Ben Bumpus Boone that the man was saying.

"What?" asked Senator Boone, in the hope that he would repeat, or show him that he had misunderstood in some way this singular speech.

But instead the man started, passed his hand across his eyes, and, taking up his hat, moved as if to leave.

"I shall go now and record this—your views upon taxation for my membership—my six and three-quarter million active and my hundred and ten million associate members," he said in a hard restrained voice. "After this I shall return—tomorrow—for the remainder of your statement—the second part!"

"What part is that?" asked Senator Boone, now watching him very carefully.

"Misrepresentation."

"Oh," said the senator, recalling now the full name of his organization—that Taxation Without Misrepresentation League.

"Misrepresentation," his visitor was repeating, "government by misinformation, tyranny by misinformation, the greatest danger hanging over this Republic today! Which makes it impossible for the average citizen to learn the truth on anything out of Washington on a bet!"

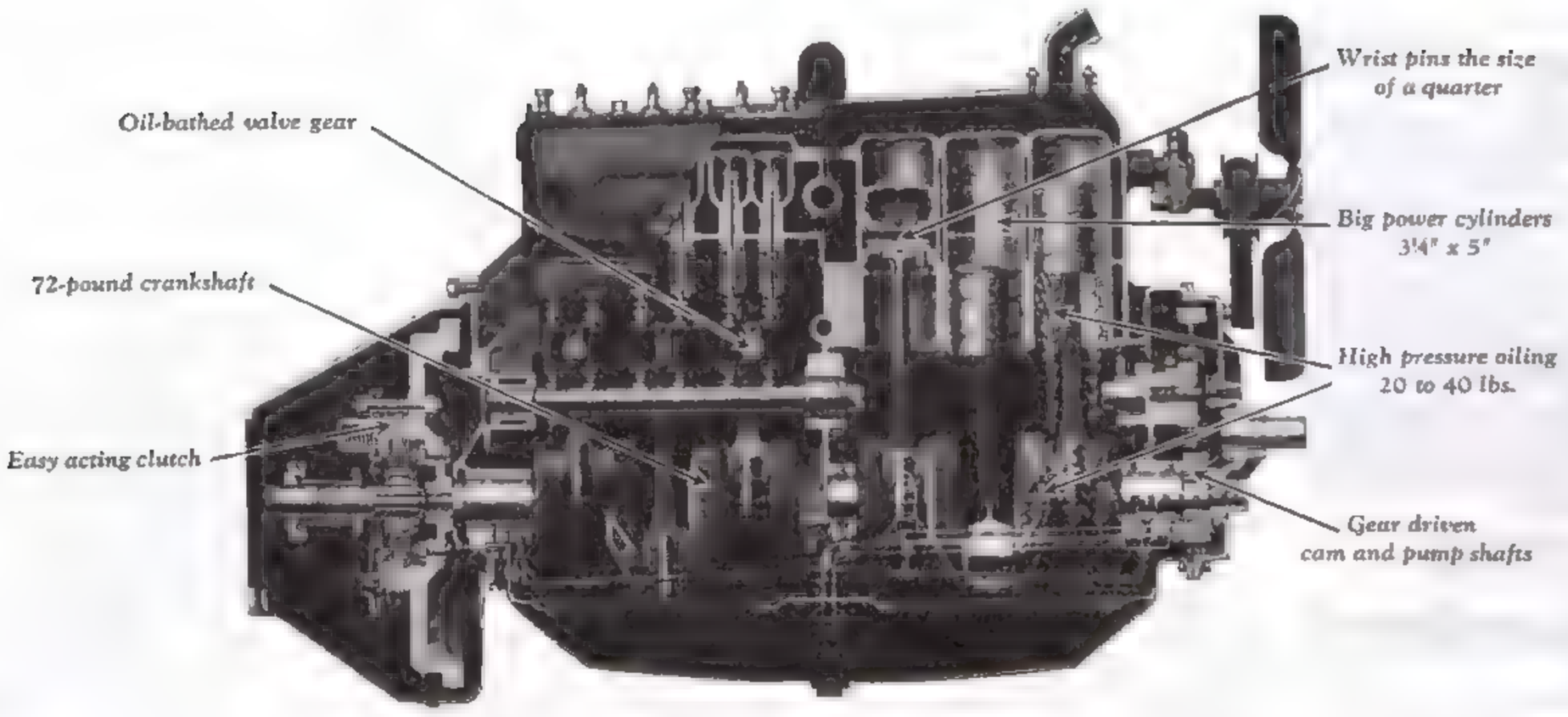
With these still more singular words Abraham Lincoln Smith, the self-introduced representative of first six and three-quarter and now a hundred and ten million taxpayers, now abruptly, and before the senator could again speak, left the room.

Ben Bumpus Boone, left alone, shook his head. There could be little doubt now, after the developments of the past hour The unfortunate man was without doubt mentally unbalanced.

III

IT WAS in the following noon hour that Ben Bumpus Boone passed through the doors of the Stately Statisticians' Club. Here in an atmosphere of science, art and culture are to be seen at luncheon and at dinner time the most famous scientific publicity agents of Washington; not merely the statisticians whose work has always made the national capital famous, but a great

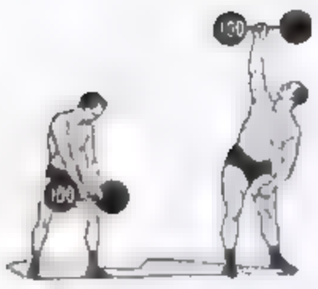
(Continued on Page 46)


Oil-bathed valve gear
72-pound crankshaft
Easy acting clutch
Wrist pins the size of a quarter
Big power cylinders 3¼" x 5"
High pressure oiling 20 to 40 lbs.
Gear driven cam and pump shafts

Jewett's Proved Motor Gives You Lasting Power

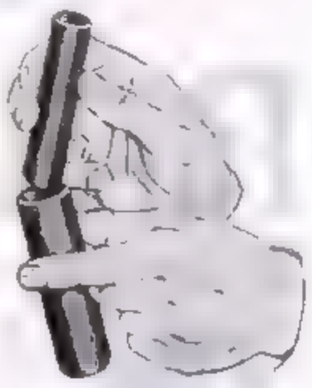
HERE'S the motor that has made Jewett Six winner in a hundred hill-climbing contests. The motor that accelerates Jewett from 5 to 25 miles an hour in 7 seconds, in high gear. The motor that pulls Jewett ahead first when the traffic whistle blows. It is the *biggest* motor ever put into a car in the $1000 class—and the best proved! The Jewett buyer is not experimenting with new, untried theories. He gets proved performance.

When Paige engineers first created this Jewett Six motor in 1917, it was for the Paige 42—a $1900 car. It was greatly improved and continued in the Paige 44, with ever-increasing success. In 1922 this Paige-built motor with many betterments became the heart of the Jewett Six. More than 2 billion miles of service in 150,000 cars have proved Jewett's motor superbly powerful, dependable. Constant refinements have kept it the leading motor in its field.



Power for Weight

Note Jewett's cylinder size in the illustration above. That tells the true story of Jewett's 50 h.p. That is 20 to 40% more power than ever before put in a car this size. It gives Jewett amazing ability. Just as the big man in the picture at the left handles easily the weight the smaller man must struggle with—thus Jewett's 2805 lbs. of sturdy weight are but play for the Jewett motor. And Jewett "does its stuff" uphill, through sand, in traffic, without ever straining.

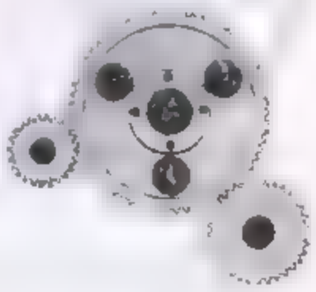


Extra Large Wrist Pins

See the picture at the right. Jewett's extra large wrist pins are the size of a twenty-five-cent piece. So large that a wrist-pin of a well-known light six drops through one of Jewett's! Think what this means! Wrist-pins carry the weight of every power explosion. Jewett's big wrist-pins are typical of Jewett's sturdy motor construction—ample strength for its big power. The day for repairs or replacement is a long way off in the husky Jewett motor.

Metal Never Rubs Metal

What wears out machinery? Friction! Friction is metal rubbing against metal—lack of lubrication. Jewett is not merely oiled—it is *high-pressure* oiled. Jewett's high-pressure, hollow-crankshaft oiling system forces 2 gallons of oil per minute through main-bearings and connecting-rod bearings at 20 to 40 lbs. pressure. Metal never rubs metal! A thin, sure film of oil separates at all speeds. Wear long postponed.



Silent, Lasting Gears

Motor timing—gear or chain—is subject to great wear and noise. Jewett's advanced construction provides against this by all-metal, perfectly fitting, helical-cut timing gears. The gears for each motor are accurately fitted, burnished and carefully matched for silence. They do their work—running cam-shaft and pump-shaft, quietly and efficiently for the car's long life. Jewett's timing gears *last* and stay quiet!

What Jewett's Extra Large Motor Means to You

You need Jewett's power to take hills in high where other cars stall or shift—to pull away first in traffic—to pull slowly and steadily in high through rough going. You want Jewett's power to have fun and driving ease.

Jewett's big motor does all these things without straining. You can make a small motor do some of them—but only for a little while. To increase a small motor's power—you must speed it up. But that is like a boy doing a man's work. It means overstrain—early breakdown. So Jewett's big motor is a true economy in the end.

The real way to test Jewett's power, performance, comfort and handling ease is to *drive* it. Call the Jewett dealer and he'll arrange a demonstration. *You* drive it. Put it through its paces! Call *today* for an appointment. [649]

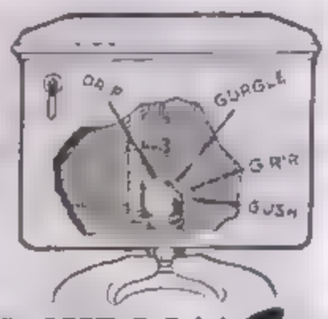
JEWETT SIX

PAIGE BUILT

-and no water!

GRASS SEARED to a dead yellow. Bushes and shrubs on their last legs. Vegetables scarce because of the drought. And no water!

Water keeps the world alive. It's a crime to waste it. Yet that old, bloated ball in your toilet tank is leaking away 355 gallons every day at a meter cost of $25 a year. You don't have to tolerate such waste for the



MUSHROOM Parabal

Stops the leak

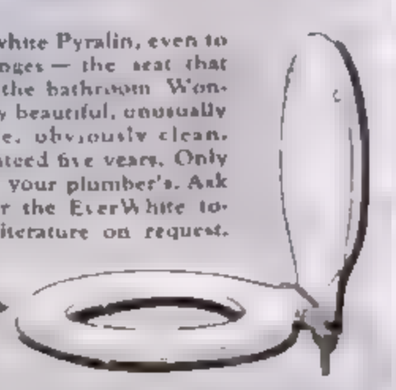
It fits like a cork down into the valve, sealing it watertight at every point. And it lasts. Made of one piece of pure, live gum, it cannot split, bloat or lose its shape. Guaranteed three years.

Get the MUSHROOM PARABAL today. $1.25 through Master Plumbers only. The most economical tank ball in the long run. Booklet on request.

EVERWHITE SANI-SEAT

You know its clean

Pure, white Pyralin, even to the hinges — the seat that makes the bathroom Wonderfully beautiful, unusually durable, obviously clean. Guaranteed five years. Only $4.2 at your plumber's. Ask him for the EverWhite today. Literature on request.



Woodward-Wanger Co

1106 Spring Garden St. Philadelphia

Quality Plumbing Specialties for 18 Years

(Continued from Page 44)

variety of celebrities, all eating in perfect harmony—from the experimental financiers of the Furious Farm Defenders to the heads of the Shale, Coal and Coal Oil Institute, and the richly salaried publicity psychologists from the Temples of Labor and Capital—the moneyed aristocracy of the American world of science and letters.

Passing into the plain dining room, Ben Bumpus Boone was hailed with more than ordinary impressiveness by a bearded and spectacled man with prominent forehead—his friend, Doctor Ichabod, the well-known statistician of the Society for Congressional Prophylaxis.

"I was just reminded of you very forcibly," said Doctor Ichabod when the senator had consented to be his companion and had sat down and ordered luncheon.

"In what way?" asked Ben Bumpus Boone, looking over as he tucked his napkin into his vest front.

"By a strange visitor," said Doctor Ichabod, now going on to relate his story, "on a very singular mission. He was gathering, it seemed, statistics on the press agents of Washington. I did what I could for him on this point, though telling him frankly no one could rightly estimate how many hundred there were—or just what were their connections."

"Of course not," said the senator, nodding.

"But I did what I could, both as to their numbers and their salaries, and the value of the buildings devoted to their work, such as the Temples of Labor and Capital, the women's buildings, the various scientific industrial institutes, and so forth."

"But where do I come in on this?" asked Ben Bumpus Boone, still mystified, and not a little curious.

"Wait. That will be developed later," said Doctor Ichabod, raising his large hand and letting his trained mind take its logical course. "He next asked—my visitor—for comparative statistics of an unusual kind—as to how many times the press agents of all types exceeded in number our representatives in Congress; how much greater their salaries were in the aggregate; how much greater the ability these salaries commanded; how much more money the publicity men had for the expenses of their work than the congressmen, and so on."

"Yes," said Ben Bumpus Boone, still in the dark.

"Asking him his purpose in all this, I found that he was working out—for a thesis, as I supposed then—the details of what he claimed was a great social and political change developing since the late war. He was comparing the personnel and resources of the old form of representative government prescribed by the Constitution, with what he termed the present misrepresentative government—or government by misrepresentation, by the host of press agents and agencies now in Washington."

Hearing this, Senator Boone moved uneasily. But the scientist was going on:

"It was an ingenious theory, with much to bear it out, and I must say I was keenly interested until by further questioning I discovered that the theorizer was evidently hopelessly insane."

"How? In what way?" asked his hearer sharply.

"By his own claims. His own delusions. For I found that partly, no doubt through a play on his own name, he considered himself a liberator—the great mental liberator of the human race, as he styled himself; and the leader of an organization of no less than six and three-quarter million active members—to say nothing of his associate membership of a hundred and ten million—a figure, as you will note, coinciding with that of the population of the United States."

Any doubt remaining in the mind of Ben Bumpus Boone was now, of course, gone. "He was a small man," he remarked, "with glassy blue eyes like glass marbles, named Abraham Lincoln Smith, who claimed to be the secretary of a so-called Taxation Without Misrepresentation League."

"That is the man, yes," said Doctor Ichabod gravely, "and I called you to warn you personally against him."

"Warn me? In what way?" asked his fellow luncher keenly.

"Because he presents an advanced case, evidently, of persecution mania—with a fixed delusion."

"And that delusion?" asked the senator hastily.

"Is you!"

"How? In what way?" urged Ben Bumpus Boone rapidly.

"In a very curious way. By a very interesting example of the mental action of the insane," said the well-known scientist and reformer. "From this misrepresentative government of his—this government by press agents or agencies which he argues so plausibly to be replacing, intimidating and crushing out the old established representative government at Washington—his mind passes to the combination, to the building up of chains of publicity agents, of the prepresidential free-publicity organizations, by which, as we all know, our presidential candidates now more or less thoroughly cover the country. And stepping on from here again he arrives at his delusion concerning you—you and one other!"

"What other?"

"Marcus Aurelius Browne."

"What!" exclaimed Ben Bumpus Boone.

"For having himself, he says, been previously engaged in the field of free publicity, he states that he himself has positive knowledge that you two are the master minds of free publicity in the United States. That Browne is the so-called brain of Wall Street, controlling the free publicity of the East; that you are the acknowledged master of trans-Mississippi and sub-Ohio free publicity. And that as such you have made a secret alliance for a country-wide prepresidential publicity, which constitutes, to his insane mind, the most dreadful and sinister conspiracy in the history of the race."

"What conspiracy is that?" asked Ben Bumpus Boone harshly, wondering what garbled version of his alliance with Browne had passed through the hidden paths of the news channels behind the published news to this poor unhinged mind.

"The foulest and most terrible of all time, if he is to be believed. A monopoly and dictatorship throughout the United States of free publicity—the so-called power behind the power of the press which, working in its manufactured or so-called doctored news through the American press and elsewhere, will by this means form and dictate in advance the public opinion, or snap judgments, by which he claims a democracy always votes; these snap judgments being formed and directed by catchwords or snappy phrases, fed to the public by experts in political publicity."

"Yes. And what do I get out of this? And Browne?" asked Ben Bumpus Boone, breaking into this theoretical discourse with a harsh attempt at careless laughter.

"You the Presidency."

"And he?"

"The position of your secret publicity counselor, handling all the publicity out of the President's office; constituting him, Marcus Aurelius Browne, at one blow the mental dictator for life of this Republic, the supreme controller of political free publicity in the United States! With the absolute power to give out those catchwords, phrases and snap judgments through which the politicians and voters act in so-called self-government. And it is with an insane ambition to grasp this power, he claims, that Marcus Aurelius Browne is now at work, with you as a tool, to bring about what he calls your publicity coup d'état, which you plan to work together for next fall's election, making you President, but him the permanent chooser of Presidents in this country, the secret autocrat behind the future Presidents of the United States, who will elect them, write their speeches and interviews, operate them like ventriloquists' dummies—be, in fact, the permanent President of this Republic in everything but name!"

Ben Bumpus Boone laughed loudly again. "What a pipe dream!" he said.

"No doubt," replied his companion, watching him gravely. "But none the less threatening for you, the object of attack by this new Abraham Lincoln—this self-styled great mental liberator of the nation!"

And from that he went on into the details of the man's delusion, and a discussion of its probable origin and its relations to the actual facts in the case.

"You must excuse my frankness," he said, at last concluding, "concerning the various stories of your relations with free publicity, and your working agreement with the great hidden power of Marcus Aurelius Browne, the nation's greatest press agent, versions of which have evidently—together with your speeches and statements upon your bonus bill—unhinged this unfortunate man's mind. But I felt that you yourself should be warned of this delusion of a madman, still at large, concerning yourself, senator, and be ready to govern yourself accordingly. And, if you felt it wise, to notify Mr. Browne."

"Browne is in Bermuda—or so I understand," said Senator Boone. "And so, perfectly safe. But I thank you for myself greatly. I shall always be grateful, always hold this in grateful memory as a signal service, doctor," said Ben Bumpus Boone, shaking hands warmly as he parted with his informant at the door of the Stately Statisticians' Club.

Going back to his office he thought of the possible danger from this crank—recalling, among other things, his muttered words concerning murder of the night before. But long before the hour of his appearance on previous evenings, becoming engrossed in the pressing work of preparation for his radio speech to the nation of the evening after, he had forgotten the warning of Doctor Ichabod entirely until, hearing again the faint knock at the outer door, he looked up from his desk once more into the strange blue eyes of his pursuer.

"What is it you wish?" he asked, springing up, laying his hand over a heavy inkwell, ready for self-defense.

His visitor, however, gave no evidence of any immediate intention of violent attack.

"I have come," he said very gravely, for the second part of your formal statement—your defense!"

"Upon what?"

"Upon misrepresentation. Taxation by misrepresentation. Government by misrepresentation. By publicity!" said the man, his voice now rising as he approached the subject of his delusion, much more promptly than on the previous evenings.

"I am sorry, but I have none to make," replied Ben Bumpus Boone politely.

"Remember. This will be your last chance," his visitor warned him, with that fixed, crazed, baby-blue stare.

"I understand," replied Ben Bumpus Boone, ready with his inkwell. For after all, he weighed seventy-five pounds more than this crank.

"Very well," the other said. "And now——"

At these words Senator Boone, alarmed by the quick thrusting of the man's hand into an inner pocket, had all but discharged his inkwell. But he desisted just in time, as his visitor suddenly whipped out, not a weapon, but a typewritten paper.

"Ben Bumpus Boone," he cried in a small, shrill voice, "stand up!"

As Senator Boone was already standing, the speaker, after a formal pause, went on: "Ben Bumpus Boone, you have been found guilty on all three counts, of the charges brought against you. And now, as representative of the sovereign power of the hundred and ten million prospective members of the National Taxation Without Misrepresentation League, I am vested with the authority and duty of passing sentence upon you, pursuant to the statutes of the United States, and as follows."

And now turning to the paper in his hand he read its contents in a high, shrill voice, but a deeply solemn manner:

"The Taxpayers and People of the United States versus Ben Bumpus Boone, Deft.

"You are charged with and found guilty of:

"1. The propagation of another Painless Bonus Bill, a form of legislation subversive to the morals and reason of the people, and constituting by our laws the high crime of mental mayhem in the first degree.

"2. In pursuance of this and other objects for your own aggrandizement you and your fellow aids, accomplices and coconspirators have entered into agreements and conspiracies with the vast number of press agents in Washington to set up and control in the capital of this country a government by misrepresentation, thus endangering the very existence of representative government as established by our Constitution, and thus committing a heinous and felonious assault upon the common mind.

"3. In further pursuance of this object you have conspired, together with one Marcus Aurelius Browne—through an agreement by which you are to be made President and he the sole and secret controller of the publicity of the presidential office—to fasten upon the liberties of this nation, by a species of mental coup d'état, the chains of a universal mental slavery, from which the inhabitants of this country, when once confined, will scarcely escape—thus clearly committing the great crime of high treason. For, as Chief Justice Llewellyn Ogda so well said (U.S. 117:226): 'Physical slavery but enchains the body; but mental enslavement the mind and soul of man. And if this is not high treason, what in heaven's name is?'

"Therefore," said the madman, pausing and then passing on with his crazy screed, "as representing the majesty of the law and its instrument, I have no choice. I

(Continued on Page 48)

SOUND VALUE

Sound products evolve from sound principles.

Dodge Brothers Motor Car is the product of an institution whose principles have always been conceded to be pre-eminently sound.

Sound manufacturing methods that place infinitely more importance on quality than quantity—

Sound financial standing, which permits uninterrupted development and adherence to the policy of constant improvement—

A sound method of selecting dealers, from which an organization has grown that enjoys the complete confidence of the public—

A sound sales and service policy, through which buyers are assured full value for their investment—

These basic principles being sound, it follows as an obvious consequence that Dodge Brothers Motor Car represents sound value.

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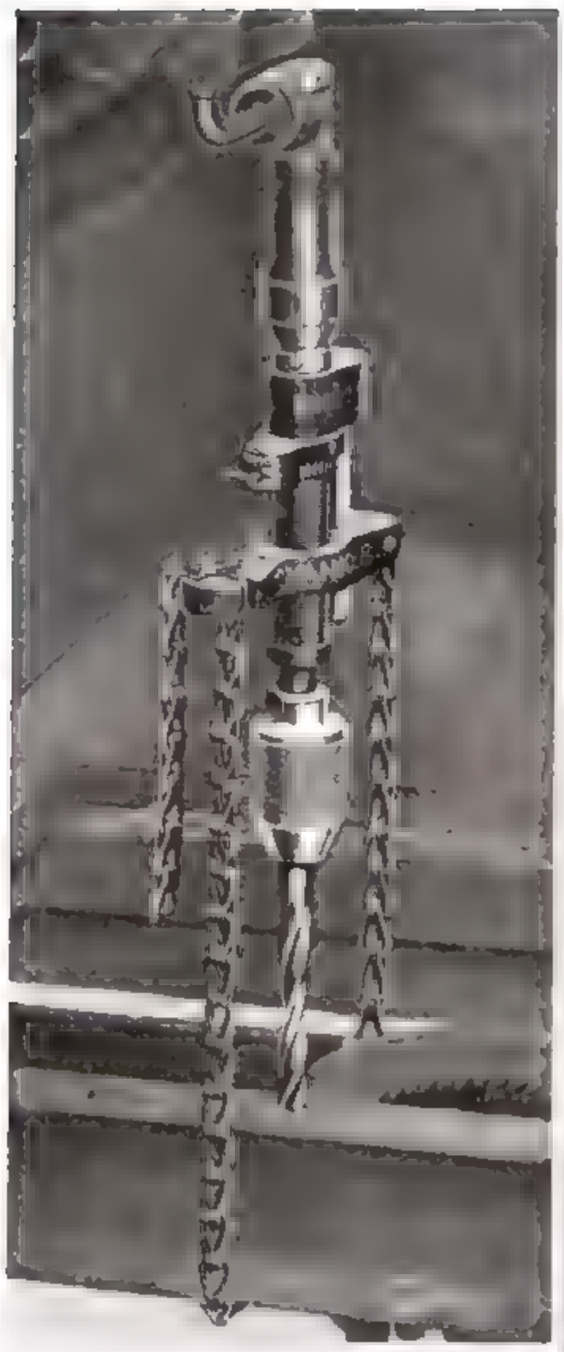
WALKERVILLE, ONTARIO



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All the Skill is in the DRILL

No bother about hand-feeding when you use a "Yankee" Chain Drill. No bother about anything!

The "Yankee" Automatic Friction and Ratchet Feed does the job for you. All you need do is turn the brace.

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saves trouble, time and temper. Use it and see what a marvelous tool it is.

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Spiral Screw drivers
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NORTH BROS. MFG. CO., Philadelphia, U. S. A.

"YANKEE" TOOLS

Make Better Mechanics

(Continued from Page 46)

must pronounce upon you the prescribed and usual sentence for this greatest of all crimes—which is death!"

Ben Bumpus Boone gripped his inkwell with cold but ready fingers. But the maniac went on talking in his high, sharp, crazy voice.

"A death unusual, public, startling! Whose influence shall be exerted as widely upon the public mind as the high crime which it is intended to discourage, abolish and prevent!"

Again, as he did not move, but merely gazed with his wild blue eyes, Senator Boone did not yet act himself, but listened, motionless, as the shrill voice went on.

"Therefore, Ben Bumpus Boone, convicted high felon and traitor, archenemy of the Republic, a criminal for whom history presents no parallel, you are condemned to death by a form of public execution suited to your offense—an execution of great public note, which will certainly be provided for you.

"And therefore prepare, Ben Bumpus Boone—prepare at once!—for the doom, the astonishing and unprecedented public doom which awaits you! For your approaching end, at which all the nations of the world will sit up and take notice! At an execution, like your crime, without precedent in man's previous history!"

Saying this, and with a high gesture, the madman suddenly and abruptly turned and left the office of Ben Bumpus Boone.

IV

IT WAS 8:30 o'clock on the following evening. Ben Bumpus Boone had completed his arrangements for his great nation-wide experiment in the last form of free political publicity—his radio broadcast upon his Painless Bonus Bill, which, reaching directly fifty million hearers, was to go so far toward giving him the presidency. Within half an hour his effort would begin.

Seated alone in his office in the lowest story of the deserted Senate Office Building, his doors securely locked against intruders, Senator Boone awaited the arrival of his expert introducer, the one man who was to be with him before and during his speech. Suddenly he felt a draft upon the back of his neck, heard the stealthy opening of a window; and turning, he saw the maniac upon the window sill.

In his right hand, as he sat there, a slight but sinister figure, was a large-mouthed automatic pistol, aimed steadily at Ben Bumpus Boone. In his left, either a lariat or coil of strong light manila rope, a pair of handcuffs, and a roll of paper.

"The hour of execution has arrived!" the madman said, and hopped lightly from the window sill.

Frozen to his seat by this menacing sight, Ben Bumpus Boone sat motionless.

With quick and darting motions the intruder, encumbered as he was, had shut the window, locked it and turned once again, with his great weapon held straight upon the seated senator.

"Do not call," he instructed him. "And make no mistake, no one else will be here—now."

He then explained how, after careful stalking, he had captured and tied up the senator's expected introducer, who now, gagged and bound securely, lay in a deep areaway alongside of the secluded base of the Senate Office Building.

And now, moving always as quickly as a bird, which in some ways he resembled, he stood behind the seated senator with his gun. "Extend your hands backward," he now directed him.

The senator, who had now given himself up for lost, already sat with his arms hanging down over his chair arms in almost the required position. Dropping his rope and rolled document upon the floor, with an almost incredible swiftness, the lunatic had chained his victim's hands together behind the back of his swivel chair; and with him in that helpless state, and with an ever-increasing quickness and dispatch, he now wrapped the body of the helpless man round and round with the manila rope, until his work was done.

Silent, trussed hand and foot to his swivel chair, Ben Bumpus Boone was at the mercy of this madman, to be turned hither and thither at will, like a revolving bookcase.

Inspecting and revolving him, satisfying himself of his work, the calm and painstaking lunatic again spoke.

"It is time!" he said.

"For what?" asked Ben Bumpus Boone in a scarcely audible voice.

"For the world to sit up and take notice. For the exercises to begin!"

Ben Bumpus Boone's eyes rolled anxiously as he whispered back, "With what?"

"Your ante-mortem statement."

The hoarse cry of horror died at its source in the fettered senator's throat, as the monster thrust his pistol's gaping muzzle in between the senator's eyes and went on again. "Your ante-mortem statement," he repeated, "in opening the public inaugural exercises of the National Taxation Without Misrepresentation League, the formal beginning of truth telling by presidential and congressional candidates concerning national taxation and finances in this country. To be followed by our first great national object lesson in political truth-telling—the initial execution of a common wholesale publicity liar, who cannot be made to tell the truth!"

Watching the accumulated anger, the long-stored venom in those vengeful and insane blue eyes, Ben Bumpus Boone at last realized to the full his situation. It was several moments before he recovered consciousness under the repeated slaps and pinchings of his captor—rousing him, threatening him with his weapon, telling him to get ready.

"But what—what am I to do?" exclaimed his victim, again awakening to his danger.

"You're going to tell the truth for publication, damn you, for once in your life!" said the lunatic with a note of anger and triumph in his high, shrill voice. And now, taking and releasing from its rubber band the roll of manuscript he had brought, he held it before the eyes of his prisoner.

"Read it," he said, "so you will know what it is you are to say."

Controlling his wandering mind, reading with bulging eyes, Ben Bumpus Boone at last mastered the typewritten words of this wild jargon, with which this madman was to open the first exercises of this fantastic creation of his disordered brain, this National Taxation Without Misrepresentation League, for forcing national candidates to tell the truth upon matters of taxation and national finance. The man himself stood beside him, silent, as he did this, his manuscript before his prisoner's eyes, his pistol at the side of his neck.

It was 8:55—8:57—8:59! The ether of the world was still. All the other sending stations were shut off. Gentlemanly political agents, passing among the population, had gathered tremendous audiences together in all the great halls of America. The whole United States, the more civilized or radio sections of Europe—practically the entire civilized world sat listening for nine o'clock and the expected introduction of the masterpiece of Ben Bumpus Boone, his statement upon the Painless Bonus Bill, which was to go so far toward making him the next President of the United States.

It came at last, upon the stroke of nine—a fine, shrill voice, with its unexpected message:

"This is the Capitol, Washington. Taxpayers of the United States, we are met tonight to complete the greatest organization of all time, through the inauguration of the National Taxation Without Misrepresentation League, whose duty it will be to make presidential and congressional candidates of this Republic tell the truth about Federal taxation and finance, under pain of instant death. Our first exercise will be the ante-mortem statement of Ben Bumpus Boone, the well-known free publicity presidential candidate!"

This unexpected introduction, in its peculiar form, passed out across the ether to listening millions, who sat doubtful, puzzled, dazed by its message. Had they heard aright? Or was this some new form of static; or defect in their individual apparatus? They waited, undecided.

In the interval while they did so, the introducer, moving with nervous quickness, had raised again the typewritten document from the desk, pressed his pistol muzzle once more in the senator's neck and said his last whispered words to him. "Speak up now! Loud! So they will hear you. But one word—the flickering of one syllable beyond your manuscript," he hissed, with a boring gesture of his pistol muzzle, "and you are dead! And now, damn you, tell the truth, for publication—for the first and last time in your life!"

With these terrible words, with a simple motion he swung Ben Bumpus Boone, like a revolving bookcase in his swivel chair, until his mouth was aimed properly toward the radio transmitter; held the speech before his eyes and the pistol in his neck, with a final admonition to speak loudly and clearly.

It was a situation unparalleled in all previous human history. Trussed, helpless, with fifty million people within call of his voice, Ben Bumpus Boone must go forward with the preliminaries of his own death without one whisper calling aid or assistance—driven on by the threat of immediate extinction at his neck if he did so.

Urged thus, he started in on the document, on that crazy ante-mortem statement that this man had prepared for him, in as loud a voice as he could now command.

"Fellow citizens, fellow taxpayers," he began, "being reliably informed that I have but a short time to live, I take this occasion to make my last and solemn ante-mortem statement to you."

At these words, now clearly understood by all, there passed across the earth the first great absolutely simultaneous universal emotion experienced up to that time in the history of the human race. Fifty million heartbeats were checked; one hundred million eyes grew damp at once with this announcement, so unexpected, from this man, superficially so strong, who many had thought would be the next pilot of the nation—through the wide appeal to all possible voting classes, of his Painless Bonus Bill. And now a sudden universal wave of pity never before attained by man swept over mankind at the announcement of his approaching end in this dramatic and moving manner. Then again the millions waited, listening in sudden wonder, as the unfortunate man went on with his reading of his singularly worded ante-mortem speech:

"Last statement and warning of Ben Bumpus Boone to the hundred and ten million taxpayers of the United States; an object lesson to congressional and presidential candidates, entitled, Taxpayers, Beware!"

And now the listening world heard once more the interjection of the other voice—the voice of the introducer, saying, "Louder. Clearer!" And the senator's voice—the voice quite evidently of a very sick man rise up, like the flicker of a dying flame, into its final political speech, the celebrated Six Bewares now become an integral part of the political history of the American nation.

"Taxpayers, beware!" the mad pronouncement was now resuming. "Beware N.B. As follows:

"1. Beware the news—the doctored news from the free-publicity sharks in the marble halls of Washington!

"2. Beware the stately publicity statisticians, who hurl wisdom at the world. Beware of these and those who, not for naught, pay their twenty-thousand-dollar salaries and put up their marble halls in Washington!

"3. Beware the people's publicity bureaus—the stunt throwers, the sob sisters and the gimme grabbers, who, armed with press notices, scare and chase the legally elected representatives of the voters through and out of the marble halls at Washington!

"4. Beware the free-publicity senators, congressmen and cabinet members who, betraying representative government, with large, noble gestures distribute the taxes, rights and property of the taxpayers of the United States to their enemies, in a mutual conspiracy to establish government by misrepresentation, by press agents; by liars, and statisticians in the marble halls of Washington.

"5. Beware the prepresidential publicity nomination campaigns, the intrigues and combinations and conspiracies of those loud-mouthed demagogues who, playing both ends against the middle, plot with self-seeking interests of all kinds through the press, movies and radio to set up and establish for all time government by misrepresentation in the marble halls of Washington!

"6. Beware! Oh, beware, the last, ultimate, secret power—the archtraitor whose hand now reaches out to end the Republic—seizing the greatest power in the world of man! The archfiend who—ruler of the ruler—would gather into one hand the power which now rules this country and the world—the power of the President's secret press agent, the supreme power in the new government by press agents, which now, fellow citizens, is planned to be permanently seated this next spring in the highest seat in the marble halls of Washington!

"Beware. Beware, O, fellow citizens, Marcus Aurelius Browne, the archtraitor of

(Continued on Page 50)

Why drive a shabby car?

Even a driving, desert sandstorm fails to injure Valspar-Enamel!

The famous Valspar boiling water test

DRIVING, biting, cutting sand—what a terrific test for the finish of an automobile! That was the test Mr. Simon's* car successfully withstood in crossing the desert on his overland motor trip from Brooklyn to Los Angeles.

He writes: "It was the worst sandstorm I ever experienced! At Grapevine Pass, California, another automobile passed us, and to my surprise I saw that the enamel on the entire left side of the car had disappeared! The sand pounding against the body had acted like so much sand-paper.

"My own car—painted with Valspar-Enamel six months before—was not disfigured by the storm in the slightest!"

This is not an extremely severe test for Valspar-Enamel. Hundreds of letters have been received, giving actual experiences which prove the extraordinary durability of Valspar-Enamels.

Hot water from the radiator, oils, mud, alkalies—not even a desert sandstorm can mar the beautiful surface of Valspar-Enamels. They will not check or peel.

Valspar-Enamels are so easy to use that any careful person can apply them. In 12 beautiful standard colors: Red, *light and deep;* Blue, *light, medium and deep;* Green, *medium and deep;* Bright Yellow; Vermilion; Gray and Brown. Also Black, White, Gold, Bronze, Aluminum and Flat Black. By blending two or more of these standard colors, any shade desired can be obtained.

Send coupon for samples and for Instruction Booklet containing valuable color charts and suggestions.

Postscript

If you do not care to refinish the car yourself go to an automobile painter for a professional job. In a few days and at a reasonable price he will refinish your car with Valentine's Automobile Varnishes and return it as bright and new as the day you bought it.

* *Address—667 South Westlake Avenue, Los Angeles, California*

This Coupon is worth 20 to 60 Cents

VALENTINE'S
VALSPAR
ENAMEL

VALENTINE & COMPANY, 460 Fourth Ave., New York

I enclose dealer's name and stamps—20c apiece for each 40c sample can checked at right. (Only one sample each of Clear Valspar, Varnish-Stain and Enamel supplied per person at this special price)
Valspar Instruction Booklet with Color Charts, 15c extra.
Print full mail address plainly.

Dealer's Name_____

Address _____

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Choose 1 Color	
Clear Valspar	☐
Valspar-Stain	☐
Choose 1 Color	
Valspar Booklet	☐

S. E. P. 3-24

Mr. Bradford Is Right!

But the best advertisements of *this* tobacco are never written

From Indianapolis, Mr. R. O. Bradford bursts into song:

The Pipe of Inspiration

I can see him now a-sitting at the desk he loved so well,
Late at night, and still hard at it, writing copy good to sell
And he smoked his pipe in silence, while his thoughts to business ran,
Guess he's writing still, for father was an advertising man.

First he'd scatter all his papers, till his desk top was a sight,
Then he'd turn from his typewriter and gaze out into the night,
But when once his thoughts had started, and the work for sure began,
Dad would clean his pipe, and fill it from the little old blue can.

Edgeworth! Bless your soul, you've guessed it! Dad was surely sold for fair,
On that ready-rubbed tobacco, and he never seemed to care
Just how long and hard his hours, or how high the work was piled,
All he wanted was the blue can, and he smoked his pipe—and smiled.

Pipe of inspiration. Right-o! I'm an advertising man myself, and I've learned to realize and appreciate just how much Edgeworth means to me when there's a tough problem on deck, or when work piles up and requires long hours to clear it away.

Pass the good word along. It's Edgeworth that is responsible for lots of good advertising copy nowadays.

Ralph Otis Bradford

Mr. Bradford is quite right when he writes that "Edgeworth is responsible for lots of good advertising copy" for, as every writer knows there is inspiration in a good smoke, but the words that fill this column do not sell Edgeworth. As a matter of fact, they *aren't* copy at all—they are just gossip about pipe smokers.

The advertising that creates Edgeworth smokers is broadcast from Jones to Smith to Robinson *by word of mouth*

The best we can hope to do in this space is to get another Mr. Jones started.

Even if your name *isn't* Jones we'll be glad to send you free samples of Edgeworth if you'll send your name and address to Larus & Brother Company, 1 South 21st Street, Richmond, Va.

If you care to add the name and address of your regular tobacco dealer we shall appreciate the courtesy.

Edgeworth is sold in various sizes to suit the needs and means of all purchasers. Both Edgeworth Plug Slice and Ready-Rubbed are packed in small, pocket-size packages, in handsome humidors holding a pound, and also in several handy in-between sizes.

We do not pretend, of course, that Edgeworth is the perfect smoke—some men do not find it to their tastes at all—but we're hoping that after you have tried it you will become a Real Edgeworth Advertisement! At any rate, we'll take a chance!

To Retail Tobacco Merchants: If your jobber cannot supply you with Edgeworth, Larus & Brother Company will gladly send you prepaid by parcel post a one- or two-dozen carton of any size of Edgeworth Plug Slice or Ready-Rubbed for the same price you would pay the jobber.

(Continued from Page 48)

the ages, the unseen Catiline, the ever-hidden Benedict Arnold, the secret enemy, destroyer of civilization, to whom I owe my downfall and my sentence of death by the National Taxation Without Misrepresentation League!"

His voice ceased. And as it ceased, simultaneously all over the United States and the more civilized parts of Europe a new emotion passed, an interval of wonder and increased doubt. Fifty million voices spoke; one hundred million eyes met one another in question. What was this? This mad harangue across the ether? Was it an impostor? A madman who had seized the radio? Had Ben Bumpus Boone, whose voice this seemed to be, suddenly gone mad?

There was but a short period of waiting. For this sharp, shrill voice, which was recognized as the voice which had acted as introducer, was now heard again.

"Ben Bumpus Boone," he said, "prepare to meet your God!"

There was a loud, hoarse cry. Fifty million hearts ceased beating; a hundred million cheeks were bloodless as its hearers heard it—the wild, sonorous cry of Ben Bumpus Boone for clemency, for pity.

"Spare me! Spare me!" they heard it plead. "I can—I can—I will tell the truth for publication! From now on! About taxes—finances—even bonus bills!"

"It is too late!" came back the cold, implacable voice of the other.

"But consider—the unfairness—the injustice you are doing me. The huge wrong!" the wavering voice of the endangered senator was calling. "I am guilty, yes. I made all the plays to the publicity boys every one of the gimme bureaus in Washington. I lied like a dog. I conspired with Marcus Aurelius Browne, the secret power behind the news of the United States. I formed my prepresidential publicity campaign, with press agents covering the whole nation—press, movie and radio. But why should I die alone? Why pick me out when all the rest are doing it? It was the only way—the only way, it seemed to me, to get elected President of the United States today."

"Do not be alarmed," the caustic voice replied. "You will not be alone, now that the membership of our league covers all the nation. There are many others on our list."

A heavy, hopeless groan succeeded, and following this, a high, uneven crazy, yell.

"*Sic semper tyrannis!*" the mad voice called. "Taxation without misrepresentation. Let those who live by publicity perish by publicity. Die, Ben Bumpus Boone! Die!"

Following this, millions of pairs of forefingers sought and stopped up millions of human ears. Strong men cursed, sensitive women fainted from the Hawaiian Islands to the Alps. The entire civilized world was chilled at the sharp, ringing sound of a pistol shot, and, after what seemed hours, a second sound—a dull and heavy sound, like a body falling or the shutting of a door.

A simultaneous groan encircled half the earth. But only for a moment. Hushed almost at once—displaced by a sudden, louder voice!

"Help! Help! Help!" it cried. "Abraham Lincoln Smith, the mad secretary of the National Taxation Without Misrepresentation League, is killing me!"

Sonorous, at its full, the voice of Ben Bumpus Boone swept over land and sea; across hill and valley, oceans, continents and mountain chains. Across the Tropic of Cancer to the equator, and out upon the other side across the Arctic Circle!

And hearing it, practically the entire civilized world was on its feet, eyes bulging, ready, anxious to run out to aid, in some way to assist; but absolutely incapable of doing so.

THEY waited minutes—it seemed hours, days—the millions on the radio, until at last the message came:

"Ben Bumpus Boone is safe, unharmed; although unconscious since aid arrived. He was found bound to his office chair, but unscathed. His mysterious assailant is still at large."

As this announcement passed across the world, endless miles of human nerves relaxed. Fifty million sighs were heard. Tens of millions burst into cheers and laughter. Yet relief was still clouded by wonder. A hundred million eyes still gazed at one another questioningly. What did this mean? What had actually happened? The answer came at last across the radio.

"Ben Bumpus Boone," it now said, "proves to be the victim of a huge publicity stunt, staged by a former press agent with unbalanced mind. A crank who claims he desired to save the nation. The man is now in custody."

A new and sudden wave of emotion, another revulsion of feeling flashed about the earth with the receipt of this further news. Blind, unreasoning anger took the place of pity in millions of breasts.

"What! Another political publicity stunt!" the maddened millions cried. "Lynch him! Lynch him!" They were hushed only by the efforts of the saner spirits, representing the futility of their cries, to listen to the next radio bulletin, with its further information:

"Mad assailant of Ben Bumpus Boone found to be one Abraham Lincoln Smith. A native of Iowa, he early became a radical poet. From this he drifted into the line of general free publicity, and was drafted into the service of the Federal publicity corps during the war. It was at this time, apparently, that the strange hallucination that the United States was governed by press agents took possession of his already warped mind."

At this point tens of millions of heads nodded understandingly, as the radio announcer went on:

"Thrown out of employment by the mustering out of the Government's press agents at the close of hostilities, Smith was for a long time idle during the height of the stress of unemployment of press agents following the war. Forced at last to find work or starve, he became a teller of bedtime stories upon the radio. More recently, still being located in Washington, while doing this work nights and becoming troubled with insomnia, he had been attending and following the debates upon taxation, bonus and Federal finance in Congress. It was at this time that the hallucination that the United States was governed from Washington by press agents and publicity stunts, rather than by its representatives in Congress, again took possession of his diseased mind. His own mad novel publicity stunt, involving Senator Boone, followed."

The world now waited again, in impatience, as the radio speaker ceased, apparently for more copy, and again went on:

"His first move toward this, it appears, was the insane project which he called the National Taxation Without Misrepresentation League—an organization which consisted solely of himself, but in which he hoped to enlist at once all the taxpayers of the United States."

At this statement the millions of hearers looked at one another again.

"The purpose of this organization, he claimed, was to force congressional and presidential candidates to make a sane, clear, honest statement of their stand upon the taxation bills, bonus bills or other financial legislation before Congress, and failing this, to kill them!"

The eyes of the silent, listening millions hearing this, again met, with a strange change—an entirely different light in them.

Many came right out aloud: "This man may not be so damned crazy, at that!" they whispered, listening again.

But it seemed, after all, that they were wrong.

"In putting this strange plan into practice, Smith chose for his first execution Senator Ben Bumpus Boone, who, with his alleged backer, Marcus Aurelius Browne, the greatest American press agent—having established the strongest of prepresidential publicity chains in the country—had become, he claims, almost certain of the presidency, and so the greatest possible menace to the republic. The strange and murderous attack on Senator Boone followed.

"Asked," the radio went on, "if a public execution by radio had been what he proposed, why he had not killed Senator Boone while he was in his power, the unfortunate man replied: 'You don't understand. You don't understand publicity! This is a mental, not a physical execution. It is my own invention—the first execution by publicity to be carried out in the world—causing instant political death. Ben Bumpus Boone is dead! As dead as his Painless Bonus Bill! As dead as his archaccomplice and fellow conspirator, the world's greatest press agent, Marcus Aurelius Browne, who dictates so much of the news in the American press, will also be!'"

At the mention of this last name there was an uneasiness, a half-conscious stirring of anxiety among the fifty million hearers. But for one of them, at least, there was more that that. Seated, far away, purposely secreted from all possible public knowledge, in an obscure hotel in Bermuda, Marcus Aurelius Browne was cold and still, clutching the Phi Beta Kappa key to his vest front with cold fingers, at this repeated public mention of his name—so dreaded by all press agents.

But now the announcer of this terrible thing—this new play for publicity by this mad former press agent—was concluding his statement concerning the man and his publicity stunt.

"The mind of Smith," he was going on, "showed unmistakable signs of insanity as soon as he mentioned the name of Browne. 'He must die!' he shrieked. 'He must die also—or the republic is not safe! *Sic semper tyrannis!* Taxation without misrepresentation! Let him that lives by publicity perish by publicity. Death to all the publicity bureaus in Washington! Death to the Painless Bonus Bill! Death to Ben Bumpus Boone! Death to Marcus Aurelius Browne! Hooray!' he cries incessantly. Physicians have definitely pronounced him insane. Sedatives are being administered to him. Good night!"

Bowing his head in his hands, in the universal silence which followed, Marcus Aurelius Browne began at length to realize fully the sudden blow which had fallen on him, that blow most dreadful to all publicity agents—publicity about themselves and their own connections. He sat with his life's ambition, his life's work, his secret power ruined by the rough hand of fate.

Ben Bumpus Boone was done, his Painless Bonus Bill destroyed by that candidate's personal radio confession of his duplicities to the world. And falling, they were dragging down their secret ally—down in one public and vociferous ruin. He groaned, and as he groaned he raised his heavy eyes. His name was on the radio once more:

"Will Marcus Aurelius Browne, the great international press agent, wire at once a statement to the Associated Press? In answer to Ben Bumpus Boone?"

The great publicity man arose, sank back again with his hands to his temples.

He saw, of course, what it was. Ben Bumpus Boone, the big, fat, panic-stricken coward, had turned state's evidence, and using those coarse, loud-pedal, agricultural-district, free-publicity methods, was betraying him—dragging him into this, to shield himself.

And now a second time the radio voice was heard. Over hill and dale, over rivers, steppes, prairies, jungle and pampas, over cities, counties and continents rolled again the name and occupation of that master of secrecy, that high priest of silence, that great secret power behind the power of the American press:

"Will Marcus Aurelius Browne, the great international press agent, wire at once a statement to the Associated Press? In answer to Ben Bumpus Boone?"

Lower and lower the stricken ruler of American publicity sank, as if to hide himself in his chair. The publicity agent was being published to all the world. He knew all too well the fatal outcome. How he would be hounded, hunted, pictured, written up, written down, lied about—he and all his works and his connections, become now an object of world-wide forced publicity! In the hands of his enemies! One the very mention of whose name in connection with an enterprise would now damn it. The radio, while he shrank, bawled out a third time, for good measure, his name and secret occupation across the world:

"Will Marcus Aurelius Browne, the great international press agent, please wire at once an answer to the Associated Press? In answer to Ben Bumpus Boone?"

Broken, betrayed, ruined, the keen mind of the man who for years had manipulated the press and the public opinion of a continent as he willed, did not now deceive itself. The aim of the crazed publicity man—in his execution by publicity—had been exact and fatal.

Beside Boone's Painless Bonus Bill, beside Ben Bumpus Boone, the ex-presidential candidate, Marcus Aurelius Browne, the world's greatest press agent, knew all too well that he himself was lying dead! A victim of the greatest, maddest, most terrific publicity stunt yet perpetrated on the public within the history of man!

Editor's Note—This is the fifth and last of a series of stories by Mr. Turner.

When men quit using slates to keep accounts

WHEN paper came in, the slate went out. The slate was useful in many ways, but it failed in others. One swab with the sponge and your record was gone. There was only one slate, and it couldn't be filed. It hung in one place and couldn't be passed along. It was a one-man affair. Nothing on the slate indicated what belonged there and what didn't belong there.

Paper was more flexible. It meant that everybody could have an unlimited number of slates—slates of different sizes, slates of different colors, slates for different purposes. Slates that could be mailed, slates that could be filed, slates for orders, for statements, for inventories, for memoranda, for invoices—and these new-fashioned slates were printed forms.

The purpose of every printed form is definitely stated right at the top. Also, there is a line for the date. In business an undated writing is as worthless as a clock without a face.

The printed form tells whom it comes from; it says whom it is meant for. It has ruled columns and dotted lines for what must be on it; and you can't clutter it with confusing matter that doesn't belong, because there is no place for it. The very color of the form signals its purpose before you begin to read it. Blue is a cost sheet, maybe. Red is a job ticket; yellow is a production order; gray is a shipping label. Adopt any colors you please or any weight you please. You can get all standard weights in Hammermill Bond, and your choice of twelve colors and white.

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FRESH AIR

(Continued from Page 15)

Yet here was that boorish fellow Ipokek actually clamoring for a definition of a word used by my wife in a poem. I rebuked him.

"Ipokek," I said, "you should know better than ask such a question—you who yourself pretend to be a poet. Anyone would think that you didn't realize that poetry, along with other forms of expression, has advanced since the naïve days of Wordsworth or Tennyson. Tintamarre, as Evangeline has used it, means exactly what it seems to mean to the hearer—no more and no less. If it mystifies you, so much the better, because undoubtedly that was the effect intended by its author."

"Of course," he agreed readily; "of course. But I was wondering if it mystified not only me but everybody else. I infer from your reluctance to define it that it probably has." He swallowed his highball and then laughed in a way that I didn't at all like. "I understand," he said, "that you're doing a bit of writing yourself."

I said that I was.

"You'll have to read us something some day," he observed, and he made the apparently innocuous and polite remark sound like a warning.

It was not long before I was aware of the truth that underlay Ipokek's words. My fine but careless theorizing and my generous hints that I, as well as Evangeline, was a creative artist, led to demands that I show my work. These demands as time went on became, in the face of my modest refusals, more insistent and embarrassing. Evangeline was naturally peculiarly interested in what I pretended to be doing—so interested indeed that, properly to carry out my deceit, I was forced to spend a great part of my spare time locked in my study, supposedly laboring over my new poetry, but in reality reading the stock reports and various treatises on economics and finance. My work downtown suffered abominably.

With trepidation I saw the day approaching when requests for a hearing of my supposititious vers would be so urgent that I should have to yield to them or confess myself a fraud. The latter I was determined not to do at any cost, not because I valued my reputation in the eyes of Evangeline's salon but solely because such a revelation would, I foresaw, be a bitter blow to Evangeline herself—a blow which might well shatter all the affection and sympathy that I had so recently regained. No, rather than disrupt the domestic *entente cordiale* I made up my mind to resort to Machiavellian trickery.

I sought out Franz Ipokek in his Greenwich Village garret.

I found him, angry but wilted and helpless before the wrath of his landlady, who was threatening eviction if he didn't pay his rent. Why eviction should have been a fearful threat in his case I am at a loss to understand, for I have seldom seen so mean, squalid and unappetizing a hall bedroom in my life. His one narrow window, which afforded a splendid view of the fire escape, he kept carefully closed, and I am certain that the atmosphere had not been changed for at least a month.

Intent on my selfish purpose, I was rather pleased than otherwise to find him in such difficult financial straits. It would make my task the easier.

"Hello, Ipokek," I greeted him as soon as the stalwart landlady had withdrawn; "I had an awful time locating you."

He regarded me sullenly and suspiciously but indicated a chair. He himself sat on the bed and smoked cigarettes with that violence peculiar to young geniuses. Occasionally he would throw back his head to remove a lock of his long straight black hair from his eyes.

"This is the way your America houses its men of genius!" he said malevolently. "No wonder you don't have any."

I pointed out as gently as I could that it wasn't my America any more than it was his, except that I paid, perhaps, greater taxes.

"The privileges are yours as well as mine," I said. "You have free police protection, you can attend any church you choose, you are entitled to serve on juries, and you can be educated for nothing in the public schools. Moreover," I went on, "you can use the roads and the public parks, and ——"

He interrupted me savagely.

"And I can vote if I want to!" he cried. "Yes, I know I can do that, but I can't pay my rent. That's one thing I can't do—I can't pay my rent!"

I observed that that might happen in any country and under any form of government, and, grasping at the opening he had given me, I broached my proposition and the motive of my visit.

"I don't know how much your rent comes to," I said, "but I'm going to offer you an opportunity of making some money."

At that he straightened up and calmed down. His dark eyes glittered unpleasantly with the glitter of anticipated gold.

"You've chosen the right moment to approach me," was all he said. "Let's hear the proposition."

I drew a long breath and, reckless fool that I was, gave my character and reputation over into his grimy-nailed hands.

"I want to buy a poem from you," I said.

I shan't forget the look he shot at me from under his saturnine brows. Mephistopheles must have regarded Faust with some such quizzical contempt and amusement when the latter signed away his soul on the dotted line.

I hurried on to explain.

"You're aware," I said, "that I've built up for myself a rather elaborate reputation as a theorizer on the subject of modern verse?"

"You've talked a lot of damn nonsense, if that's what you mean," he answered me.

"Naturally; that's exactly what I do mean. Nonsense is all that you young modernists will listen to. But the point is that, having talked so much, the time has come when I find that I have to practice what I've preached. In other words, I've got to show something that I've written."

"Well?"

"Well, I haven't written anything. I'm not a poet, I'm a stockbroker."

"Then why on earth did you ever pretend to be anything else?"

"My reasons for that," I replied sternly, "are purely personal, and they have no bearing at all on the proposition."

"Oh," he said impatiently, "I can guess the reasons. You found yourself in Rome, and you tried, like an idiot, to do as the Romans do. That proverbial advice is the most pernicious advice ever handed out. It's the sort of thing that makes men into cheap imitators instead of independent originals. It exalts the herd as opposed to the individual. It makes of us just so many cows, all content to follow the lead of the bell cow. When you're in Rome do as the Romans do! Pah! What I say is, When you're in Rome do as the Huns did. Strike out for yourself! Smash things! Devastate! Ravish! Be a true Hun rather than a fake Roman!"

He was working himself up into a fine frenzy and if there had been any object in the room solid enough to bang with his fist he would, I'm sure, have banged it. I had to get him back to earth.

"I don't want a dissertation," I observed, "I want a poem. And I'm prepared to pay for it. I'll pay more than an editor would."

"You'll have to!" he said briefly. He was silent for a space, and then he asked, "What sort of thing do you want and when must you have it?"

"Well," I said, "my line is extremely modern. I've been advocating getting away from anything that tells a story. I've been talking quite a lot against this telling-a-story idea that still pervades all the arts."

"Yes," he said, "I've heard you. It goes down with the morons that listen to you. If all you need is a poem that will stupefy them I'll dash you off something in five minutes while you wait."

"Listen, Ipokek," said I, nettled at his tone; "I'm only a stockbroker, but I'm not the fool you take me for. I don't want any casual, frivolous effort of yours; what I want is an example of your best work—the kind of thing you occasionally sell. The kind of thing, anyhow, that is salable, because it is quite possible that I may decide to submit it for publication."

He regarded me, suddenly serious.

"I see," he said at length. "By the way, has your wife sent any more stuff of hers to the editors?"

"She has," I answered. "They've been very complimentary indeed."

"Splendid!" he exclaimed. "That means, of course, that it's been rejected. Well, I'll write you something, Stacy, that ought to sell. I won't promise that it will, but it ought to. I'll charge you—let me see—I'll charge you ten dollars a line."

"All right," I agreed, "only in that case make it short."

"A dozen lines?" he suggested.

"Plenty," said I firmly.

It was a stiff price that he had named, but, as I have said, I had, like a fool, put myself in his hands; and I would have paid a great deal more to retain Evangeline's respect and admiration.

"Better let me have it by Saturday," I told him. "There's a studio party on Saturday and I shall read it aloud."

"Very well," he said, and laughed. "Check in advance, please. You'll find pen and ink on the table."

But, restrained too late by a remnant of caution, I paid him in cash.

"I want to impress upon you," I said, "that if you should think it funny to give me away in this little matter, you'll simply be killing the goose that lays the golden eggs. It's extremely probable that I shall call on you for more poetry if this first venture proves successful. So you see how you stand, I hope."

He nodded. "I have everything to lose by exposing you," he said, "and all I should gain would be a good laugh." And he reached out his grimy fingers to grasp the six twenty-dollar bills I had placed on the table.

When I returned to our apartment I found Evangeline awaiting me anxiously.

"You're late," she said. "Where have you been?"

"I was detained," I replied ambiguously. "How goes your work?"

"Oh, all right."

"Well, I'm going to the study to polish off a little verse that I've been trying to get into shape. I hope to be able to read it to you all at the Saturday salon."

"Walter!" she cried. "How perfectly wonderful! I shall be so proud!"

Feeling like a hypocritical fool, I permitted her enthusiastic embraces.

"You may not like it," I objected. "I hope you will, but you may not."

"I shall like anything, dear, if it's yours," she said.

At that unconscious thrust I must have winced, although I don't exactly know what wincing is.

The worst of it was that I continued constantly to wince until Saturday, when I received Ipokek's poem in the morning mail. I have kept, as a sort of penance, that dastardly poem of his, and I have it now on my desk before me. It is called, appropriately enough, Patchwork, and it is as follows:

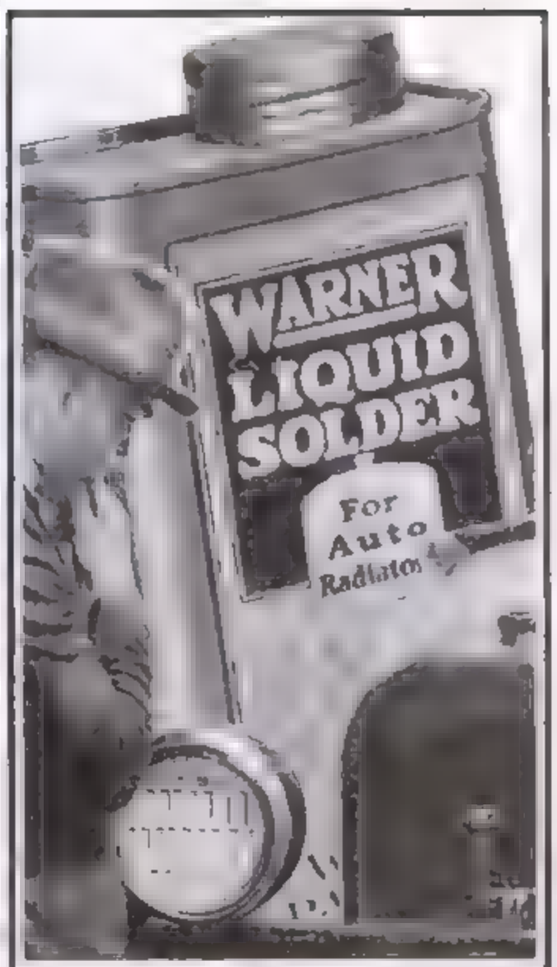
"*Now comes the pain of truth, to whom 'tis pain,*
For eloquence the soul, song charms the sense
But how divine is utterance," she said—
"*Formed to delight at once and lash the age.*
In war was never lion raged more fierce,
Nor soon provoked, nor, being provoked, soon calmed.

"*The grave, the city and the wilderness,*
Where the proud biped who would fain confine
The sweet, wise death of old men honorable,
Do forge a lifelong trouble for ourselves.
Is this the only change that time can show?
Is there," she said, "no balm in Gilead?"

I read through the verses several times before I was quite convinced that they were written in strict accordance with my artistic dogma—they did not tell a story. Not by the widest stretch of the imagination could they be accused of telling a story! And yet, as Ipokek pointed out in his accompanying letter, the verses adhered strictly to a classic form—unrimed iambic pentameter—and the rules governing the use of punctuation and capital letters were followed in what is now almost an archaic manner.

"The supreme test," Ipokek wrote, "is, Does it create a mental or a spiritual or even a physical sensation? Does it put you into a mood of some sort? If so, it has achieved its purpose and is successful literature."

He wound up by declaring that an editor who would find fault with any single line of it would find fault with the greatest masters of English verse.



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I confess that I rather liked the thing as I recited it aloud to myself in my study It meant nothing, but it seemed to mean something. It possessed a sonorous dignity and a cool aloofness that forbade laughter. One could not take it frivolously. And so it was with no little pride and satisfaction that I declaimed it that afternoon to Evangeline's guests. They thrilled to it. Their applause was loud, whole-hearted and sustained. Even Ipokek evidenced his admiration and, I am certain, derived a vicarious pleasure from the praise which was lavished upon me and my supposed work. Mrs. Gaylord very nearly overwhelmed me with adjectives of adulation.

"A splendid, wonderful treasure," she said, "that will march down to posterity in triumph."

As for Evangeline, with whose reaction I was most intimately concerned, she was generous in her congratulations; but I fancied, to my distress, that there was a note of jealousy in her symphony of praise. Was it, I asked myself, a touch of professional jealousy? If so, the awful suspicion came to me that in my endeavors to be a star in her solar system I had overreached myself. I had aimed at being a star and become a good-size planet.

With impatience I awaited the departure of our guests. I desired to be alone with my wife—desired it even more than I dreaded it. I noted with a resentment which I dared not display that Ipokek was hovering constantly about her and that his manner was familiar to the extent of being almost proprietary. He was forever whispering in her ear or laying his grimy hand on her bare arm or draping himself insolently over the back of her chair. And he appeared to be making himself very amusing not only to her but to anybody within earshot. The beast was taking advantage of his hold over me to make love to my wife!

Somehow or other I got rid of the guests, hastening the departure of those who were inclined to linger by pretending that my supply of liquor was exhausted. Deprived of alcohol, they went out like a lamp.

I threw myself on a couch beside Evangeline.

"Whew!" I breathed. "Thank God that's over!" She made no comment, playing abstractedly with a silk tassel of her belt. "I'm not so sure I enjoy being a poet," I remarked. "This rarefied atmosphere is something of a strain."

"You had a tremendous success," she said. "I don't see what you're complaining about. Everybody thought your poem was very fine indeed."

"Yes; they were very nice about it," said I with becoming modesty.

"Even Franz said that it was an unexpected masterpiece."

"Franz?"

"Franz Ipokek."

"Look here," I said abruptly, "does that fellow annoy you, Evangeline? I saw him buzzing around you all afternoon like a hungry bee. He's an impudent scoundrel, and if he's trying to get funny with you I'll say a few words to him that'll put him in his place."

Evangeline flushed deeply and, to my astonishment and dismay, turned angry.

"Don't you dare, Walter Stacy!" she cried. "Don't you dare do anything so—so ridiculous. If you do I'll never speak to you again as long as I live."

She wound up with a tearful quaver in her voice and I was afraid she was going to cry.

In spite of myself the thought came to my mind that possibly my wife cared for this Ipokek more than she knew—much more, perhaps, than I knew. Else why her unwonted vehemence? Her next words did not tend to allay the horrid suspicion.

"Franz and I are very good friends and we have a great deal in common. He understands me—which is more than some men do. He and I can laugh together, and just because we do laugh together you accuse him of trying to get funny with me, as you call it."

"I didn't accuse him of anything, my dear. I simply asked you."

"Well, you insinuated. Just because somebody admires your wife you think he must be a fool. It's you who are the fool, Walter Stacy!"

I sighed and she burst into tears I hadn't, at that time, been very long married, and Evangeline's tears used to fill me with distress, pity and alarm. Her tears were, to me, tragedies.

I gathered her awkwardly into my arms and whispered endearments through her ruddy bobbed hair. I felt, as I was intended to feel, a brute—an abysmal brute.

She sobbed spasmodically for a while and then grew quiet. I raised her face from my coat lapel, where she had buried it, and kissed her moist cheeks. I saw, with relief, that the storm was over. Presently, April-like, she smiled.

"I'll tell you about Ipokek—some day—perhaps," she said.

That ended our little domestic drama—ended it happily enough, except that I was left with the unpleasant knowledge that there was something between Ipokek and my wife which could be told me only "some day, perhaps." This knowledge did not promote my peace of mind; nor did the fact that I, too, shared a secret with Ipokek which I dared not share with Evangeline make me any the less uneasy This fellow Ipokek was becoming an ominous figure in our lives.

Unfortunately, having once availed myself of another's poetical ability and thereby acquired a brilliant reputation, the very enthusiasm of my acclaimers forced me to continue in my deception. At the time I saw myself as the hero or the villain—they were often identical—of a Greek tragedy, propelled by inexorable circumstance from one crime to another; but now, in lighter and more facetious moods, I see that I was merely the sorely tried hero of a farce, muddling along from one comic predicament to another. One's sense of humor is apt to develop only after the event.

Evangeline, stifling any professional jealousy that she might have had, saw to it that my poem, Patchwork, was sent out to the editor of a certain periodical interested in radical verse. This was the more generous of her since most of her own work had been rejected by that same editor. But she was resolutely applying herself to another poem, and I, miserable sinner, had to pretend to go and do likewise. My admirers were forever crying "More!"

Two weeks passed before once again, shamefully, I sought the aid of Ipokek; and once again paid his price. He promised to have the new masterpiece in my hands by the following Saturday, the day when, as usual, Evangeline held her court.

But this particular Saturday was to be a red-letter one, for the word had gone forth that both Evangeline and myself had completed poems which we would condescend to read.

Before the memorable day arrived an unsavory incident occurred which led to open enmity between Ipokek and myself, and to a far more distressing if less outspoken hostility between me and Evangeline.

It occurred, I remember, on Thursday in the afternoon. I came uptown from my office—my neglected Cinderella of an office—and let myself into our apartment with my latchkey. Being neither later nor earlier than usual, I had no reason to believe that my arrival would be unexpected; and I emphasize this point in order to clear myself of any suspicion of having craftily planned a surprise.

I suppose that the noise of my entrance may well have been drowned by the clamor of the two voices that assaulted my ears as I stood in the hall disposing of my hat and my overcoat. I recognized at once the rather shrill and staccato utterance that is Evangeline's when she labors under rage or excitement; and interrupting it at intervals, sneering, caustic, incisive, I heard the slightly foreign accents of Ipokek.

"If you don't know how to behave yourself with decent people," Evangeline was saying, "I'll see to it that you're not allowed in the house again! And if you think for a minute that I'm afraid of you—afraid of going to my husband—you're very much mistaken. I wouldn't hesitate to tell him to kick you down the stairs!"

"He would hesitate to do it, however," cut in Ipokek.

"He'd do it without so much as rumpling his hair," boasted Evangeline.

"I do not dispute his physical superiority," said Ipokek coldly, "but mentally he is very inferior."

"Bah!" cried my wife. Not a very powerful rebuttal, I thought; no more powerful, indeed, than the regulation "Is that so?"

But at this point I determined to speak for myself; and I stamped noisily into the room. My advent was greeted with neither surprise nor consternation. Both the combatants, in fact, turned to me with an air of triumph as if I brought reenforcements which each thought would decide the issue

(Continued on Page 56)

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(Continued from Page 54)

in his favor. Each seemed a Wellington greeting a Blücher.

"You're just in time, Walter," said Evangeline sweetly; "you're just in time to save me the trouble of showing Mr. Ipokek the door."

"What's the matter?" I asked in order to gain time.

"He's been very impudent," she said.

"I assure you, Mr. Stacy," said Ipokek, "that I have been nothing of the sort. Your wife has misunderstood me and misjudged me. I have expressed my unbounded admiration for her, that is all—the admiration that one poet must feel for another; the admiration, for instance, that I feel for you yourself."

He uttered this last phrase in a significant challenging tone, as if daring me to chastise him. He well knew his hold over me and was obviously relying on it to save his skin. Dearly as I should have loved to heed my wife's advice and kick him out of the door, I found myself hesitating to do so. I was in an extremely unpleasant dilemma.

If I shall be accused of rank cowardice for not giving in at once to my healthy instinct to lay violent hands on the dirty little beast, I can but emphasize one important factor in extenuation. It must be remembered that as my sane, normal, animal self I had failed to secure Evangeline's love and respect. I had become her idol, her hero, only when I had pretended to be a theorizing dreamer. She had scorned the healthy man of action but had apparently worshiped the sickly poet. You see, then, what I believed I stood to lose if I assaulted Ipokek as my fingers itched to do? The moment he exposed my true character to my wife I should lose both character and wife!

While I hesitated, weighing the pros and the cons, I became aware that Evangeline was watching me, at first puzzled, then anxious, then disappointed, then disgusted And Ipokek's sarcastic smile of triumph broadened across his sallow face. I was his Blücher, alas; not Evangeline's!

I threw him a look of fury that, temporarily at least, narrowed his smile. Though I dared not choke him then, I resolved to choke him later and elsewhere. With a gulp I swallowed my anger and my pride—a huge mouthful.

"If there's been a misunderstanding," I began smoothly, "I have no doubt that everything can be adjusted peacefully. As Ipokek has pointed out, we're all poets after all, and as such we ought to stand by one another, especially when the ignorant world is so much against us. Ipokek, I'm sure, is sincerely sorry if you have—have misunderstood him, my dear. Can't we let it go at that?"

My wife stared at me with incredulous, bewildered eyes.

"Why—why—why, you little, cowardly, little yellow dog, you!" she exclaimed, and strode, superb in her contempt, from the room. I bowed my head in legitimate shame.

Then I turned on Ipokek.

"Now," I barked, "out you go too! Out, do you hear! I'll settle you later."

"At your convenience," he said with a grin.

He went willingly enough to the hallway, where he selected his hat and stick and donned his overcoat.

"Oh, by the way, Stacy," he said, "you shall have your new poem in tomorrow's mail. I think you'll be very pleased with it."

"Damn the new poem—and the old one, too—and you and all your works!" I cried.

"And the pomps and vanities of this wicked world," he concluded, "and all the sinful lusts of the flesh. You might as well make your damning complete, my dear Stacy. Well, good-by until Saturday."

I breathed a sigh of gratitude when I heard the door close behind him—a sigh that quickly changed to one of despair. I had to return and face my wife! The greatest obstacle, of course, to happy married life is the fact that married people have to see each other on occasions when they would prefer to be at the opposite poles. At such times either they make stilted conversation for the benefit of the servants, or they disregard the servants and glare at each other in sullen silence, or they fly into violent and whole-hearted tempers and call each other names invented on the spur of the moment but which, once invented, seem singularly appropriate.

I faced my wife. I faced her before dinner, during dinner and after dinner. I faced her, but she spoke no word. In vain did I attempt halting explanations or a friendly facetious caress. She was adamant; her lips were set in that firm straight line whose meaning I knew too well; her eyes, hard as anthracite, flushed scorn and contempt when she deigned to raise them; she shuddered and shrank from my clumsy advances.

As may be imagined, I suffered abominably—so abominably that my patience became exhausted and I permitted myself to tell her a few verities.

"After all," I said, "Ipokek's your friend, not mine. It was you that first asked him to the studio; and if you can't make him behave it's your own fault. I've always disliked him and I've told you often enough that he was nothing but a dirty parasite. You deliberately lay yourself open to insult by receiving him, and then you expect me to get you out of it. It's just a little too much!"

She answered nothing.

"It's just a little too much!" I repeated. "You're the one at fault, and you know it."

She began to hum and rustled the pages of the newspaper she was reading.

"But, just like woman," I continued, "you take it out on me. If you think I'm going to stand your sitting there forever like a damn mummy you're mighty mistaken. You're mighty mistaken, I tell you!"

She continued, however, to sit like a mummy, and I could think of nothing effective to do about it. By Saturday morning we were in a mood to cut each other's throats.

But the Saturday morning mail gave me something else to think about. A new catastrophe crashed into my already disrupted life. The first envelope that I opened contained nothing that was especially upsetting—merely the new poem which that fiend Ipokek had sold me to read at the salon that afternoon. I glanced at it casually, without great interest. Poems had ceased to appear important. Nothing was important at the moment except my relations with Evangeline.

I did, however, take a look at the title of the thing and the first few lines. It was called—I shall never forget it—The Pot and the Kettle. And it began thus:

Black, black, both black, both buffoons
Blotted black! . . .

I remember that, even in my distress, I could not resist smiling a little. Ipokek had employed, I thought, rather too much of "alliteration's artful aid." I tossed the manuscript aside, in no mood to go on with it. Moreover, I had not made up my mind whether to fulfill my promise of reading a poem to the studio gathering that afternoon or not. Evangeline, I knew, was booked to read one of hers, and that might well be sufficient to satisfy our idolaters.

I opened the second letter. It was from the editor of the magazine to whom, upon my wife's advice, I had submitted my masterpiece—or, more accurately, Ipokek's masterpiece—Patchwork. The poem was inclosed, rejected, but the blow of a rejection was as nothing in comparison to the vitriolic contents of the accompanying letter.

"*Dear Sir*," it ran: "Editors are not omniscient, and there may well occur instances where they are unable to detect hoaxes, deceptions and plagiarisms. This, however, is not one of them. In returning your contribution, we desire to make known to you our amazement at your brazen audacity and our disgust at your flagrant moral turpitude. We can but wonder if you expected such evident plagiarism to pass undetected. For your information we assure you that within five minutes after reading your poem, Patchwork, we had traced, by the aid of a book of quotations, every line of it to its source. We congratulate you on having stolen a line apiece from such distinguished poets. Beginning with the letter K, you apparently proceeded more or less alphabetically as follows: Keats, Milton, Meredith, Pope, Shakspere (two lines), Shelley, Southey, Swinburne, Tennyson, Wordsworth, and finally, the Bible. Your poem is indeed appropriately named—Patchwork.

"Assuring you, sir, of our unmitigated contempt, we are, etc."

As I read the letter my brain staggered and reeled. I turned frantically to seek my own book of quotations; I wrenched it from its shelf; I fluttered through the leaves of the index, and finally, to my horror, I located the opening line: "Now comes the pain of truth, to whom 'tis pain." Keats! It was Keats, not Ipokek! And the next one: "For eloquence the soul, song charms the sense," was Milton, not Ipokek. And the next Meredith—not his poetry, to be sure, but ironically enough, his prose. Small wonder the poem told no story. What poem made up of lines culled at random from a book of quotations could be expected to tell a story? I groaned, and then I put my face in my hands and, overcome with wretchedness, sobbed.

At luncheon I could scarcely face the food. Had not Evangeline's manner still been so glacial, so unapproachable, I should, I think, have blubbered out a confession of the whole squalid affair and thrown myself on her mercy. But she didn't look as if she knew what the quality of mercy is. She would, I feared, have merely been contemptuous, and I had already had more than my share of contempt from the irate editor. So the meal was accomplished in one of those vicious matrimonial silences, and I was glad, when it was over, to be able to lock myself up in my study and reflect upon how ill-used I was and upon how exceedingly burdensome is life.

Presently my eye fell upon that new poem of Ipokek's The Pot and the Kettle. The first lines of it leaped up and smote me.

Black, black, both black, both buffoons
Blotted black! . . .

I read no further, but with a virile heman's oath tore the sheet into strips and hurled them into the wastebasket.

"More of his filthy plagiarism, no doubt," I thought. And I resolved, of course, that in no circumstances would I make use of it. The intelligentzia of Evangeline's salon would have to go home with their poetic souls unfed as far as I was concerned. But the lines of the poem haunted me and the beat of it pounded in my temples. "Black, black, both black, both buffoons blotted black!" When I paced the floor I found that subconsciously my feet kept time to the meter of it. It would, I reflected, if set to slow music, have made a creditable funeral dirge.

At half past three the guests began to arrive at the studio. From my room I could hear the shrilling of doorbells and the sound of high-pitched voices making supposedly witty conversation. I could hear the gurgling of the women and the masterful booming of the men. I could hear, for the first time in two days, the pleasant staccato tones of my wife as she welcomed the half-wits. But, Achilles-like, I remained in my tent, sulking.

At four o'clock Evangeline came to knock at my door. I opened it cautiously.

"You might at least have the decency," she said, "to get out the whisky and the port. You know perfectly well that I haven't the keys."

I tossed her my keyring. "Don't give 'em the good port," I said. "There's no use casting pearls before swine."

"Thank you," she answered, and retired.

Sulking is all very well, but it soon grows irksome if nobody seems to notice it. By 4:30 my curiosity overcame my pride and I ventured forth into the already crowded studio. I was greeted with an enthusiasm that was like a salve to my wounded spirit. I was deferred to and I was referred to. I was flattered unmercifully. Mrs. Gaylord gushed over me like a geyser. My opinion was asked and, more noteworthy, was listened to on a host of subjects from Marx to marks. Was it true I had finished a new poem?

"No," I answered briefly, "I have not." I felt suddenly as flat as a punctured tire. "I have not, but I believe that Evangeline is going to read us something of hers."

There followed bursts of handclapping as the news passed from group to group. The air was replete with anticipation, enthusiasm and the fumes of my whisky and my rather rancid port. The intelligentzia were neighing and champing.

Evangeline, with the graciousness of an actress taking a curtain call, mounted to a low dais. The applause became more vigorous. I thought with a pang that was almost physical, how truly superior she was to all this riffraff about her; and a great pity, not only for her but for myself, surged through me. Why could she not, I asked myself, see through these pretentious frauds, these bombastic phrase makers, these tinsel mentalities, these self-appointed prophets? Why should she deign to lower herself to be one of their fellowship?

The fraudulency of them struck me the more keenly, I suppose, since I could myself bear witness to how easy it was to become not only their peer but even their leader. I, a cheat, had outdone the cheaters without the slightest difficulty. They had swallowed Ipokek's nonsense poems as if they had been manna, and their admiration of bunk served to prove that bunk was all that they themselves aspired to.

Evangeline silenced the applause with a gesture and a smile. There was a dim respectful silence. In a crooning cadenced voice she began to read her poem.

I find myself totally unable to set down my sensations as I heard the first lines—heard and realized what they signified, heard them and saw the whole comic tragic truth in a burst of light as sudden and as vivid as lightning.

"*Black, black, both black, both buffoons*
Blotted black!". . .

Yes, those were the opening lines that Evangeline read! Her poem! It was no more hers than it was mine. It was Ipokek's.

I didn't wait for more. I yelled "Stop!" at the top of my lungs. I waved my arms like a crazy man and I cried again, "Stop!"

She stopped, disconcerted. I elbowed my way through the silly, frightened audience to the dais. By the time I had reached it I found that I was very calm, very clear-headed. I knew exactly what I wanted to do.

"Evangeline," I said gently, "there's no use going on with that rubbish. We've made fools of ourselves long enough, you and I, for the benefit of these fools. Let's send them all home. Let's quit pretending to be what we aren't. Haven't you had enough of it?"

Her lips trembled and I was afraid she might cry, so I created a diversion by climbing to the platform and addressing our guests.

"This studio," I said, "can be emptied in four minutes. Walk, not run, if you please, to the nearest exit. There will be no more gatherings here on Saturday afternoons; there will be no more literary readings, and there will be no more food and drink dispensed over the counter. I intend to have the place cleaned and fumigated, and to air it well. In the meantime I'll be obliged if you'll all pass out quietly and save your comments for the street or the sweet privacy of your boudoirs."

Well, they went. They grumbled and exclaimed and complained and muttered, but they went. And Evangeline stood with her arm through mine and watched them go.

When we were alone she put her face on my shoulder and asked, "How did you know, Walter?"

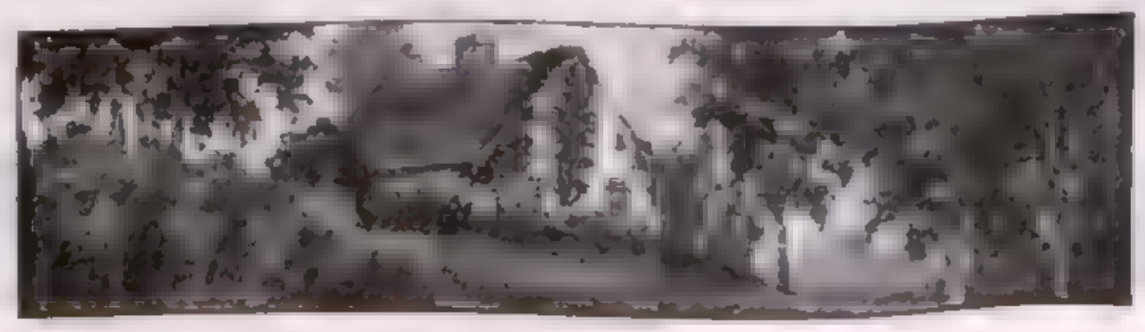
"How did I know!" I echoed boisterously. "How did I know that Ipokek had written that poem, and not you? Why, nothing could be more simple, my dear, because, you see, he sold the same trash to me. Between us I imagine we've been buying his entire output. I don't know, I'm sure, what his prices are to you, but he charges me ten dollars a line."

"I've been paying eight," she whispered with, I think, something of the pride of a woman who has got the better of a bargain.

Then she laughed. My wife's laugh can be contagious and irresistible. Could Ipokek have heard it he would have been disappointed at the results of his plot.

"'Black, black,'" she began, "'both black, both buffoons——'"

"The Pot and the Kettle," I interrupted with a grin; and I commenced opening the windows of the studio to let in the air.



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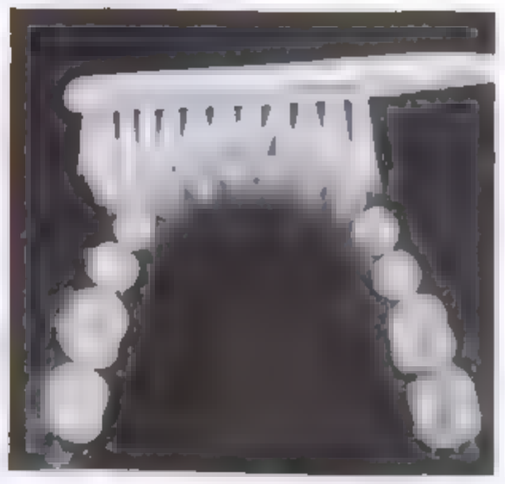

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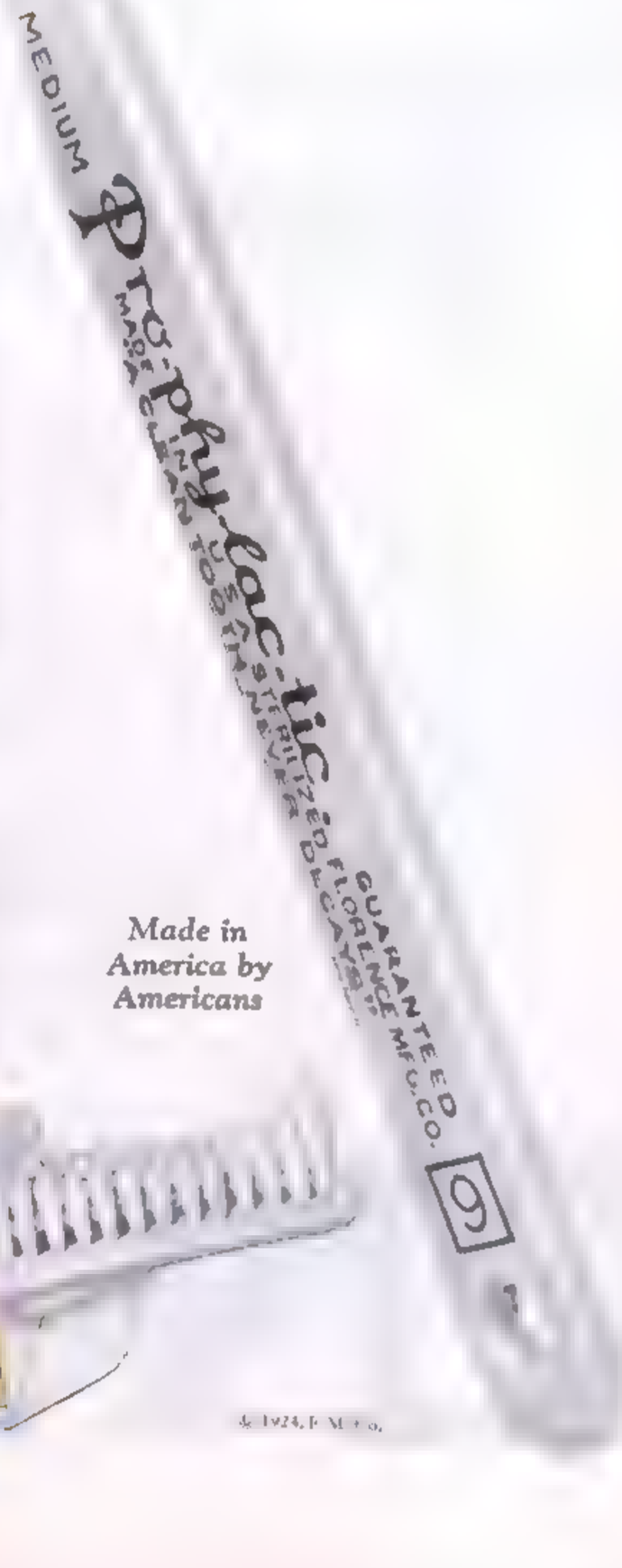

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THE GREAT AMERICAN GAME

(Continued from Page 13)

of the state," and that "The Big Store, while infinitely bigger than all its competitors in point of size, will, as always, be smaller in point of price," Joel Graham dined savagely on his finger nails, and announced publicly that "if that fat robber Bailey sticks his long nose in my store, I'll pull it for him." These words being duly communicated to Mr. Bailey, he grinned and said, "The unsuccessful always yap at the successful"; and this remark being relayed to Mr. Graham, that gentleman seized the nearest telephone and summoned an architect.

"Build me," directed Joel Graham, "a new store that will make that gingerbread joint of Bailey's look like a shack."

So a new six-story Bee Hive was reared on the site of the old one. Prudence made Mr. Graham modify his first soaring words, and the new Bee Hive was larger than The Big Store by a shade perceptible only to its owner.

"By far the biggest—in size, stock and service—of any department store not only in the city but in the state," were the words employed in Mr. Graham's inaugural address which welcomed an admiring citizenry to his new store. "A city," asseverated Joel Graham, "is known by the department store it keeps."

The effect of a department store on the community it serves was a topic, Mr. Graham went on to say, that deserved a more extensive and serious study than had hitherto been given it. He was glad, he continued, that Clinton City had one department store in which the citizens could repose every trust. This could not be said, he regretted to say, of some stores. He would mention no names. That would be indelicate.

To Mr. Bailey's mind this delicacy on Mr. Graham's part seemed quite superfluous. Everyone knew whom Mr. Graham meant. "That puffed-up penny-grabber" came to be, in Mr. Bailey's vocabulary, synonymous with Joel Graham, and Mr. Graham customarily referred to Mr. Bailey as "that pirate." To each other they never spoke directly now.

Clinton City enjoyed the spectacle of two of its leading citizens at swords' points, and profited by it, for public favor was the golden apple for which these gladiators contended. Both stores were good, honest stores—unusually so, in fact—and Clinton City patronized each equally, and was proud of both. There are three things in any small city to which all civic-hearted citizens will point with pride, and one of these is the home-town fire department, and another is the surpassing corruption of the local political gang, and the third is the excellence of its department stores. Clinton City men, visiting cousins in New York, were known to have become embroiled in fistic combat with their hosts, and even with total strangers, on hearing invidious comparisons made between the stores of the metropolis and The Big Store and The Bee Hive.

The Bailey and the Graham establishments came to be institutions; growing children received the impression that they had always been there, like College Hill and Clinton Pond. But there were times in the early history of the two stores, as the worried Bailey and the no less worried Graham well knew, when the stores had been wabbly. Both men had been so hypnotized by the green-eyed monster that in building such huge stores they had overreached themselves. The truth was that at first The Big Store and The Bee Hive were too big for Clinton City. It was clear to the astute Mr. Bailey, and the no less astute Mr. Graham, that the city must be made to grow to fit their stores.

Clinton City's first boom had died down, and no longer did bungalows increase and multiply with the celerity of guinea pigs. Growth, though steady, was slow, very slow, and it was in that period that Mr. Bailey's hair began to gray and Mr. Graham's hair began to vanish.

But they were men of action, both of them. They had built up their stores; they would build up their city. Historians will hardly dare question the statement that what Clinton City is today is due in large measure to the efforts of Messrs. Bailey and Graham to make their fair city match their stores in size and efficiency.

Traveling Clinton Cityites were subtly schooled to sing the praises of the stores and to spread the idea that a town equipped with castles of commerce must be a very remarkable town indeed. Visitors to Clinton City were conducted through the spacious Big Store, and were made to run the fascinating gantlet of counters in The Bee Hive. They departed, impressed. Visitors noted, too, a rapidly improving Main Street, for the smaller stores had to follow the pace set by Messrs. Bailey and Graham or be left far behind financially. So visitors went away and did missionary work to convert heathen in outlying districts to the religion of Clinton City, and new residents began to pour into town. More factories began to raise their steel and brick heads; Clinton City spurted forward. It was in this period that the chamber of commerce painted on the rock by the depot, "This is Clinton City. Bigger Than New York in 1925." True, Clinton City did fall short of this mark by some five million souls or more, but it did become a busy, prosperous, populous place, and Messrs. Bailey and Graham began to buy old masters and genuine antiques for their drawing-rooms.

Wealth is deemed by some to be the great emollient, the universal balm, but it did not prove so in the case of the two merchants of Clinton City. The soothing sight of his balance at the First National did not cause Joel Graham to yearn to embrace Bradley C. Bailey, any more than Mr. Bailey felt moved to bury the hatchet when he looked over his robust statement from the Clinton City Trust Company. If Mr. Graham or Mr. Bailey felt any pressing desire to bury hatchets, it was to bury them in each other.

Indeed, as The Big Store grew bigger and The Bee Hive buzzed louder, the massing of money came to be entirely secondary consideration to the two men. Bailey wanted to beat Graham, and Graham wanted to beat Bailey. To them this was an intensely absorbing game, to be contested stubbornly, craftily at every point. They were past caring for dollars for what dollars could buy. Dollars were simply counters in their game.

If a Chinese, visiting Clinton City, had asked, "What is the great American game?" some might have answered him "Baseball," and others "Poker," and still others "Politics"; but Bradley C. Bailey and Joel Graham would have declared that the true answer is "Business."

They lived for the game. Like veteran boxers versed in all the refinements of ring science, Mr. Bailey and Mr. Graham fought. They did not always observe, strictly, the Marquess of Queensberry rules; for example, they did not pause for a rest between rounds. Without respite they led, countered, jabbed, hooked, uppercut, clinched, blocked, indulged in spirited infighting, and always they kept on the alert for a chance to land a knockout blow. To beat the other man—that was the passion of each of them.

When Joel Graham was elected a director of the First National Bank, Mr. Bailey felt that he had received a blow below the belt, and promptly withdrew his account and placed it in the recently organized Clinton City Trust Company, and had himself elected a bank director too. When Mr. Bailey led with a large home for himself in the best Georgian manner, with eight master's bedrooms and eight baths, Mr. Graham immediately countered with a mansion in the Colonial style, with nine master's bedrooms and nine baths. When Mr. Graham scored by entering local politics, Mr. Bailey evened matters by entering politics too, although he had to forswear the teachings of his fathers in order to join the opposing party. When Mr. Bailey, by fast footwork, got ahead of his adversary and presented a handsome church to the city, Mr. Graham put on speed and gave the city a still more costly church of another denomination.

But these little tests of strength were mere skirmishes compared with the major battle that was waged unceasingly along the front-line trenches in Main Street. Here raged warfare, vigorous, whole-hearted and on a grand scale. Smallness is seldom a leading trait in men who by their own enterprise and imagination have built up huge businesses and made themselves some millions of dollars, with no more initial capital than a comb and an extra suit of heavies. Messrs. Bailey and Graham fought as they hated, and they hated with that large, liberal hate which strong men, well matched, feel for each other. From their hate and their strife they derived pleasure. Each man respected the other's prowess. There were times when Mr. Bailey drove home such a particularly telling blow that Joel Graham, even as he rubbed the injured spot, was compelled to declare, with a certain admiration, "That pirate Bailey certainly does hit hard." And Mr. Bailey had more than one unwilling tribute jolted from him by the power of the other man's good right arm.

There was that radio-broadcasting station, for example. Long before other and larger cities could boast of such an asset, Bradley C. Bailey had a vision of its possibilities, and soon nightly, from Cuba to San Francisco, anyone who wished to tune in might hear, "This is Station BCB announcing—The Big Store, Bradley C. Bailey, sole proprietor, The House of Real Values. Stand by and you will hear the Bradley C. Bailey Employes' Mutual Benefit Association Jazz Band render I've Got Those Baby-Come-to-Papa Blues."

Joel Graham was staggered by that blow, but he rallied, and soon after anyone who twiddled the knobs of his radio set a bit could hear a strong, sweet voice saying, "This is Station JCS—The Bee Hive, Clinton City's Leading Store, Joel Graham, president. Stand by and you will hear the Graham Bee Hive Orchestra of the Joel Graham Associates play I've Got Those Baby-Come-to-Papa Blues."

There was that new daylight-lighting system that Joel Graham installed in The Bee Hive at considerable expense largely because it enabled him to inform the world that "The Bee Hive is the brightest store in the state. Don't shop in dim, ill-lit stores that do not have the Daylight System. *Some* stores keep the light poor so you can't see how poor their merchandise is." These words caused Bradley C. Bailey to froth at the mouth, and also they caused him, without delay, to light his store with the same system.

There was Ye Olde Englishe Food Shoppe, conceived by Mr. Bradley C. Bailey, and dedicated to the nourishing of his patrons. That was a solid punch at the solar plexus of Joel Graham. Mr. Graham staggered, blocked, and returned the wallop by means of a series of full-page advertisements in the papers in which a mythical and always hungry young lady named Peggy urged an equally mythical friend named Betty—"Betty dear, you must lunch with me today in the beautiful new tea room in The Bee Hive, Joel Graham, Pres. It's the sweetest place! So quaint—and so cheap too. They call it The Old Spanish Mission Room, because it is old Spanish in its decorations. You'll adore it, Betty. They serve the most delicious chicken salad for only forty-five cents a portion, which is much less than you have to pay *elsewhere*." On perusing this, Mr. Bailey's fingers twitched as if he felt a wish to strangle Miss Peggy. His chicken salad was priced at sixty cents.

Each of the stores had celebrated its thirtieth anniversary with appropriate sales and ceremonies. The Bee Hive had had an orchestra play on its birthday, and had given away souvenirs. The Big Store, of course, had an orchestra too, and gave away souvenirs. As Joel Graham drove to the meeting of the board of directors of the First National Bank one day, he was brooding over the fact that whereas he had presented rather commonplace fans to his patrons, Bailey had given away souvenirs of a more lasting and favor-winning nature—small metal banks in the shape of safes. That put Bailey one point ahead in the eternal game, and Joel Graham wrinkled up his big, good-natured face in thought as he sought an inspiration that would enable him to tie the score.

As soon as he entered the directors' room at the bank he sensed that something exciting was in the air.

"Here comes Joel Graham!" exclaimed Patterson, the president. "Heard the news, Joel?"

"No. What news?"

"About the Clinton City Trust Company."

"No. What about it?"

"Busting," said Patterson.

"What?" This was news.

"Busting," repeated Patterson. "Going down for the third time with all on board."

"But I thought the Clinton City Trust Company was solid," said Joel Graham.

"So did everybody," said Patterson, "including your friend Bailey."

A gleam came to Joel Graham's eyes.

"Bailey?" he queried. "Is he going to get burned?"

"Worse than that," Patterson told him. "Unless we do something about it, Bailey is going on the rocks."

"He is? Not really?"

"Yes. It looks that way," said the president of the First National. "You see, for the past year the trust company has been extending itself—dangerously—and Bailey has been putting up the money. Well, it has just come out that Nixon, the president over there, who we all thought had gone on a fishing trip, has really lit out for parts unknown, and just in time too. He'd been speculating with the company's money, and let me tell you, Joel, Nixon was no piker. He's cleaned them out. Those people are up against it—hard."

"So old Bailey is caught, eh?" asked Joel Graham.

Patterson nodded.

"If the trust company crashes, Bailey crashes too," Patterson said. "He's tossed in every dollar he owns to try to save the sinking ship, and he's going down with it—unless we lend a hand."

A slow smile spread over the face of Joel Graham. Such a smile may be seen in the prize ring when one combatant senses that the other one is weakening, and presses in to land a finishing blow. It was not a cruel smile, for Joel Graham was not a cruel man. It was the victorious smile of one who has won a hard-fought game.

"The question is," he heard President Patterson say, "shall we pull the trust company and Bailey out of the hole?"

Slowly, decisively, Joel Graham shook his head.

And so it came to pass that Bradley C. Bailey, one day, saw the furniture taken from his home by alien hands; he did not mind that so much, for he had steeled himself for it. However, as he stood in front of The Big Store in Main Street, with his hands tight shut and plunged in his pockets, and saw workmen carrying out the counters so that the building might be made over for offices, when he saw the men casually pulling to pieces the store he had given his life to build, he suddenly felt much older and more broken than a hale man of sixty has any right to feel. It doubtless would not have made him feel any better had he observed that Joel Graham, in his office on the fifth floor of The Bee Hive, was watching too.

Three months had passed since The Big Store had failed, and Joel Graham, sitting moodily over his breakfast in his big house, remarked to his wife, one fine morning, "I wish those damned birds would stop their infernal twittering."

Then: "This egg must have come over in the Mayflower."

Then: "I can't eat this bacon; it's too crisp."

Then: "This coffee tastes to me as if it were made of ground-up cigar boxes."

Then: "Yes, I do feel out of sorts. Rotten, in fact."

Then: "No, it isn't my digestion, and I don't need to take a pill, and I won't go on a vacation. I don't know what ails me."

He went glumly down to his office, frowned at his secretary, scowled at his assistant, and spoke gruffly—which was not at all like him—to his advertising manager. He lit a cigar, puffed a few puffs, drummed on his desk, threw the cigar away, said a bad word, drummed some more, lit another cigar, did not like it, threw it away, got up, fidgeted about, then went to the window and stared at the deserted building across Main Street. It had not yet been converted into an office building, but stood there, a lifeless red-brick corpse. They hadn't even taken down The Big Store sign, and Joel Graham stood tracing the letters with his eyes.

He thought it might brace him up if he took a tour about his store. That always gave him a sense of pride and success. But that remedy did not work this day. There were plenty of customers in the store, but to him it seemed that there was no bustle, no spirit in the place; the clerks seemed lackadaisical; the merchandise seemed badly arranged, unattractive; the whole establishment seemed to have taken on a

A bottle of milk is a bottle of health

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Many a man could point to a bottle of pure, healthful milk and say the same thing. For to-day milk is used in factories and offices, nearly as much as in restaurants and homes.

A bottle of milk at ten in the morning, and at three in the afternoon, preserves vitality, stirs the lagging pulse, and wards off that "tired" feeling.

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THATCHER
Superior Quality Milk Bottles

lethargic air; even the atmosphere seemed to Joel Graham to have a staleness about it.

He knew that there were many things that he must do that day up in his office; there were contracts to be signed, various decisions to be made, a new advertising campaign to be mapped out. Not so long ago he would have responded to the call of his desk with the enthusiasm of a young husband hurrying home to his bride. But today the idea of going back to his work depressed him, even bored him. Funny, he thought. Never felt like this before. What's wrong anyhow?

He did finally muster up enough energy to go back to his office, but he went with no zest, and only because the sight of the dull store became unendurable to him. When Parkes, the advertising manager, came in to discuss the ways and means for launching "The Most Stupendous Furniture Sale in the History of The Bee Hive—and Clinton City" Joel Graham waved him aside with a weary "Fix it up to suit yourself, Parkes. I don't want to be bothered with it."

Parkes looked curiously at his chief. Not be bothered with it? Unprecedented words! Never before had any work in connection with The Bee Hive bothered Joel Graham. "Aren't you feeling well today, Mr. Graham?" ventured Parkes.

"Oh, I'm all right," growled Joel Graham, in tones that did not carry the least conviction.

He jerked a cigar from his case and fiercely bit it to death. There were papers on his desk for him to sign; he did not sign them. He paced up and down his large office. Now and then he paused to look across the street. Then, in the midst of a stride, he pulled up, and said succinctly to his secretary, "I'm going out. If anyone calls, say you don't know where I've gone and you don't know when I'll be back."

It took Joel Graham the better part of an hour to find what he was looking for, but he found it at last, a shabby little store in a poor part of the town, down on Grey Street, near the railroad station. It looked like a survival of the early days of Clinton City, for it was a badly lit, frame, one-room affair, with a show window no bigger than four handkerchiefs. The sign above the door was also of a bygone era; it was a wooden sign, and the paint was faded and the words were in old-fashioned script—Bailey's General Store. Joel Graham stopped short when he saw the sign; he hesitated with his hand on the door of the shop; then, briskly, he went in.

When he opened the door a bell jangled and summoned the proprietor from a back room, where he had been unpacking a box of cheap stockings. The proprietor came forward with the quick, welcoming air of the born salesman, but stopped abruptly when he saw who his customer was. The welcome died in Bradley C. Bailey's eyes.

"What do you want, Graham?" he said in a low voice.

"To see you, Brad Bailey," Joel Graham answered.

"Well, here I am," said Bailey quietly. "Look at me. Gloat away."

"I didn't come to gloat," said Joel Graham soberly.

"No. I suppose there's hardly enough left of me to gloat over," said Bailey.

"I didn't come to gloat," Joel Graham repeated. Then, "How's tricks, Brad?"

Bradley C. Bailey's mind leaped back thirty years at the words; he looked sharply at his visitor.

"I must have taken in all of six dollars today," he said with a wry smile. He nodded toward the corner, where a small iron safe of obsolete design stood. Joel Graham remembered the day when he had helped Brad Bailey carry that safe into the store. "I started with nothing," he heard Bailey saying, "I'm sixty now, but that isn't going to stop me from starting again."

"Brad," began Joel Graham awkwardly, "Clinton City needs two department stores."

Bradley C. Bailey looked hard at the man before him.

"What do you mean?" he asked.

"Just that," said Joel Graham. "Clinton City needs The Big Store. Will you start it up again?"

"Don't mock me, Joel Graham," said Bailey. "All I own in the world is this suit of clothes I'm wearing, and that old safe. This stock I got on credit. Three hundred dollars would buy it all. Where do you think I could get a quarter of a million?"

Joel Graham's eyes studied the grimy ceiling.

"It could be arranged," he said.

"Arranged? How?" Bailey's smile was bitter. "Who'd stake me?"

Joel Graham continued his scrutiny of the ceiling.

"Me," he said.

Bradley C. Bailey gaped.

"Joel Graham, are you sober?" he demanded.

"Perfectly."

"Sane?"

"Absolutely."

"And you mean what you say?"

"Certainly."

"But why—in heaven's name?"

Joel Graham's manner was as shy as a schoolboy bringing an apple to the teacher.

"Well, the fact is, Brad," he said, "I sort of miss you, somehow."

Three months after the day Joel Graham visited Bradley C. Bailey in the dingy little shop in Grey Street, Mr. Graham came down to breakfast, whistling A Bicycle Built for Two.

"Hello, Nell," he called to his wife. "Say, isn't this a peach of a day? Just listen to those birds. That's real music, I tell you."

Then: "Never tasted a better egg than this one."

Then: "This bacon is just right; nice and crisp."

Then: "Ummmmmm. Nothing like a good cup of coffee to start the day right!"

Then: "No wonder I look well. Say, I feel strong enough to fight a tiger and give him the first bite. Well, see you later. Got to dash down to the store. Big day ahead of me."

Once at the store he beamed at his secretary, shouted a good morning to his assistant, and called Parkes the advertising manager to him.

"Say, son," he exclaimed animatedly, "did you see the ad of that old cutthroat Bailey this morning? He claims that last week The Big Store sold more men's suits than any other department store in town. Of course that's meant for a nasty crack at us. Well, we'll show that old faker who can sell clothes. Slam a full page in the paper tomorrow going something like this ——"

Joel Graham dictated in an excited staccato, his face lit with the glint of battle:

"'Some stores'—emphasize the 'some,' Parkes—'shout about quantity, but The Bee Hive says "Quality—first and always!" And remember this, men: our stock of suits is the largest in the city, no matter what others may claim. Some stores'—italics for 'some,' Parkes—'are not so particular; they don't know woolens the way we do, and their standards are not so high. All Bee Hive suits are good suits. No shoddy in them. When it comes to really fine clothes at fair prices—we challenge any other department store in the city to compete with us. Don't be deceived by extravagant promises made by certain unscrupulous merchants'—italic, Parkes. 'Bee Hive Suits carry the Graham Guaranty, so if you want genuine satisfaction, don't be taken in by mere words, but come to The Bee Hive, Clinton City's Reliable Store, where you get more for the money than anywhere else.'"

Joel Graham's eyes were sparkling when he finished.

"I guess," he remarked to Parkes, "that that will get old Bailey's goat. Yes, sir, just you watch him get sore and come back with something hot. But I'll be ready for him, you can bet on that."

Then, chuckling to himself, Joel Graham lit a very large cigar and puffed smoke rings skyward.

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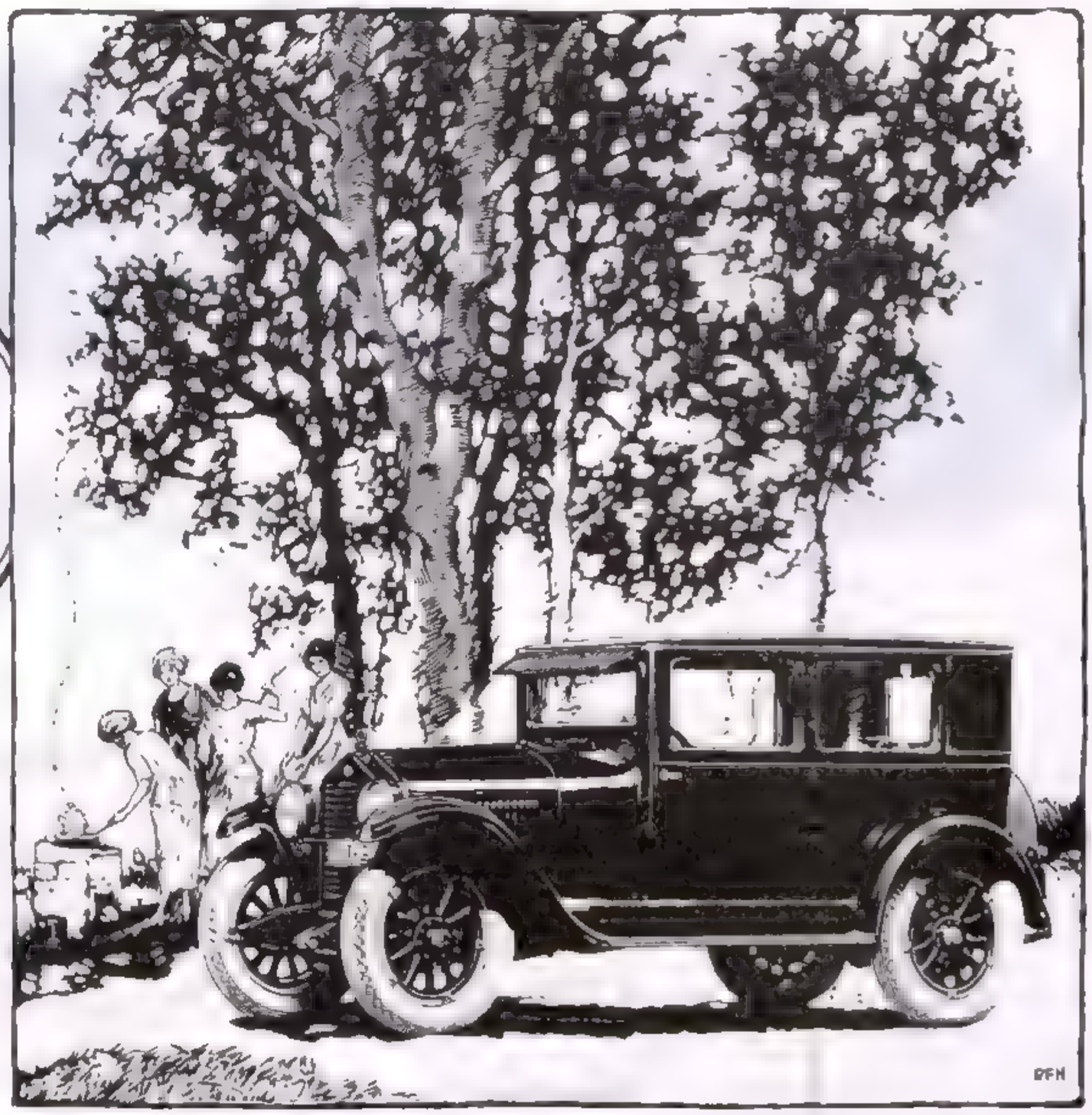

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What other at near the Coach price offers such convincing evidence of value?

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The remarkable value offered in Hudson and Essex is matched by the astonishingly low parts prices and the progressive service policy that keeps maintenance down to a minimum. Be sure and get parts price list from your dealer.

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Why buy an open car? The Coach—exclusive to Hudson and Essex—gives every closed car advantage, at almost open car cost. No other car shares its position. It creates the dominant car issue of the year. It is the largest selling six-cylinder closed car in the world.

Balloon Tires Enhance "Closed Car Comforts at Open Car Cost."

The Coach holds strictly to things that count in real car value. Now it adds the proven superiority of balloon tires—greater riding ease, finer appearance, improved road steadiness and braking efficiency.

It marks another margin of advantage in a leadership of value that all acknowledge.

More than 135,000 owners and nearly three years of service have established a staunchness and reliability never before associated with a closed car.

Both Hudson and Essex are of one quality—built in the same factories, on the same patents, by the same workmen.

There is no reason on the score of economy to accept a lesser car or compromise with an open car. In no other type or car can you get so much in closed car advantages and acknowledged chassis quality, within hundreds of dollars of the cost.

Hudson and Essex Are of One Quality

Now after two years of optional use The Nash Motors Company has adopted Budd-Michelin Disc Wheels as standard equipment on all models of the new Advanced Six and Special Six series.

BUDD WHEEL COMPANY

PHILADELPHIA PA.

THE BAWBY EPHALUNT, FINANCIER

(Continued from Page 11)

was momentarily expecting him in dear old Swanee. But at length the association of ideas reminded him of Gladys, and he abruptly ceased chanting and became introspective.

To be sure, the law was excellent and it was mighty; but when Floyd stopped to remember that eventually Gladys would have to be notified of their formal disengagement, and that for this purpose he himself was the accredited committee of one, his heart of oak was rapidly penetrated by borers. Gladys was red-headed, and she had a red-headed temper, and if she weren't inclined to look at the proposition in a big broad way, then there was simply no telling how much of a rowdy-dow she'd stir up about it. Why, she might even go so far as to tattle to her father! And her father was an awful easy man to aggravate—and the cash pharmacy every once in so often needed a little accommodation down at the bank!

The Bawby Ephalunt, sodden with foreboding, lumbered out to the dining room and presented his mother with renewed assurances of his most distinguished consideration. He said, "Hello, ma. Show a little speed with them victuals; I'm so holler I could eat a b'iled owl."

"Oh, Floyd," she said, quaking, "I had the scariest dream last night! I dreamt I saw a white horse; and that's one of the surest signs of trouble. Do you suppose it could be your pa didn't get that Sovereign Chain Drug Stores agency he traipsed all the ways to New York after?" And without the slightest pause she screamed faintly, "Floyd! You talk about bad luck! Look what you just done! You went and trod on a daddy longlegs!"

These formidable omens, added to his previous uncertainty, threw the Bawby Ephalunt completely off his stride. It was almost as bad as though, on the way to the ball park, he had passed a funeral or a hearse. It meant that inexorable Fate was preparing to knock him out of the box. But even yet he was chivalrous enough to laugh raucously and say, "Oh, don't you be so bigoted, ma. The only raw luck they was in it was for the daddy longlegs."

He drew up his chair to pancakes, and consumed his usual daily dozen, but not with his usual gusto. It occurred to him that perhaps the most diplomatic plan was to take a quick sneak from Huntsboro, and to negotiate with Gladys at long range. He would maintain, for example, that after his immersion in the icy waters his strength had been so vitiated that he hadn't been quite right in his head. He would assure her that ordinarily, of course, he wouldn't have kissed her for a farm. And he would get the Goliaths' own lawyer to edit his correspondence, and tuck in a few sly hints about the rigor of the statutes.

As this brilliant conception slowly ripened, the Bawby Ephalunt was correspondingly cheered. There was no use in wrestling with Destiny; the happier idea was to run it off its feet. Therefore he would go down and give the pharmacy a lick and a promise, pack up his duds, and hop the first afternoon train. Westward, ho! And eastward, ha-ha!

At the pharmacy, however, the ghost of the daddy longlegs verified its reputation as a harbinger of woe, for there was a special-delivery letter from Mr. McEwen in New York:

"*Dear Floyd:* I'm in bed with the la grip and the Dr. says I got to stay covered up from now to Thursday, so, as you got to join the Goliaths about then, we got to get buisy.

"I put our proposition up to the Sov. folks and they was quite agreeable, but say we got to stock their full line, at 3, 6 and 12 mos., and we only got to Sataday to decide. So I want you should have a sit-down with Pert, and say we need another $2500 to grease the deal. Retail value of this stock is $4391.92. So you get a wiggle on, as, if Pert won't see it, we might just as soon turn up our toes. So you see Pert right off, and send me what he says."

Floyd's thoughts were traveling with unusual velocity, considering that they were so heavily barnacled with complications. In the first place he obviously couldn't leave Huntsboro now without grave prejudice to his own pharmaceutical future, and to his father's. He had to see old man Pert. But suppose Gladys had already published the romantic tidings, and old man Pert threw it up at him? Was he liable to get that loan if he came right out plump and said he hadn't the first notion of espousing Gladys? He'd sooner choke. No. But on the contrary, was he going to agree to shackle himself to that red-headed prune for life, just so's to stock up the pharmacy with a trade-marked line of drugs, rubber goods and sick-room supplies? For a citizen not yet eighteen it was kind of involved.

And while in uffish thought he stood Edna Swan came bounding in, as lively as a barrel of monkeys.

"Hello, Floyd! How about this drama they're giving Thursday night?"

He temporized by pretending to listen to a doubtful egg. "Well, how about it?"

"Why, it's all over town that some one of we girls is going to be picked to take a part in it, and you've got the pick! Oh, Floyd, that'll be just too perfectly yummy!"

"What will?" echoed Floyd sluggishly.

As Miss Swan's eyebrows came down, her voice, pursuant to the theory of compensation, ascended. "Why, you wouldn't hardly have the gall to pick out anybody else but me, would you?"

To gain still further time he counterfeited the outward symptoms of bronchitis. He was recalling yesterday's conversation with Gladys. And it was a cinch that Gladys, as soon as she heard about the Rollicking Revelers, would requisition that part for herself, and that if she didn't get it she would raise particular Cain. Of course if she had already made her shy confession to Mr. Pert—why, then Floyd was already in so Dutch that nothing else mattered. But if, peradventure, she hadn't yet betrayed the tender secret, he couldn't afford to rile her. For by utilizing the soubrette's rôle as a kind of hush-darling, and maybe thinking up one or two plausible arguments on the side, he might induce her to keep her mouth shut for a few more days, during which he would try to swing the bank loan. It was a slim chance, but he had to take it.

The Bawby Ephalunt beckoned the infield of doom to come in close and play for the batter.

"Why, the way it is, Edner, it's kind of this way: I ain't got so much say as some folks think I got. This feller come in here and ast me certain questions and I give him back certain answers. So it was all but cut and dried before it so much as begun."

Miss Swan emitted a bleak chirp of incredulity. "You gave yourself away that time, young man! What you're driving at is, I'm not going to be the one. Well, if I'm not, then after this I wish to be treated by you as an utter and contemptible stranger!" And she made a tumultuous exit up center.

The Bawby Ephalunt, corroded to his very marrow—for Edna, if not the salt of his existence, was at least the chowchow—picked up his remaining letters. But he had hardly more than opened the revised price list submitted by W. Fred. P. Muckenfuss, when Mamie Vance appeared to file her own application as comédienne. Usually Mamie was so sweet-dispositioned that she was kind of wishy-washy, but today she sprang the ultimatum that if Floyd hadn't wits enough to recognize genuine ability when it was walking around right under his nose, he might consider her residence as permanently quarantined. And after Mamie the line formed on the right.

The Bawby Ephalunt, seizing his hat, started for the Villa Pert, but his progress was bunkered by femininity. Furthermore, there was a monotonous sameness about the parleys; it was only too evident that by one girl, and by one alone, he would be heralded as a combination of Daniel and Belasco, but that by all others he would be classified as a mean old pig. Right joyously at this stage would he have relinquished his charge and consigned the Rollicking Revelers to the bottomless pit; but unfortunately he was no longer in a position to do so. Rankle as he might, he had to save his bait for Gladys.

Mademoiselle Pert, in starched pink gingham, was airing herself on the lawn; and upon beholding her affianced, whose visage was damp with both injustice and road work, she waved to him and cried out with ungovernable passion, "Hoo-hoo!"

By a severe wrench he simulated a smile. "Hello, Glad. How's your conduct?"

"Floyd! Don't—don't do anything rash! People could see!"

Inasmuch as they were separated by an ornamental iron fence and two feet of box hedge, Floyd did nothing rash. "Say, Glad, did you—have any confab yet—with your folks?"

Her eyes, honest and unflirtatious, met his own with charming confidence. "How could I have? Papa went off to Albany yesterday P.M. in the afternoon, and mamma's in Pittsfield."

The Bawby Ephalunt's relief sounded like a puncture. "When'll they get back?"

"Oh, papa not till Wednesday for supper, and mamma not for a week."

"H'm!" said the Bawby Ephalunt, pondering the calendar. "Not till Wednesday night? Gosh!"

"I didn't sleep one single everlasting wink, Floyd," said Miss Pert frankly. "I was too overwrought. So I made me a plate of fudge and sat up and read Byron. How about you?"

He went on, masking his abhorrence. "Say, listen, Glad. You do somethin' for me, and I'll do somethin' for you. If you'll bind you not to let out so much as one solitary yip about—about yest'day—not to a livin' human bein'—not till I get my affairs reg'lated, and say you can—why, I'll put you on the stage."

Miss Pert was skeptical. "Oh, come off your perch! Do I look as green as all that?"

Floyd crossed the Rubicon by straddling the hedge. "Well, you heard tell about this show Thursday, didn't you?"

"Why, no," said Miss Pert ingenuously. "What show?"

In another two minutes, however, she was seething with far more emotion than was required for the part she was going to perform. Floyd had conferred the ragged script upon her, and she was so exalted that she would have considered heaven as merely a makeshift lodging on the ground floor.

"So it's a swap?" demanded Floyd, insistently. "You won't open your trap till I say it's the physical moment to?"

She was crushing the script to her bosom. "Oh, no, Floydie! My lips are sealed tighter than a drum! I swear it! And if papa should write anything back about it, why ——"

"Huh?" said the Bawby Ephalunt, petrified.

"Why, I wrote it to papa, of course! I ——"

"Good Godfrey!" yowled Floyd. "When you went and told me you hadn't let on?"

Miss Pert withdrew behind a bush of bridal wreath. "But I was speaking of word of mouth! How could I have? They'd gone off. But I had to write it to my own flesh-and-blood father, hadn't I? Come here and fold me in your arms, Floyd—you great big brute! Nobody could peek at us in here."

He had burned his bridges too soon, and there was no ferry service on the Rubicon. Wednesday, old man Pert would arrive with advance information; Friday, Floyd had to start to join the Goliaths; and Saturday, the Sovereign option expired.

Mechanically the great big brute folded her in his arms; but for an additional two cents he would cheerfully have throttled her.

The mortgage on his castle in Spain was now foreclosed; the best-bower anchor was dragging; and there was no balm in Gilead. Nevertheless, following the precedent of the immortal Stephen Brodie, he stopped in at the bank, just in case.

But Eddie Loud, who was the cashier, paying teller, receiving teller, note clerk and bookkeeper, shook all his heads negatively and firmly.

"Sorry, Bawby," he said, "but you better spare your breath to cool your porridge. We can't discount no paper without Pert's O. K. Why don't you ramble back Thursday?"

"Well, if I did," said Floyd conservatively, "then maybe I would."

He went out to the sidewalk and stood as motionless as bronze, for the vile blows and buffets of the world had unmanned him. But at this fortuitous juncture he was whacked between the shoulder blades by Ed Lougee.

Ed Lougee was the sole proprietor of the Huntsboro Hardware Emporium, and although at mealtimes he had to gum it, still he was one of Nature's noblemen. He was also a selectman, overseer of the poor, member of the board of health, director of the bank, deacon, school committeeman, justice of the peace, and holder of countless fraternal degrees, sometimes including W and Y.

"Chirk up, Floyd! Maybe it ain't true."

"Oh, go give it a drink," said the Bawby Ephalunt sourly.

Mr. Lougee looked hurt. "Well, I dunno what call you got to bite my head off. Young whippersnapper like you ought to have more respect. What ails ye, anyhow? Stummick upset?"

The thorns which Floyd was reaping were of the tree which he himself had planted, and he should have known in the beginning what fruit would spring from such a seed; but notwithstanding this, he was quick to absorb sympathy. And Ed Lougee was a pretty decent old codger and a serviceable friend.

"Why, no, Ed. It's only we got the refusal of a Sovereign Chain Drug Stores agency, only we got to borry twenty-five hunderd to maneuver it. And pa's got the grip in New York and Pert's in Albany, and—and I'm kinda betwixt the devil and the stump."

"H'm!" said Ed Lougee. "Twenty-five hunderd? Take a long time to earn that pickin' huckleberries, Floyd."

"Well, it'd put us in a shelf stock wuth upwards of forty-three hunderd retail." Here, without warning, a strictly fresh idea hit him with the force of a hydraulic ram. "Say, Ed; you know pa and you know me. We don't aim to trim nobody. Here's what he wrote."

Mr. Lougee, whose lips moved in synchronism with his eyes, read the communiqué from the wholesale-drug sector, and returned it.

"Why, slap-dash and offhand, I'd say Pert ought to favor it, Floyd. 'Pears to me like a A number 1 security."

"Well, s'pose I couldn't lay back and wait for Pert? I got to cut sticks Friday, and maybe he'd be here and maybe he wouldn't. S'pose I put it up to you, individual? What'd you say?"

Mr. Lougee massaged his jawbone. "Floyd," he said confidentially, "I ain't got that much loose cash. If I did I'd leave ye have it quick's a shot. And what's more, I'd shave the bank's rate a whole half a per cent too. That's how high I think of you and your pa. But seein' I ain't got it, why, where's the common sense o' your gunnin' for a Moses in a place where there ain't even a bulrush? But if I got it in by Friday, Floyd—why, you could count on the lend of it, just like I said." He chuckled with senile humor. "Only I bate ye I don't get it."

"Well, you're a regular feller anyhow, Ed," said Floyd morosely.

With leaden steps he plodded for the pharmacy, and en route he was waylaid by five more aspirants, who each vowed and declared that unless she were nominated as Huntsboro's representative actress, her family—even unto the third and fourth generations—would henceforward buy its drugs, confectionery and toilet articles from over at North Adams, even if they had to pay the trolley. Finally, as a sort of extra dividend, he came face to face with Edna Swan.

Edna sailed by him with the cut direct; but evidently finding this insufficient to salve her mood, she hastily came about and beat back to him. "Now you look straight here to me, Mr. Bawby Ephalunt," she said smartly, "I'm going to give you a good piece of my mind!"

"Humph! Sure you can spare it?" inquired Floyd dubiously.

Edna drew a long breath, and then several short ones. "Why, you you you miserable toadstool, you!"

"Um-hum," said Floyd. "Now you've sung it, why don't you whistle it?"

Miss Swan melted. "Oh, Floyd, what's ever made you so erratic all of a sudden? What earthly rime or reason was there to be so provoking to all your oldest friends? Gladys? Why, that little snip can't act! I could act rings around her every day in the week, and twice on Sundays; and you know it as well's you know a hornet from a handsaw!"

As the Bawby Ephalunt stared at her, remorse kept jabbing at his brisket. Take her by and large, Edna was quite a girl. She had been his very earliest affinity, and although of late she might have slowed up a little in her magnetic appeal, yet she was still a good reliable pinch hitter, and he

(Continued on Page 69)

NASH

Announces

The Special Six
Five-Passenger Sedan

THE NEW *SPECIAL SIX* SERIES

Three Exquisite New Bodies

New-type 4-Wheel Brakes, Nash Design

Full Balloon Tires Standard Equipment

Budd-Michelin Disc Wheels Standard Equipment

New Force-feed Oiling System

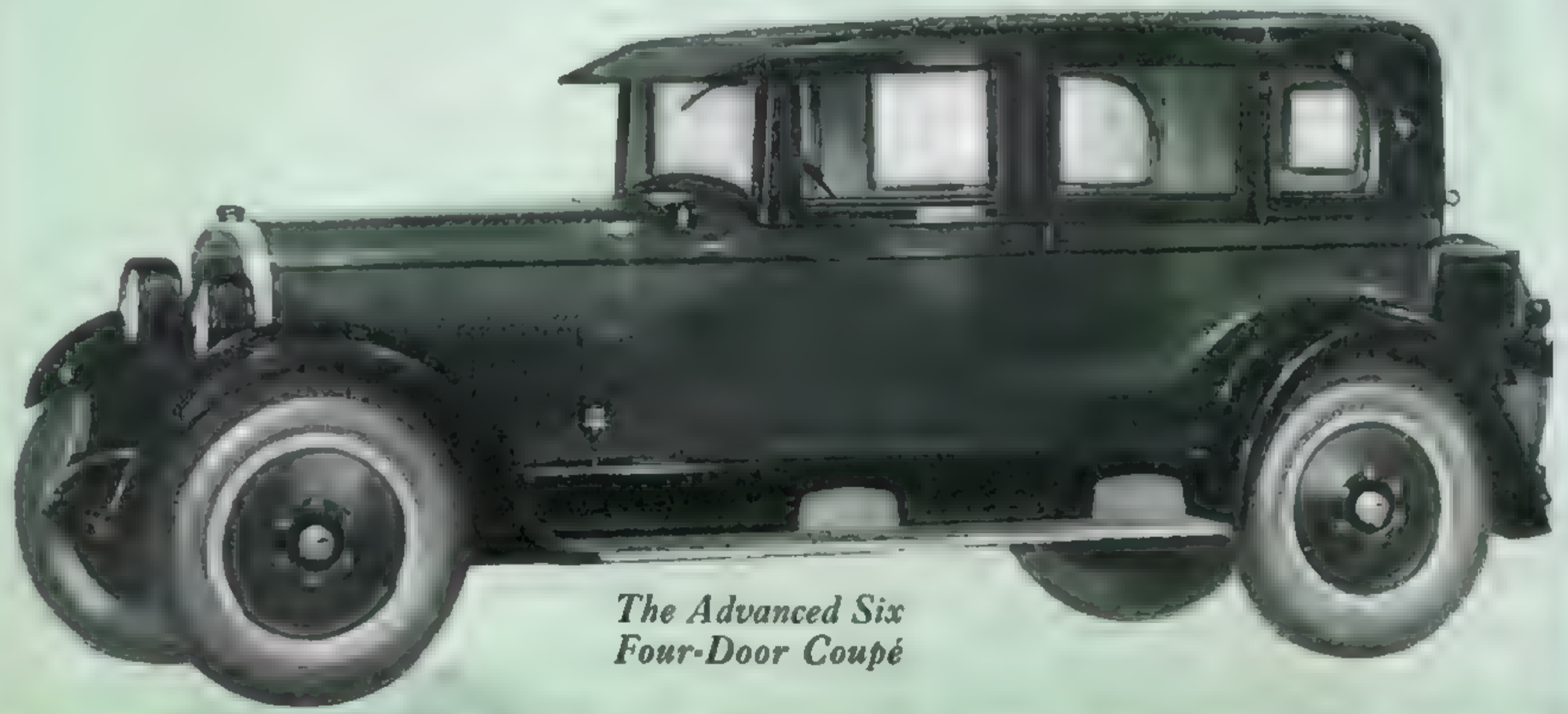
Brilliantly Advanced Roadability

Fixtures of Select Quality and Charm

MODELS: 5-Passenger Touring; Roadster; 5-Passenger Sedan
THE NASH MOTORS COMPANY, KENOSHA, WIS.

NASH

Announces



The Advanced Six
Four-Door Coupé

THE NEW *ADVANCED SIX* SERIES

Six Striking New Bodies

New-type 4-Wheel Brakes, Nash Design

Full Balloon Tires Standard Equipment

Budd-Michelin Disc Wheels Standard Equipment

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Superb New Performance Qualities

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MODELS: Five-Passenger Touring; Seven-Passenger Touring; Roadster; Five-Passenger Sedan; Seven-Passenger Sedan; and the Four-Door Coupé

THE NASH MOTORS COMPANY, KENOSHA, WISCONSIN

AC SPEEDOMETER for FORDS

THE big problem in a satisfactory speedometer for Ford cars has always been the drive.

Now AC has solved this problem.

The simplicity of the new AC direct drive (see illustration) does away with the swivel joint and internal gears.

The AC Speedometer for Fords can be easily and quickly installed. It comes complete with all attachments. When mounted it presents the neat and attractive appearance of factory installation —and does not look like an afterthought.

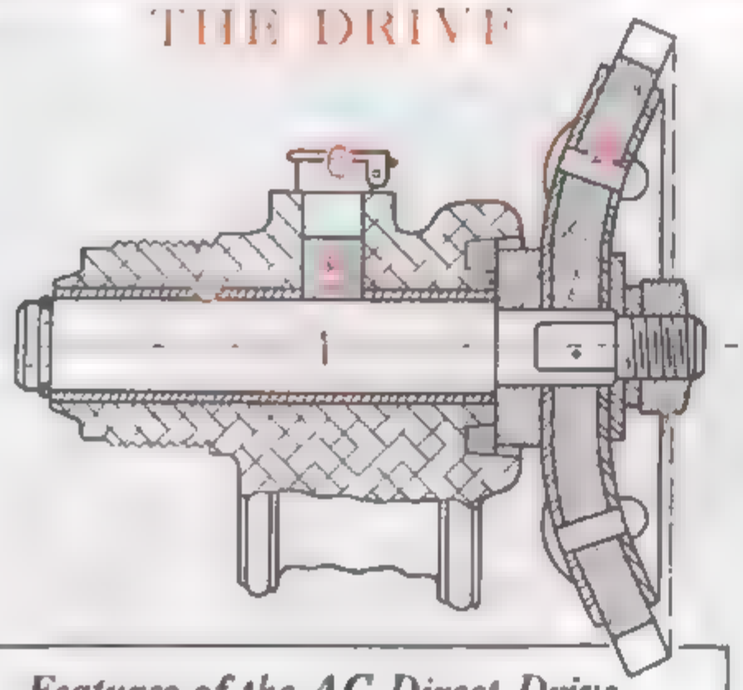
The cost is surprisingly low—$15.00 ($15.50 West of Denver)—YOUR DEALER CAN SUPPLY YOU.

AC Speedometers are now factory equipment on the following cars:

Buick	Gray	Maxwell
Chevrolet	Haynes	Oakland
Chrysler	Lexington	Oldsmobile

Service on AC Speedometers is available at branches of United Motors Service Inc., and 142 Authorized AC Speedometer Service Stations.

THE DRIVE



Features of the AC Direct Drive

1. Direct drive, no swivel joint or internal gears.
2. Felt washers to keep out dust and dirt.
3. Long bronze bearing.
4. Reinforced fibre drive pinion.
5. Felt lubricating wick.
6. Spring oiler.
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Can be installed without removing spindle from axle.

THE SPEEDOMETER

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You want to know how fast and far you go. The AC Speedometer for Fords will tell you this accurately, and also give you a check on your mileage from gasoline, oil, tires, etc.

AC Spark Plug Company, FLINT, *Michigan*

Makers of AC Spark Plugs—AC Speedometers

U. S. Pat. No 1,135,727, April 13, 1915. U. S. Pat. No. 1,216,139, Feb. 13, 1917
Other Patents Pending

(Continued from Page 65)

would always love her when he had the time. Therefore he sought to let her down easy.

"Well, on the strict Q.T., Edner, I'll tell you what the how of it was. First off, you was the very one I was gonna give the choice to, but I took it back for the main and simple reason it's liable to be a rotten, bum show. Why, Edner, if I ever got you into a show that wouldn't pass muster, I'd be so ashamed a streak o' red paint 'd leave a white mark on my face! But the thing I'd set one side for you, Edner, if you hadn't been so darned miffed, was to write up the local hits. And you could have done it slick too."

From her expression the alibi was indigestible. "Why couldn't you said so, then, without keeping me worked up all the whole livelong forenoon? It looks pretty fishy, Floyd."

He countered heavily: "Well, what did you rare up and stamp out o' my pharmacy for, without so much as givin' me my innin's?" Here he flaunted at her a sooty carbon. "And that's the little voucher that backs me up. Would you ruther Mamie Vance wrote the names in? Or Sadie or Daisy or Agnes or Wilhelmina? Or do you gimme credit?"

Miss Swan, examining the skeletons of the local hits, began to giggle. "Oh, Floyd! Oh, this is too perfectly splitting! One person says, 'I see —— has bought his wife a new fur coat.' Then the other one says, 'Well, that ought to keep her warm.' Then the first one says, 'That ain't the point. It's to keep her quiet.' And if I made that Doctor Schweinfelder—when everybody knows Mrs. Schweinfelder's jealous as poison ivy —— And here's another one!" And Miss Swan laughed until she thought she'd expire. Then all at once she stopped laughing. She wanted to be sure that in accepting the milk of human kindness she hadn't lost her helping of cream.

"Honest, Floyd, isn't this just to bamboozle me into playing second fiddle? Is the show really punk?"

"Honest, Edner," said the Bawby Ephalunt incisively, "I ain't seen it myself, but it's liable to be nothin' but a bunch o' cheap fly-by-nights. Don't you tell Glad, though; she's too het up about it. But you write up them local hits, and you and me'll sit together, and whenever Glad comes in we'll all cough and put her off, and have more fun than a goat. And say, Edner, you get Sot Haywood and Mamie and Bud Simpson, and we'll all go over to Glad's t'night, and make her think she's it."

Miss Swan was shocked.

"Oh, Floyd, we couldn't be so fiendish! All else aside, she's a girl, the same's the rest of we girls."

After serious consideration he had to admit that her analysis was well founded. "All right, then we'll just go over and lop around, and gas. Her folks is away, so she's lonesome."

This was the stratagem by which the Bawby Ephalunt avoided any tête-à-tête with his betrothed on Monday night, and he was rather pleased with his finesse.

By suppertime on Tuesday, however, he felt lower than a mole's front foot. Bloated with loyalty to his absent sire, he had gone to Judge Simpson and made a stirring solicitation for a loan. He had said, "Judge, you ain't got two thousand five hunderd dollars you want to put out to interest, have you?" And the judge had responded correctly, "No."

Floyd had then approached Lawyer Cooley, who was universally believed to be filthy with coin, and said, "Mr. Cooley, pa's sick abed in New York, and if we don't raise two thousand five hunderd dollars he says we could just as soon turn our toes up; and nobody else'll cough up with it, so I don't s'pose you would, would you?"

Lawyer Cooley, after less than an hour's deliberation, had replied that for the life of him he didn't see how he could make it dovetail.

With the dogged pertinacity of a book canvasser, Floyd had then worked both sides of Railroad Avenue, calling on every burgher who had the reputation of being solvent. According to their personal statistics, however, they all had one foot in the sheriff's office and the other in the poorhouse. The Bawby Ephalunt began to feel his years; indeed, if there had been any known scale on which to measure his gloom, he could easily have taken on Methuselah in a finish bout, weight for age, and it would have been a fair fight.

His ship was sinking, and the bank was the last rat. Pert was coming tomorrow, and he would naturally want to discuss his daughter before he did his ducats. It looked as though from a floral as well as from a financial standpoint, Floyd was going to be torn between orange blossoms and immortelles.

He had to go over to see Gladys that evening, but he got partly even with her by not dressing up, and by not taking her even so much as a bag of caramels.

"Well," he said, "what news do you get from your dad?"

"Why, not a peep. I expected he'd drop me a postcard anyway, but if he did it got lost in the mail. So I presume he'll be back tomorrow, like he promised."

The Bawby Ephalunt drew a prodigious breath. "Well, do you guess I could have a powwow with him tomorrer afternoon then—private?"

Miss Pert, visualizing the ceremonious and traditional conference between suitor and parent, made an equally traditional effort to swoon, but missed it by a mile. "Why, I wouldn't be surprised. What time?"

"Oh, most any old time, so long's he's sober," said Floyd absently; and that was where the trouble started. In fact, it took all his engineering skill to dam the current of her tears by reminding her that she was called for rehearsal at two o'clock Thursday and did she know her lines by heart?

Luckily, she had the temperament of a true artist. She stopped imitating a crocodile, and began to imitate Ellen Terry. She gave Floyd the script, and made him hear her through it twice; once just for the words, and once at the top of her lungs, with the appropriate motions. And although he was afflicted with much ennui he had to admit that it was a good method of keeping her at bay.

"Floyd," she said, simpering, "do you know what you are?"

He was tempted to reply in the affirmative and say that he was a sucker, but he restrained himself. "No. What?"

"You're my impresario."

Floyd's cheeks became dappled with unaffected innocence. "The mischief I am! You just hold your hosses!"

"Yes, you are too! An impresario's the man that launches people on their theatrical careers."

"Well, if just that one single solitary performance is a career," said Floyd, immensely comforted, "then one foul tip's a double-header. Don't be so petty."

"No, but everything has to have a commencement, don't it? If it didn't, why, what would Sarah Bernhardt and Maude Adams and Mary Pickford ever have amounted to, if they hadn't even begun? If I was good enough Thursday, who knows but what it mightn't be the stepping-stone to a regular salaried offer? Because I can act like a streak, Floyd; I know I can. I feel it here!" And she patted her corsage affectionately.

The Bawby Ephalunt sat coated with thought. "Um-hum. Great aches from little toe corns grow. Well, I got to mosey along."

He kissed her, without very much linger or adhesion, and moseyed along, currycombing his ideas as he went, for it seemed to him that he was on the edge of a mighty precipice of inspiration.

By Wednesday noon, however, nothing had happened to push him over the brink, nor had he yet exhumed a capitalist, although he had been all around Robin Hood's barn. And in the meantime he had to run the gantlet of nasty glances from all twenty-seven of the rejected competitors, to say nothing of their various male relatives, who implied that he must have been bribed. His only spiritual support came from Edna Swan, who had sat up till all hours of the night, sniping at Huntsboro society, and came into the pharmacy to show him the riddled targets.

"No, Floyd," she said, giggling, "I certainly do hate to talk myself up, but if that isn't a pretty cute parcel of grinds, why, I'm another!" And read them to him all over again.

At each pause the Bawby Ephalunt guffawed politely, but his intelligence was on vacation. Not even Edna could know the yeastiness of his mind, nor could he confide in her. Between himself and the ditch of destiny there was now about four hours and a half.

And speaking of the devil, here was Gladys herself, in flowered organdie and wreathed smiles.

"Hello, folks! A couple of *bonjours*—one apiece. Oh, Floyd, I just had that postal from papa, to say he won't be home till Friday."

The Bawby Ephalunt stood in the center of a revolving drug store, while Edna and Gladys went hurtling around the perimeter. From miles distant he heard Edna say, "Well, Glad, I suppose after this you'll go on the regular stage, and turn up your nose at all the rest of we nobodies."

Gladys blushed. "Oh, well, some have a knack for one thing, and some have a knack for another. For instance, everybody says you're a perfect marvel at housework, and I can't hardly so much as fry a chop."

By the candied quality of her laugh Miss Swan revealed the depth of the dagger thrust. "Would you go, though, if you got a bid?"

"Oh, I'm not so sure. I'd have to chew it over."

"Oh, parsnips!" said Miss Swan. "You'd be tickled to death!"

"Oh, not necessarily. But there's some folks I could mention that'd give their very eyeteeth right out of their mouths to have even so much look-in as I got."

"Oh, I dare say," conceded Miss Swan, beaming with rage. "Can I treat you to a nut sundae, darling?"

"Why, how perfectly lovely, Edna dear! I'd be charmed."

The Bawby Ephalunt served them, but midway in the proceeding his imagination was assaulted by a scheme so gorgeous in its breadth and simplicity that he forgot what he was about, and flooded Edna's sundae with half a pint of chocolate sirup.

"Look out, Floyd! Wake up! You're slopping it all over everywhere!"

"Oh, that don't signify," said Floyd raptly. "It don't cost us nothin'—we paid for it last February."

"Well, if we'd wanted it in our laps we'd have told you so! My, but you're messy, Floyd!"

His grin was as curved as a crescent moon. For if the scheme wouldn't actually save the Sovereign agency—and there was at least a Chinaman's chance, and perhaps even several Chinamen's chances that it would—it might at least redeem his independence and his sacred honor.

"Well, to prove they's no hard feelin's," he said cordially, "the next one's on the house. And say, why not let's we all meet at the depot tomorrer, and see the troupers get off? Everybody agreeable?"

He had to send an equivocal telegram to his father, but his nerves were calmed by the hypodermic of hope. Anything in the world can happen, and sometimes it does. Besides, even if he missed the main banquet, there would still be considerable nourishment in the crumbs.

He mixed himself an oversized lemon-and-lime, and lifted the glass obsequiously to his own reflection in the mirror.

"Well, here's to a darn slick article—Floyd Elbert McEwen! Right down your shirt front!" And drank the toast without a quiver.

Moreover, his exhilaration didn't wear off. As soon as he entered his own room that evening he immediately went into a Highland fling which seriously imperiled the underpinning, and terrified his mother, who was down cellar.

"My good grief's sake alive, Floyd!" she panted. "I thought you was havin' you a fit!"

"Nope," said the Bawby Ephalunt reassuringly. "I just felt so good I got tired standin' so close to the floor."

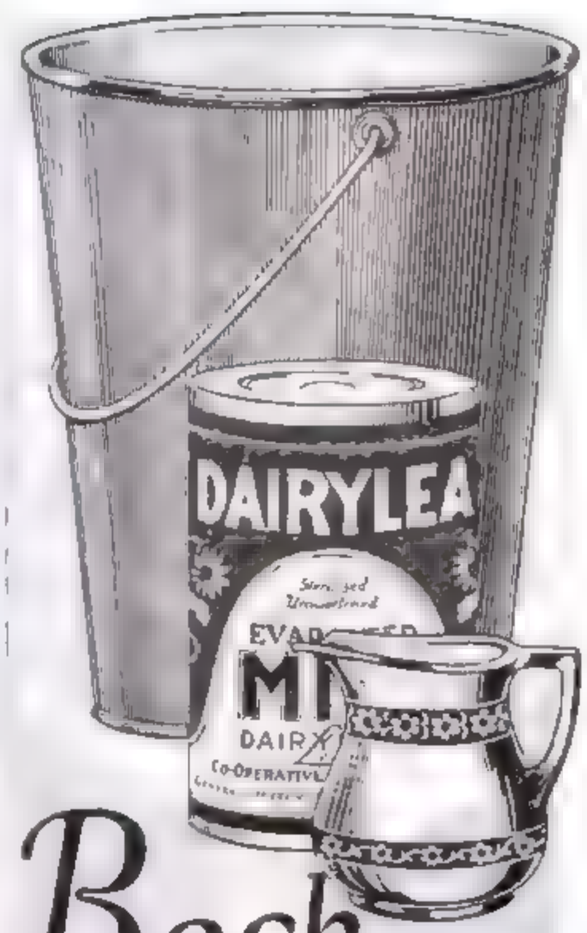
The 1:19 arrived on Thursday, and the Revelers descended, together with their fiber suitcases and crown-and-bridge work. Miss Swan, beholding them, appeared a trifle distrait, but Gladys was bumping her head against the constellations.

"Don't be such an old stick-in-the-mud, Floyd!" she said, prodding him. "Go on up and make yourself acquainted, and then introduce me. Which is the manager—the one in the green derby?"

She was right. "Hello, McEwen," said the manager. "The way you was touted to me, I knew you the same year I see you. Everythin' all set? Girl? Local hits?"

"Ayop," said Floyd. "I ain't gonna tell you who wrote up the hits, because I don't want nobody lynched. That means they're good. But see the gingerbread cutie over there in the white tam? Well, she's your actorine. But listen, Jack. I want a couple minutes alone with you before that there rehearsal. Check?"

"Check," confirmed the manager. "You signal the flapper over here, and slip me



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them locals, and then you and me'll go over to the tavern and find out what it's all about."

And so the afternoon merged into evening, and the Bawby Ephalunt, shouldering through the cream of the cream of Huntsboro's élite, escorted Edna Swan to the fourth row center of Masonic Hall. But curiously, his mood had again somersaulted. His interview with the manager had been successful, but since then his thoughts had reverted to his earlier failure as a financial emissary, and his spirits were once more dipped in bluing. As a knuckleball pitcher, of course, he could earn plenty of money until the old soup bone went back on him; but to his father the pharmacy was paramount. And to Floyd himself it was an important side line, and there remained to him only a single day to ferret out an easy mark with two and a half thousand dollars—that is, unless old man Pert kicked through tomorrow. And that, unless the precious scheme worked, was about as likely as a snowstorm in the Sahara.

The curtain rose, but Floyd was unaware of it, for he was filled with pale fancies and huge chimeras. He had to leave on the 11:10 tomorrow night to join the Goliaths, and Pert wasn't due until the 4:50. And what a session it was liable to be, with the Sovereign agency hanging by a hair! But if the scheme went over, Pert couldn't be aggravated at Floyd, could he? Why, no! Only at Gladys. Well, then ——

There was a shriek of laughter, and Edna nudged him in the ribs. "There! That's my first one, Floyd! But you were right—I wouldn't be caught dead in this company! They're nothing but a lot of cheap ham-fatters! But did you hear the howl it got? And see how they punched Bud Simpson?"

Presently there came another local hit—Edna nudged him in the ribs—at which Doctor Schweinfelder got up and stalked out, saying that he had to go call on a patient. Then, after a slight hiatus, Miss Gladys Pert entered, to be met by thunderous applause.

"Oh, Floyd!" said Edna, under her breath. "Was I ever as gawky as all that? Oh, Floyd!"

The applause having subsided, Miss Pert opened her cherry mouth, but nobody heard what she said. That was because, at the same instant, the bell at the engine house began to ring, and the engine house was next door, and the bell was on the same level as the parquet of Masonic Hall.

"Oh, Floyd!" cried Edna, seizing his arm. "Where is it? Where's the fire?"

He gave her a look of mingled pity and contempt. "How in tunket do I know?"

"Oh, poor Gladys! She can't do a thing! Look! Where could it be?"

She was answered by a stentorian voice from the rear of the hall. "Firemen, out! Don't nobody get excited! Take your time! But it's Lougee's Block! No danger here—just give the firemen gangway!"

The Bawby Ephalunt found himself, *sans* Edna, in the street. And twenty minutes later, while passing futile buckets of water, for the block was hopelessly doomed, he recognized his immediate neighbor as Sot Haywood.

"Hello, there, Sot. Guess it's a goner, all right."

Mr. Haywood passed a weary hand over his carbonized features. "Well, Ed should worry! Renewed his insurance last month. I ought to know; Cooley handled it."

Floyd became a dike against which the buckets washed in vain. "Much, was it?"

"Twenty-two thou. He'd collect it too."

"What makes you so sure?"

"Shucks! Cooley's the county adjuster, that's why."

The Bawby Ephalunt hesitated, dropped out of the line, and presently, after diligent search, came upon Ed Lougee.

"Say, Ed," said Floyd compassionately, "it's awful tough luck, but seein' how I know you was insured, and you passed me your word if you ever had the loose cash ——"

Mr. Lougee grunted sardonically. "What delayed ye so long in gettin' to me, Floyd? Regular ambulance chaser, ain't ye?"

Floyd resented this. "Why, no, Ed. But fust come, fust served. And seein' you'd already went on record with me, I just didn't want to be outdid."

They both stood mute as a few barrels of paint roared up to the sky. "Well, my word's good's my bond, and maybe a darn sight better," said Mr. Lougee grimly. "So I cal'late you'll git ye your loan. But I won't say I admire the way you come naggin' me about it, when the gor-ram fire ain't even out yet!"

Floyd, however, was armored against mere persiflage. "Don't lose track it's a half per cent less'n the bank, Ed. That was your very words."

"Floyd," said the old man tartly, "you'd skin a flea for its hide and taller! Here, Floyd! Come back here! Long's I don't need my cash for operatin' expense no more, I'll hand you my check tomorrer. . . . Whoosh! There went the ile tank!"

Day dawned on Huntsboro's battled steep, and the postman brought Floyd a letter written in lead pencil on Gladys' best monogrammed stationery. It read:

"*Dear Floyd:* Full many a time and oft, one must choose between diverting paths. This world is hard for all of us, but harder for some than others. Tonight, I have had to pick between a home and a fireside, and a career.

"The manager, Mr. Vandergrift, has ofered me a steady part in his co., and I have resolved to accept it, at $15 per week, and carve out my own life for myself, by my own talent, even if my part was spoiled by the fire-alarm. For Mr. Vandergrift saw me rehearse, and says it is only a matter of time before he cannot possibly expect to keep me in his company. And he finaly convinced me that a real artist never ought to be trameled by any home aliances. All it leads to is sorrow and often divorce.

"I know that I am blasting your whole life, Floyd, but I have got to get out of the rut, and *express* myself somehow, more than I could in any miserable dump like Huntsboro. Others will console you for my loss, but there can never be but one Violet Valentine, which I have taken as my nom-de-plume on the stage.

"By the time you get this, I will be far from Huntsboro. Do not seek to retrace me, for my die is cast. Forgive me—forget me—and say a fond farewell to all our dreams. I release you from your troth, and I will never marry anybody, and when I am a fameous actress I will still be your firm friend and well-wisher.

"VIOLET VALENTINE.
"*(formerly Gladys Pert.)*"

The Bawby Ephalunt read this epistle twice, and sighed reminiscently. The evidence was useless to him now, but if it hadn't been for last night's fire it would certainly have squared him with old man Pert, and cleared the track for business. Well, it had been a darned good scheme anyway.

He strolled downtown to find Ed Lougee, and afterward he wired once more to his father, and then dropped in at the bank.

"Now, when Pert blows in t'night, Eddie," said Floyd imperially, "you tell him if you folks ever want to do much tradin' with me you got to act quicker on the trigger. I got me my loan somewheres else. And you tell Pert for me this bank's got to get a sight more up to date anyhow, or we'll just waltz our account over to North Adams."

He spent the early evening with Edna Swan, who, after excusing herself for seeming indelicate, told him what Mr. Pert was said to have said when he returned home at 4:50, and found that Gladys had become a barnstormer.

"And they say he was so mad about losin' some loan or other that you was mixed up in," said Edna, "that he all but give Eddie Loud his warnin' notice. What's behind it, Floyd?"

"Me," said the Bawby Ephalunt succinctly.

"No, but isn't that the most excruciating thing you ever heard? Gladys running away like that? Why, I just can't cope with it!"

"Me neither," said Floyd, plucking invisible lint from his Sunday coat.

"But the wildest thing of all is what they say Mr. Pert said about you and Glad together."

"Um-hum; what was that?"

"Why, they say he said Glad wrote him something or other about you and her keeping company, and he said if he'd thought it was true he'd break her neck. He said if he'd thought she was carryin' on with a fat dummy like you he'd have come home sooner and brought a bulldog with him. Excuse me for repeating it, Floyd, but that's what they say he said."

"H'm!" said Floyd, goggling. It was the first time that it had ever occurred to him that old man Pert wouldn't jump at the chance of such a son-in-law! "Oh, well," he said. "It's all over but the shoutin'. Leave it lay."

Subsequently, because both of them had weak eyes, they turned down the lampwick; so that when the time for parting came, their glasses clashed perilously.

"Well, good-by, you old sheik!" said Edna. "Don't remember to write."

"Oh reservoir, Edner. I got to run for my train now. But I'll be with you when the punkins bloom again."

She was a great girl, Edna, and a sweet, oblivious antidote to Gladys. None of this nauseating, subterranean slush about her; when she wanted to be kissed she just put her face right up at you, and you could either take it or leave it alone. Yes, sir, she was a whale, and from Huntsboro to Albany he thought about her fully half the time.

At Albany he found his father yawning on the platform. "Hello, Floyd. Gorry! I gaped so hard a like to dislocuted my jaw. Well, we're all fixed up, Floyd; I put my fist to the papers, and they'll start shippin' us next week. You had quite a time with Pert, I'd take it. What held him back so?"

"Humph!" said Floyd. "Pa, you need a keeper! Think I'd borry from Pert at six per cent? Not if it was my dyin' day! I didn't so much as dicker with him. I got it off Ed Lougee at five and a half."

Mr. McEwen blinked. "Did?"

"Sure I did. All it took was brains. You'll wake up one o' these fine days, pa, and realize I'm a kind of a financier. Six per cent? Gosh, the way you'd fling our good money around, if it wasn't for me!"

Mr. McEwen wiped his forehead. "That's right; hand me some more o' your back sauce! Well, I got just a second before the milk train goes. Any news?"

"Oh—only Glad Pert run away with a road show."

"What?"

"Ayop. Yest'day. Biggest gossip you ever heard. Old man Pert, though, they say he said he'd warrant she'd be back inside a month and they say he says when she does, he'll give her a house warmin' with a hairbrush. And I will too."

"What?" demanded Mr. McEwen, scandalized.

"I mean," said Floyd hastily, "I'd warrant she'd be back inside a month. Well, behave yourself, pa."

Once firmly settled in his berth the Bawby Ephalunt grinned contentedly. Behind him there was the cash pharmacy, which, mated with the Sovereign agency, would inevitably produce wealth. There was also Edna Swan. And ahead of him there were the Goliaths and untold victories and the mad plaudits of the shirt-sleeved populace. Oh, it might be worse!

Then, suddenly, the Bawby Ephalunt snickered; and, still snickering, he delved into his coat pocket and brought out a letter. He knew it almost verbatim, but he liked to look at it. Would Gladys be back in Huntsboro inside of a month? She would. And he hoped piously that her father kept his promise.

"*Dear McEwen:* This acnoledges your ck. for $63.96, being four weeks salary for the Pert girl at $15, who we will carry for 4 wks. and then fire as per our understanding, plus R. R. fare. But between I and you, you are overpaying her about $14.90 per wk. since she is rotten, but that is your look out. We will tie the can to her at Liverpool, fare being $3.96 from there back to Hboro, which makes up the difference. And I sold her on the idea of being free and untangled, so I guess you will get clear, and she says she will write you a release, which ought to muzzle her father for you. So all is O. K. Glad to had the pleasure of meeting you, and being of this small service, as we men have got to stick together in these things; and with best luck, I am,

"Yours and oblige,
"B. B. VANDERGRIFT."

The Bawby Ephalunt sank back on his pillow, and whinnied softly.

The way things had turned out, of course, he needn't have wasted all that worry. Pert would have tended to Gladys, and would also have come through with the loan. But how could Floyd have known it? And at the cost of only $63.96 he had disengaged himself and also lifted Gladys to the skies; and he had saved $12.50 interest.

"Financier?" he whispered panegyrically to himself. "By gorry, if it wan't for my Goliath contrack I bet I could go down and show them dubs in Wall Street somethin'! Yep! I bet you my socks I could!"

20,097 Alemite Service Stations throughout the United States

Postcard Brings This Book

Here are illuminating facts on how to save repairs. If you want to cut your operating costs, write for it today. "Vital Spots to Watch on Your Car" It's yours for the asking.

How to Cut Repairs on a Long Motor Trip

On a long trip it's the 20 to 60 vital bearings on your chassis that need most attention. Plenty of good oil takes care of your engine. But these hard-wearing chassis parts are exposed to mud and dust. You need to *clean out* the old, grit-laden grease each time you lubricate them. Else the bearings grind away under the strain of day-long driving. 80 percent of all chassis repairs are due to this one thing—lack of proper lubrication, that cleans bearings.

How to Clean Out Chassis Bearings

If your car is Alemite-equipped it is easy to keep the dirt *out* and lubricant *in* your chassis bearings. A few minutes every 500 miles does it.

With this system you have a hollow fitting with a cross pin on each bearing. Your Alemite gun locks on to the fitting with a quarter twist of the bayonet coupling. Then an easy turn of the handle. The fresh lubricant shoots through the *entire length* of the bearing. (In less time than to merely unscrew an old-fashioned grease cup.) And the old grit-laden grease is forced out at the same time. Pressure 20 times greater than a grease cup insures this. The bearing is cleaned as thoroughly as engine bearings are cleaned when you change crank case oil.

The clean lubricant packed in—under pressure—also keeps out seeping road dust and mud.

Every 500 Miles

This kind of lubrication every 500 miles, keeps chassis bearings free from appreciable wear for practically the entire life of your car. It eliminates that constant toll of $5 and $10 repairs that are so apt to follow a long, hard trip. Frequent, thorough lubrication reduced the operating costs of the Yellow Cab Co. of Chicago 1¾ cents per mile.

Free Manual

Most cars now come equipped with Alemite. (Nearly 5,000,000 now in use.) If it is on your car check up on every fitting before a trip. Replace any missing. It's as important as keeping air in tires—if you want to save repairs. If you have lost the lubricating manual that came with your car, send for this booklet, "Vital Spots to Watch." It tells all about chassis lubrication for every make of car.

Lubricating Service Everywhere

If Alemite is not on your car, it will pay you to have it installed now. Wherever you tour you will find Alemite lubricating service as convenient as gasoline service—if you don't care to do it yourself. The cost of installing Alemite is only $5 to $20 (Fords $6.25, Chevrolet $3.99, Overland $5.67—Canadian prices higher). Most good dealers carry Alemite. If yours cannot supply you, write us at once.

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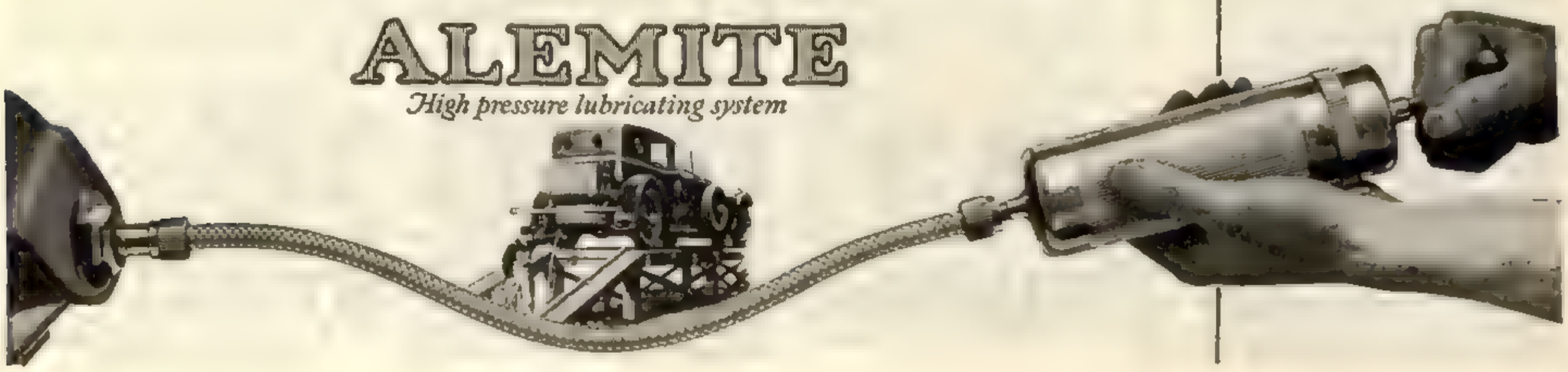
This compressor with the rigid spiral valve coupling, releases lubricant only when attached to the fitting. No hose necessary.

Oil or Grease

Alemite works well with either oil or grease. But for best results, we recommend Alemite Lubricant—a pure solidified oil, especially adapted for our system—has all the virtues of oil, but is sufficiently solid to "stay put." Comes in autoloading cans.

ALEMITE

High pressure lubricating system



WHERE EVERY DAY IS PAY DAY

(Continued from Page 19)

But the application of these familiar machines to different pay-roll problems is interesting. The appliance expert who spends three months working out some sort of system for the concern employing floating labor finds it so. And how you yourself get paid may be worth knowing, if your wages or salary comes from a large corporation. You certainly ought to know something about the invisible hand that reaches in and takes some of your honestly earned money before you get any yourself.

Everything begins with the time clock, the time ticket and the timekeeper.

From one point of view, there is something absolutely unlovable about the time clock, with its hard metallic ring and unrelenting exactitude. As for the average timekeeper, he usually looks like a son-in-law of Father Time himself, while the time gate at many an industrial establishment might be a jail entrance so far as its equipment and atmosphere are concerned.

But there is another way of looking at them. The time clock and the timekeeper are doing the best they can with time itself. Whether you are one minute late or an hour, they can give no discount nor juggle the hands of the clock. They remind the employe that time is the principal thing he has to sell, that it is definitely limited in amount and extremely perishable. And they remind the employer that time is what he buys most of, because labor is the largest item of expense in most business operations, being generally about equal to the cost of material or merchandise plus overhead charges.

To know where and how to get the most efficient use of time is the great problem of business. The unloved time clock and time ticket, besides being the very foundation of payday, yield a great many facts useful in management.

You can look at the time clock from still another angle—as a creator of work and wages. For it furnishes a by-product of cost figures that helps the boss lower expenses. That lowers prices and increases sales. Output grows and there is more work. Make a face at it Monday morning when you are eight minutes late if you want to—it helps start the day right. But on Saturday, when the whole family piles into the flivver after lunch, remember that the time clock makes two flivvers rattle where none grew before.

Perambulating Time Clocks

When work is done nowadays a record must be made, usually by the worker. Each business has its own particular kinds of work, and there are about half a dozen different ways of paying people besides—by the day, by the piece, with premiums, bonuses, differentials, and so forth. A good pay-roll system must usually be cut to fit the business like a well-tailored suit of clothes. If the system is right at the beginning, where the worker makes the record, it will run pretty smoothly all along the line until the money for the work comes back in his pay envelope. But the time clock and time ticket must be skillfully applied to the work at the beginning, and here is where the appliance expert finds many puzzling situations.

For example, John Slovak is floating labor on a big construction job. Reporting to the timekeeper in the morning and ringing in, he is sent half a mile away and spends two hours carrying concrete forms. That finished, the gang with which he worked is split up and John goes a quarter mile farther still to mix mortar. One hour and twelve minutes of that, and he walks a half mile in the other direction and finishes the day on a pick-and-shovel job.

Now had John Slovak reported to the timekeeper at the end of each task, and been sent back to tackle something else, about one-eighth of his day's work would have been walking for wages, and that doesn't pay. Yet some way must be found of letting John ring in his time on each task so costs can be figured on each part of the construction.

It took an expert several weeks to find a way to do this. Virtually, they let John carry the time clock around with him. Each morning the timekeeper hands him a ticket, and each foreman he works for has a conductor's punch of different pattern, entering the time and kind of work, punching John on and off that particular task. When this card reaches the pay-roll department the cost of everything John did through the day can be charged against the proper parts of the construction.

Such time-clock stuff enters into everything nowadays; it is in the price of a flivver or a safety razor, in electric-light bills and railroad fares, in the cafeteria lunch and the room with bath. In many cases nowadays it is there by law. If you work for a corporation regulated by the Government, and fail to make the required records, there would pretty certainly be trouble with some commissioner or bureau.

"I don't believe we have more than three professional accountants in the department," said the auditor of a public utility company. "Our methods of accounting are all prescribed by the Government, standardized, so our principal job is seeing that records are kept the Government's way with the greatest promptness and at the lowest cost. Thus our department is run by executives, not bookkeepers."

Dipping Into Molly's Envelope

The respect for cost figures is shown in the six-minute unit now used by many concerns in figuring working time. Formerly a quarter hour was considered close enough, but today time is calculated in tenths of an hour.

So while he is doing work, the employe is also creating the records that show work, helped by the time clock. A recent wrinkle is requiring his signature on the time card. It has been found that, though people will obligingly ring an absent fellow employe in or out on the time clock, and think it no great harm, they balk at signing another's name.

The next pay-roll operation is extending time from the time ticket and making up the pay roll proper. In some cases this is done on the job, and in others the time tickets are forwarded to the pay-roll department at headquarters. The tendency is toward centralization of records, with a real live human ghost to hand out the envelopes and make local adjustment if there is anything wrong. "Extending time" means figuring the number of hours worked during the week, the wages, overtime, piecework, premiums and so forth, to arrive at the actual amount that is to go into the pay envelope. With 50,000 or 60,000 employes working on several different pay plans, this would involve a world of figuring were it not for wage tables that show at a glance the exact amount due for a given number of hours at any wage rate, and the special pay-roll machines that do much of the work without the setting of pencil to paper. A perfect carnival of checking, footing, balancing and control is necessary, but most of the carnival music is played on calculator keys.

In many cases time is extended daily. What Molly Kelly earned Monday is posted on her pay sheet Tuesday morning, and her Tuesday wages on Wednesday, so that on through the week, at any moment, she can be paid off. Molly might take a notion to quit. It might be necessary to discharge her. It is even more likely that she will be transferred from one department to another. In any case she will want her money or be transferred to a different pay roll, and the pay envelope can be handed out in a few minutes.

The addressing machine is a very important device in pay-roll operations. It prints Molly's name and certain facts about her on the pay sheet, on the pay ticket, on the pay envelope itself—cabalistic letters and figures which show where Molly works, her wages and pay plan, with certain other facts. Usually this printing of sheets and tickets follows the extension of time, and then the pay roll starts through the works. The addressing-machine department keeps close track of Molly, making a stencil for her when she is hired, another every time she goes from one department to another or has her pay raised. A good-sized corporation, with 40,000 or 50,000 employes, needs several thousand new stencils every week to keep track of pay-roll changes, and all the information on the successive stencils made out for Molly Kelly are filed away under her name, making up a complete history of her connection with the company, a sort of Who's Who of employes that has many uses.

The pay envelope is now ready to be filled. It bears Molly Kelly's name and organization address. The amount due her has been carefully checked. At that point certain invisible hands begin helping themselves to Molly's money before it is counted out. However, they are all working to her interest except perhaps one—the hand of the taxgatherer.

First, Poor Richard reaches in and takes the money Molly wants to save. When everybody was buying Liberty Bonds on the installment plan during the war, corporations had to set up machinery to make the deductions. Many a worker discovered that he could save money, and wanted the thing continued after his final Victory Bond had been paid for. Corporation officials discovered that saving on those lines was a good thing for the company, making employes independent in money emergencies, killing much of the worry and fear that go with money trouble and creating a better spirit all around. So the Liberty Bond bureau was turned into a savings bureau.

According to the company and the circumstances, it is run in different ways. Sometimes the company accepts the employe's savings and pays him higher interest than he could get at a bank. In other cases the company adds so much money to each dollar the employe saves, even up to giving him dollar for dollar. But the more conservative employer goes no farther than acting as agent, deducting Poor Richard's share every pay day and depositing it in a savings bank to the employe's own account.

Molly Kelly decides to save two dollars a week. She makes out a slip authorizing the paymaster to deduct that amount and deposit it to her credit. The savings bureau makes the deduction and puts the money in the savings bank. Molly has her own pass book, and is a regular savings-bank depositor. She can put more money in directly or through the company. It is quite common experience, after a new Molly Kelly understands how the system works, to have her bring in several hundred dollars, saved in the bureau drawer, and ask the savings bureau to add it to her nest egg. If she needs money it can be drawn right out of the bank or from the savings bureau.

Slot Machine Savings Banks

This is considered the best plan because it has no paternalistic trappings. It has one shortcoming, however—the employer knows how much money the employe is saving. That doesn't matter greatly in a public-utility company where wages are standard and unvarying, but it may play the devil in industries where wages rise and fall, and workers are laid off in slack times, and particularly where there are a good many foreign-born folks employed. The latter often deposit their savings with private bankers of their own nationality. When the biggest employer in town begins such a savings plan, the private banker sets harmful rumors afloat.

"Aha! Your boss knows how much you save! By and by he'll begin to think you get too much money. Then he'll cut your wages. The more you save, the quicker he will cut."

The latest scheme seems to meet that objection and preserve the confidence of a man's relation with his own money—saving by slot machines.

The little slot machines in drug stores and other places that sell stamps are familiar to most people. Somebody pondering the difficulty of pay-roll saving suggested to the inventor of this machine that it might be adapted to penny-in-the-slot thrift. He developed a slot savings machine, and it is now being tried out by corporations and installed when found satisfactory. Here's the idea:

A savings bank rents the machine and sets it up in a factory or office; also in public schools for children's savings. The factory machine has separate slots for quarters, half dollars and one and five dollar metal tokens, while the machine for children takes nickels and dimes as well. The person who wants to deposit fifty cents puts a half-dollar coin in the right slot and turns a handle, receiving a little gummed stamp. It is really two stamps when torn in half. Each half bears a number. One is pasted in a deposit book carried by the depositor, while the other is stuck on a deposit slip and dropped into a slot in the machine. The bank collects the money and deposit slips, crediting each depositor according to his number, which is stamped on his book and all his deposit slips—the latter are part of the book.

Thus it is possible to put money in the bank without going there, as easily as having the boss deduct it, and the boss does not know how much the employe saves.

"It is the Australian ballot in saving," said a demonstrator of this machine.

Furthermore, the employer is relieved of responsibility and accounting as agent; it takes quite a work force to make deductions for 50,000 employes, put the money in the bank, keep track of the changes in amounts to be deducted and attend to other details. In effect, the company with a savings bureau does a lot of work that should really be performed by the bank. It is paying for the privilege of whitewashing Tom Sawyer's fence.

"But suppose somebody drops a slug into the machine?" I asked. "Would he get a stamp?"

"Yes, a slug will operate the device," admitted the demonstrator. "But he might just as well write his name and address on it. I'll show you what happens."

Thrice-Taxed Workers

Swinging back the shiny front of the apparatus—which is a reproduction of the front of a savings-bank building—he showed where the money goes when dropped into the slot. Instead of falling loosely in a bag, it is neatly piled in long tubes. Thus the order in which the coins are found corresponds to the numbers on the stamps. If a slug were dropped into the half-dollar slot after nine good coins, the tenth stamp from the beginning would reveal the dishonest depositor's name and address, kept on file at the bank under his pass-book number. Nothing would be credited to his account, and if he demanded an explanation he'd get it!

Day by day it grows harder to be dishonest.

After the savings bureau finishes with Molly Kelly's pay envelope, it may pass along to a stock-deduction department, where installment payments on purchases of the company's capital stock are taken out. Many corporations now sell stock to employes at a price below the outside market, spreading the payments over a year or more so they will be moderate. After Molly Kelly's order for a share of stock has been signed, she pays for it automatically, this department doing all the work.

Now her envelope is ready to be passed along to Molly herself, unless the taxgatherer is going to get a crack at it.

If she earns enough to pay Federal or state income taxes nothing may be taken out; she deals with Uncle Sam or the state income-tax department direct next spring, making out the well-hated blanks and turning them in with the money. But here is a situation that exists in New York State, and may very well spread to other localities if state income taxes are extended.

Molly lives in New Jersey and works in New York, where she is paid. Being unmarried, and supporting no dependents, she is entitled to an exemption of $1000. At the beginning of the year she must make a statement showing her status and exemption. This is filed with the company's income-tax bureau. Molly gets all her wages up to $1000, a point that may be reached somewhere along in September or October, according to her earnings, or again early in the year if she is paid a substantial salary. When the exemption has been reached this bureau deducts the percentage of tax due on the rest of her income that year, amounting to one per cent up to $10,000.

Much bitterness and many protests have risen out of this situation. It seems hard to be compelled to pay for the privilege of working in another state, particularly if the state where you live also has an income tax, in which event the little old pay envelope will be income-taxed three times—once by Uncle Sam, once by the state you live in, and again by the state you work in. New York State tax officials take the view, however, that persons working in the state enjoy the protection and benefits of government. They charge the nonresident just as much as the resident, however.

(Continued on Page 76)

"This tire you carry may carry you today— keep it ready for the job!"

The garage man knows tires and people and *air*.

He'll tell you that far more tires are scrapped through careless inflation than through road wear.

Invest a few minutes' time in checking up on the air pressures in your tires, and reap dividends in extra months of service.

How to get long life from your tires

YOUR tires are made to run with a certain air pressure to give the best result with your type and weight of car.

The makers of your tires will tell you just how much air they should carry.

And a Schrader Tire Gauge will tell you at a glance whether or not your tires are properly inflated.

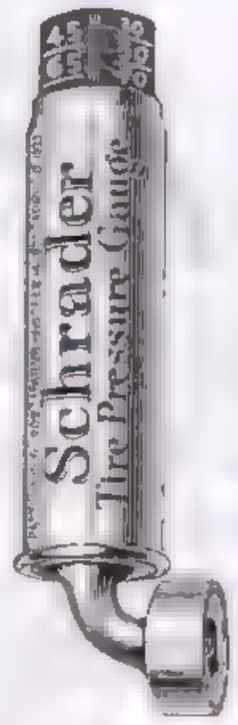
The frequent use of a Schrader Gauge affords a constant check-up on your air pressure and insures the utmost service from your tires.

There is a Schrader Gauge for every type of tire and wheel

You can buy a Schrader Gauge especially designed for use with *your* car at any motor accessory shop, garage, or hardware store. If you have wire, disc or wooden wheels—no matter what your type of tires, one of these three Schrader Gauges will meet your requirements.

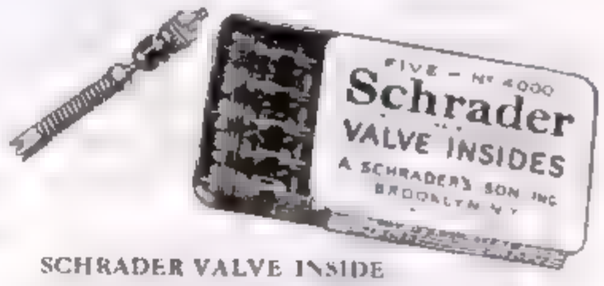
1. *The Balloon Tire Gauge* (with angle foot)—for balloon tires. Calibrated in 1-lb. units.
2. *The Straight Gauge*—for regular passenger car tires. Calibrated in 5-lb. units.
3. *The Angle-Foot Gauge*—for passenger car tires on wire or disc wheels and wheels with thick spokes or large brake drums and also for truck tires. Calibrated in 5-lb. units.

Ask your dealer for free booklet, *"Air—the most elusive prisoner."* This booklet will help you get maximum service from your tires. If your dealer cannot supply you, send us his name and address and we will mail you a copy direct.



SCHRADER ANGLE-FOOT GAUGE

For passenger car tires on wire or disc wheels. Sold by motor accessory shops, garages and hardware stores everywhere



SCHRADER VALVE INSIDE

The main defense against air's escape. Always replace a damaged inside with a new Schrader Valve Inside. Ask your dealer for genuine Schrader Valve Insides packed in metal boxes, five in a box.

SCHRADER VALVE CAPS

Made with dome-shaped rubber washer reinforced by arched metal plate. Keeps dirt out of valve. Acts as secondary air-tight seal. Attach or detach by hand. Ask your dealer for genuine Schrader Valve Caps packed five in a metal box

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Makers of Pneumatic Valves Since 1844

Tire Valves · Tire Gauges

PIERCE ARROW

Series 80

is ready

Pierce-Arrow has added to its line a new product—the Pierce-Arrow Series 80. *It is now on exhibition and ready for demonstration in every important center.*

The new Pierce-Arrow is the answer to this question which motor car owners have so frequently asked us:

"In addition to the Dual-Valve Six, why don't you build another car, one more modest in size and in price, so that more people may experience the pleasure and satisfaction of owning and driving a Pierce-Arrow?"

The new car is Pierce-Arrow through and through—in engineering, in construction, *in performance.* It adequately reflects the accepted fine car practice of today and also mirrors the Pierce-Arrow ideal which has been so rigidly adhered to for twenty-three years.

Naturally the *Series 80* Pierce-Arrow was not developed in any ordinary way. Many months were spent by the engineering department in designing and redesigning, building and rebuilding experimental models which were required to pass every conceivable test in the laboratory and on the road. Then a fleet of the new *Series 80* cars was put through actual factory production—produced just as the cars now offered you are produced. These *stock cars* were sent to every part of the country. For months they were driven night and day, winter and summer, over mountain roads, rutted trails, desert sands, gluey mud. And finally the perfected Pierce-Arrow *Series 80* was born.

Only through such unusual methods was it possible to develop a car which meets completely the standards we demand in every Pierce-Arrow.

Series 80 • • *7-Passenger Touring Car*

$2,895

5-Passenger Sedan, $3,895; *at Buffalo*
Government Tax Additional

STANDARD EQUIPMENT . . . Balloon Tires
Pierce-Arrow Four-Wheel Safety Brakes

Pierce-Arrow Products include passenger cars of two types: the Pierce-Arrow Dual Valve Six and the Pierce-Arrow Series 80... Pierce-Arrow Motor Buses... Pierce-Arrow Heavy Duty Motor Trucks

The Pierce-Arrow *Series 80* displays capabilities far above the average. Alert, easy acceleration; adequate power for every conceivable need; ease of control in every situation; quick, safe stopping; economy of operation and maintenance—all of these and more are permanent characteristics of this new Pierce-Arrow.

Although no statement of prices of the new car has been given out until this time, orders for the Pierce-Arrow *Series 80* have been accumulating for months. Since March first, applications for "the new Pierce-Arrow" have been coming in to our dealers in increasing numbers.

The Pierce-Arrow *Series 80* is on display today in the Pierce-Arrow showrooms in your city. Our representative will arrange a thorough demonstration for you.

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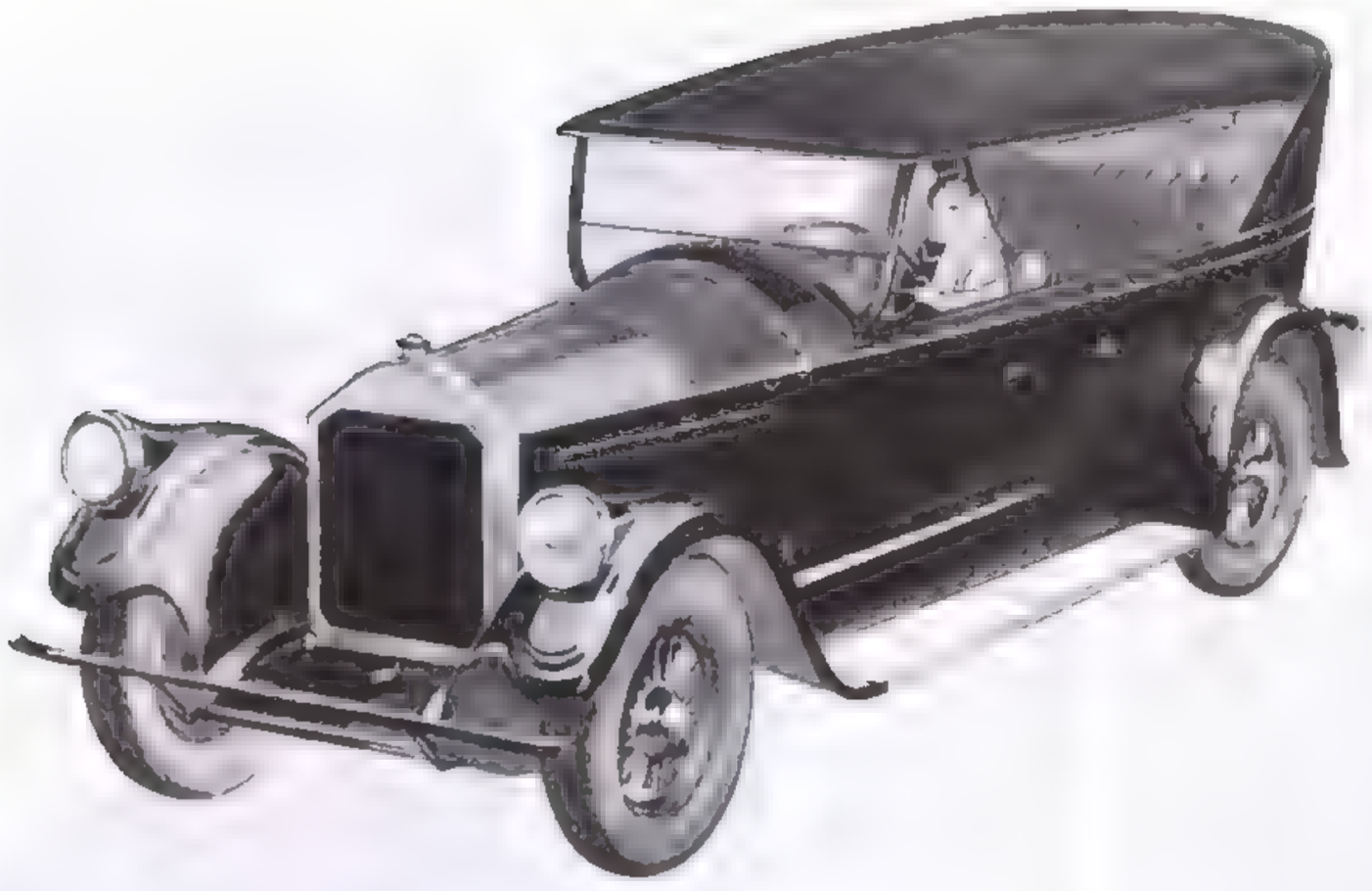

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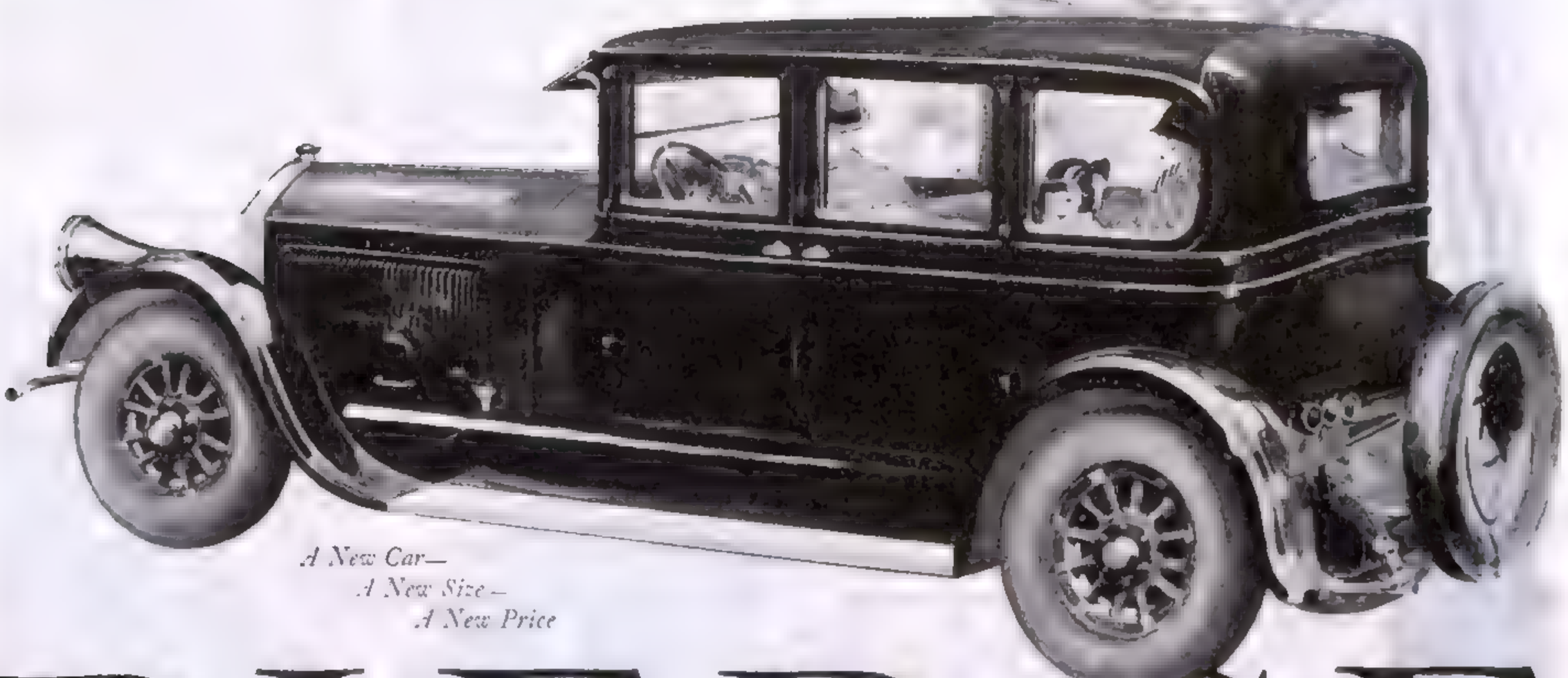

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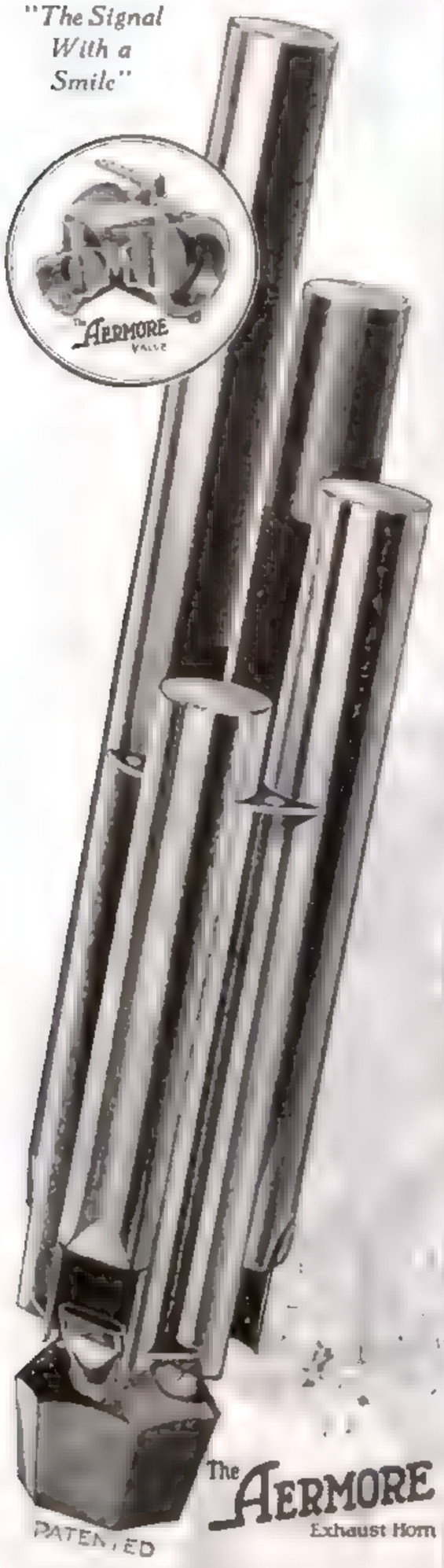

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At your dealer's. Or direct from us. In ordering give make and model of car. Free circular describes Aermore and the Fulton Foot Accelerator for Fords.

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Automotive Equipment

Pace Setters of Quality

(Continued from Page 72)

When income is paid as wages or salary its collection through the employer is virtually automatic. And of course Uncle Sam and the state income-tax authorities find out, through the employer, just what each taxable person receives in wages or salary. Some system!

There is nothing more to take out. The time has come to put something in—actually, these various deductors and subtractors helped themselves to Molly's money on paper, figuring the net income due her, checking and rechecking one another, while the thin little manila envelope bearing her name lay waiting, flat and empty. Now the time has come to put some money in, and there are one or two clever little wrinkles connected with that.

Anybody who handles considerable sums of cash daily, taking it in over the counter or paying it out in bills and coin, will tell you that it is not easy to come out even. The personal equation enters in here, just as it does in astronomical observation, and you wind up the day with so much over or under. It may be only a nickel or a dime, but absolute accuracy in the counting and handling of money is difficult to attain.

So when a certain pay roll is ready, the auditor provides a check upon the girl who fills the envelopes. She is given a pay roll for, say, 127 people, totaling $4815.99. He gives her more money than will be needed—maybe $10 or $20, or some odd sum like $17.62. The girl does not know the correct total of the pay roll she is handling. With piles of bills on one side and her change-making machine for coins on the other, she puts the amount opposite each person's name on the pay roll into that person's envelope. Then the envelopes and the surplus cash are turned in and checked. If she is over or under there must be a discrepancy in somebody's envelope, and it is hunted up and corrected. This is not in any sense a check upon the girl's honesty, of course—simply a check upon the possible stray coin or bill.

When you pay 50,000 people weekly, probably three-fourths of them in cash, there is likewise the possibility of coming out over or under. Three parts of a pay roll are checked against one another for accuracy—the time-clock or time-card amount, the pay-roll-sheet amount and the total cash taken from the bank. These may check absolutely at the general offices of a corporation with 50,000 employes, but when they have all been paid in cash or by check, through deputy paymasters scattered over two or three states, some receiving envelopes containing cash to be handed over to employes and others checks with which they draw money from a local bank and make up the pay roll themselves—when pay day runs into such magnitude, it is mortally certain that there will be something over or under. Maybe only a dollar or two missing. It doesn't in any way affect the accounting or book balance, but just indicates a lost coin or bill.

The Ghost Ready to Walk

If some employe got a half dollar too little he will probably report the shortage, bringing it to light. But if he got a half dollar too much he is a half dollar ahead, or maybe he didn't count his money carefully. Finding that lost coin would be an expensive job, even if it could be done. So the auditor and his immediate assistants usually maintain an over-and-under pot to balance their cash. Each chips in twenty-five or fifty cents of his own money weekly. If it is found, after everybody has been paid, that there is money over, it goes into the pot; while if a shortage appears, it is made good out of the pot. Take it one week with another, the pot generally grows. When it contains more than is likely to be needed to balance any possible error in cash, the auditor and his assistants eat a lunch out of the pot.

Finally, the ghost is ready to perambulate. Its route may be devious as well as secret, and the farther it walks, the safer from bandits.

The ideal time for robbery would be, of course, while all the money is passing from the bank to the pay-roll department where the envelopes are stuffed. The sum is then greatest; in the case of a large corporation enough money to make up the cash pay rolls of everybody the ghost will visit that day, perhaps $200,000. The next best opportunity would be as the pay car starts with the aggregate pay rolls for a certain section of the city; that might amount to $30,000 or $40,000 all in a lump. Smaller pickings, but tempting nevertheless, might be had if the pay roll of a branch employing several hundred persons could be grabbed at the point of a gun before distribution; that might be several thousand dollars. But the grabbing isn't good nowadays, with the armored car and riflemen. They escort the ghost past these danger points, deliver the pay envelopes safely inside the branch, where they are immediately distributed, after which it would be necessary to line up and rob a large work force to get any amount of money worth the risk, with modern means of giving a quick alarm.

Payment by Check

The floating workman is becoming more and more a problem to the paymaster. After some system has been devised whereby John Slovak makes records of his work as he goes, there must also be some way for the ghost to reach him. Take the trouble shooters, meter readers, installation and connection gangs of public-utility corporations. They are scattered over a great city, or out over the highways of the suburbs or country. Very often nowadays such employes report by telephone in the morning instead of coming in person to a certain office or branch, and are assigned to jobs. "Main 3574 is out of order." "Turn on 1026 Grand Avenue." They go from job to job through the day, calling in for the next assignment as it is finished, and may not be where the paymaster can reach them. It is a loss of time to the company to have them come in for their pay envelopes. Men on construction jobs are still farther afield. The paymaster must find ways of reaching them all, however, and the farther afield, the more the danger of transporting money. So the armored car runs out to lonesome places, ideal for banditry were there no such protection.

"But why carry around so much cash in these days of check payments?" you ask.

The paymaster would like nothing better. Already he pays off the salary rolls by check, and in some cases certain wage rolls. In every city some corporations pay entirely by check. There is one in New York State that not only pays all employes by check but makes it a rule to have no cash in the office, paying all bills that way as well. But this is a company manufacturing a check-protecting device.

"Our Romulus plant pays off entirely by check," said the personnel director of a large tire corporation; but I had talked with other personnel men and paymasters and was ready for him.

"Pay envelopes average pretty high there, don't they—wages run up to the point where men can have checking accounts at the bank?"

"You've said it! Romulus tops all our factories in wages. We couldn't begin to do it in any other plant."

From the standpoint of the paymaster, the univeral use of checks would be grand. No more cash to count and carry, no more armored cars or sharpshooting guards. But from the wage earner's standpoint it doesn't look so good, and in matters like this the paymaster meets the wishes of the wage earner as though he were a customer.

"It isn't a rule so much as a habit that makes us favor the employe in these matters—cash versus check pay rolls, differences of opinion about wages, deductions for sickness and so forth," said the auditor of one large corporation, and he voiced the policy and feeling of many others. "We want, from our employes, service to the public and loyalty to the company. In meeting their wishes in certain matters we are serving them and making our own loyalty a tangible thing."

There is a prejudice against checks wherever they are hard to cash, and that means most of the large cities, particularly New York. The reasonableness of this prejudice is shown in the fact that, even with cash, at least one New York corporation pays out nothing larger than a ten-dollar bill. Formerly it paid twenties, but employes complained that these were hard to change. People in the metropolis not only want cash but the kind of cash they are used to. Twenty-dollar bills are unfamiliar in many sections of the town. Gold coins are unfamiliar, too, and would arouse suspicion in many cases; while as for the silver dollar, treasured cart wheel of the West, trying to spend one of those on the East Side would be real adventure.

Formerly the saloonkeeper cashed pay checks, but that was far from being ideal. Today, the grocer, butcher and other tradesmen will often oblige their customers as bankers, but the latter distinctly dislike letting merchants know what they earn. Where employes live or work near a bank they can take checks there; but there are difficulties of identification and objections to workmen lining up at the paying teller's window. The banker himself has no prejudice against the honest toiler, but when forty or fifty of him come in, perhaps in digging clothes and with strong pipes, he blocks regular depositors—the objections are theirs. The banker's chief objection is that corporations paying by check switch some of the work and expense of their pay roll to his organization. The use of checks is growing, however, and workers in towns not too large for people to know one another prefer them. But the vast amounts of cash necessary in paying off are used because no successful substitute has yet been found. Maybe you can suggest one.

The paymaster has it in his power to bring sweetness and light to a work force, heading off trouble and turnover. On that account, he usually works hand in glove with the personnel man who looks after the welfare of employes—not the paternalistic stuff, but welfare in the dictionary sense, the state of faring well, well-being, prosperity. Faithfulness in paying on the appointed day, accuracy in figuring wages, giving people the kind of money they can spend without inconvenience, promptly adjusting disputes about pay—these make for true welfare. Not simply welfare of the employe either. Labor turnover is a fearfully expensive thing in business. Last year one large manufacturing company, fairly settled as to labor compared with other employers, hired 50,000 new employes to keep an average work force of 40,000 going. There were more than 100,000 changes in pay-roll stencils—new employes entered, old ones leaving transferred to the inactive file, changes in pay, and so forth. Good work in the paymaster's department, cutting down these changes, is for the welfare of the company. An adding-machine salesman put it well in a story.

A Creamery Pay Problem

"Talking with the general manager of a creamery company," he said, "I found that they sent out between 2000 and 3600 checks to farmers every day, and that it was important to pay farmers promptly, and the right amount, because there is keen competition in that business, and when the farmer is dissatisfied he sends his cream to some other company. The checks were all for small amounts, odd money, and though the company used adding machines and other labor-saving devices, it took thirty-two hours from the time a farmer's cream was received until the check was mailed. That was a corporation pay-roll proposition, and nothing else to it, though the creamery manager had never thought of it in that way. I simply installed a pay-roll system. The farmer's cream was tested for butter fat and weighed, and the information entered like a pay-roll ticket. This was dropped into the system, and out at the other end came a check for the right amount, which was also a complete statement showing what the farmer's cream weighed, how much butter fat it contained, the price that day, the deductions for freight; and this was mailed in nineteen hours, which is the same day for people who get up as early as creamery men do."

Last stage of all—the company's statistician studying pay-roll facts after everybody has been paid. Popularly, the statistician is regarded as a dull fellow and his work is dubbed the dismal science. But he protests that it isn't. Collecting, classifying and interpreting ascertained facts such as those that come to him in canceled pay rolls—and the facts are not all figures either—he seeks new facts that will be humanly usable in the management of the business, improving work, cutting costs, raising wages, making work more interesting, making more work. He selects and analyzes pay-roll data and presents and explains them in such ways that they tell management something new. His curve or chart may be prosy to everybody but one man in authority. But that man gets the idea in a glance.

"How long has this been going on?" he exclaims. "Send for the auditor. If we don't clean up this situation right away, some day we'll have a real party!"

Last stage of all, the statistician's job—to show what it teaches us.

No back-aches for women—

With Bird's *Neponset* on the floor!

Here is a rug that lets people be light-hearted!

Has Bobby spilled water all over it? No harm done! *It's Waterproof!* Has Betty tracked sand across it? Why worry? *It's Washable!*

Is it too hot for house-cleaning? Be lazy, Mother! *Just a minute's mopping will make it clean and bright!*

Did it get wet on the bottom when it rained last night? Don't mind! *The Red Waxed Back protects it from rot!*

Has the cat tipped the inkwell on it? That's nothing! *It's Stainproof!* Does everybody push and pull things across it? Let them! *It's Durable!*

Are we going to move next week? Roll up the rug! *It's easily movable from house to house!*

Will we need new rugs this fall? Don't worry! *Bird's* Neponset *Rugs cost only $9 to $18—and they come in many beautiful designs and colorings, too!*

Identify them by their Red Waxed Back.

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The Hammer that meets the precise demands of millions,—

right weight and size to do the odd jobs, easily handled by anyone;

right shaped handle to fit the hand;

right finish for lasting service;

right price, one dollar, to pay for a hammer for all-round uses.

This is the STANLEY Four-Square Hammer, one item in the first complete line of Tools ever designed expressly for home, garage and farm use.

32 different Tools in this Stanley Four-Square line

Every one of them of like quality. All marked with the name STANLEY and the red Four-Square. Sold in distinctive packages for easy identification. Each tagged with its retail price.

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Prices slightly higher in Canada

FOUR-SQUARE HOUSEHOLD TOOLS

WITHOUT PREJUDICE

(Continued from Page 8)

"I think you'd better begin with 'Cicely.'"

"I don't care what you think," said Captain Rage. "That's the beauty of it. If you were to say you'd never speak to me again, I shouldn't care a curse. Still, I'll temper the wind—Cicely. Besides, it's a sweet pretty name. Suits you down to the ground."

Miss Voile put a hand to her head.

"It's terribly difficult to get hold of," she said. "You're quite sure I don't attract you?"

"Absolutely," said Rage. "If you were to go up in smoke now, I shouldn't turn a hair. I like you as I like a work of art. If you were damaged or removed I should deplore your removal, but I shouldn't come unbuttoned about it. But surely, if you feel the same, you can appreciate ——"

"I do," said Miss Voile quickly. "But then, I'm a girl. Men don't attract women; they sort of bear them down."

"Ugh, the brutes!" said Rage.

"But women are always supposed to attract a man. Of course I know you're impervious, but when you speak and look so—so naturally, it's almost impossible to believe that it's make-believe."

"You'll soon get used to that," said her companion. "When you've called me 'Toby darling' a few dozen times without a sign of a response ——"

"D'you think you could stand it, Toby? I mean, Alfred used to say my voice ——"

"My sweet," said Toby, "I could listen to your voice all day. Listen. It has quality."

With that he lay back on the turf and closed his eyes. Cicely set her teeth.

Then—"Toby dear," she purred, "I left my dust coat in the car."

"That's right," said her squire. "I saw you. Hangin' over the door."

"If I had it, Toby, I could make it into a pillow and go to sleep—too."

"So you could," said Toby.

There was a silence.

"But—but it's in the car, Toby dear."

"I know," murmured Rage. "Hangin' over the door." He sighed. "If you do go and get it you might bring me back my pouch. But don't go on purpose."

There was another silence.

"Are you sure," ventured Miss Voile, "that you aren't confusing ordinary politeness with love?"

"Positive," said Toby. "You're proving me, you are. Shove your little face down on the broom, sweetheart, and I'll tell you a fairy tale."

A silence, succeeded by a rustling, suggested that Cicely had capitulated.

"Go on," she said presently.

"There was once," said Toby, "a King; and he had a daughter who was as lovely as the dawn. That's why they called her Sunset. She attracted like anything—especially the Master of the Horse. Well, one day, just as the King was about to sack the Master of the Horse for being attracted, a voice said 'You'd better not.'

"'Who's that?' said the King, looking all round the room.

"'I rather think,' said the Master of the Horse, 'that it's my uncle. He said that if ever I was in trouble I was to rub this ring, and I've just rubbed it.'

"'Oh, did he?' said the King. 'I mean have you? Then it was a piece of great presumption. And now push off.'

"'Very good, sir,' said the Master of the Horse. 'Good-by.'

"'Good-by,' said the King.

"'Good luck,' said the voice.

"'You shut your face!' said the King. 'What's all that shouting about?'

"Nobody answered him this time, but he had not long to wait. In fact, the door had hardly closed behind the Master of the Horse when it was burst open by the Lord Chamberlain.

"'Sunset's gone into a trance,' he announced. 'You know. A sort of swoon, only worse.'

"'Curse these enchanters!' said the King, catching up his crown. 'Where is she?'

"'In the fore court,' said the Lord Chamberlain. 'She was playing with the state bloodhound, when all of a sudden she collapsed. She's still got the dog by the ear.'

"This was true. What was more to the point was that the physicians advised that, since she was under a spell, any attempt to interfere with her grip would probably prove fatal. The position was really extremely awkward

"With incredible difficulty Sunset was got to bed, while the dog, who was becoming every moment more suspicious and impatient of his detention, was persuaded to lie upon a divan by her side.

"Then a council was held. Violence to the bloodhound seemed futile, and mutilation as bad. If Sunset was destined for an indefinite period to grasp a piece of flesh it seemed best that it should be alive. The dog, however, would require exercise—an obviously delicate business, since the sleeping princess must accompany it upon its rambles.

"'The dog,' said the King, 'must be duly tended and controlled. Who's to do it?'

"'Nothing doing,' said the Lord Chamberlain. 'I'd rather resign. The brute jolly near had me when we were going upstairs.'

"'He never did like me,' said the Comptroller hurriedly. 'Always growls when I pass.'

"'That's nothing to go by,' said the King. 'Heaps of dogs ——'

"'It's good enough for me,' said the Comptroller shortly.

"'The truth is,' said the Treasurer, 'that he's not a nice dog. There's only one man who ever has got on with him, and that's the Master of the Horse.'

"'But I've just fired him,' said the King. 'Besides, he's got off with Sunset. That's what I fired him for.'

"Here the door was opened, and a servant put in his head.

"'Excuse me, sir,' he said, 'but I think the dog wants to go out.'

"By the time the King, with his daughter in his arms, had been twice round the fore court, over the drawbridge, down a steep bank into a plowed field, through a brook, in and out of an orchard, over two walls and along an evil-smelling drain, his mind was made up.

"As the Court arrived—'Issue two orders,' he said faintly. 'First, all cats are to be collected and kept under lock and key until further notice. Penalty for disobedience, death.' He nodded at the bloodhound, who was eating heartily. 'God knows where I should be, but for that sheep's head.' He paused to mop his face. 'Secondly, the Master of the Horse is to be found forthwith.'

"Half an hour later the two men once more faced each other. The Master of the Horse had Sunset in his arms, with the dog stretched at his feet. The King had his checkbook in his hand.

"'Supposing,' said the King—'supposing you rubbed that ring.'

"'Why?' said the Master of the Horse, glancing at the beautiful face upon his shoulder. 'I'm not in any trouble.'

"The King fingered his beard.

"'You can't go on like this,' he observed. 'It's—it's unheard of.'

"'It is at present,' was the reply. 'But it'll soon get about. You know what Scandal is.'

"The King rose to his feet and took a short turn. When he felt better—'What,' he said, 'do you suggest?'

"'A priest,' said the Master of the Horse. 'Oh, and witnesses.'

"After several more turns the King sent for a priest. 'After all,' he said to himself, 'she can't respond; so I can always get it annulled. And what price—undue influence!'

"At the critical moment, however, Sunset responded heartily. Then she released her hold on the bloodhound and blew her father a kiss.

"'I'd no idea,' she said, 'you could go so well. The way you flew those walls! But I do wish you'd have that drain cleaned out. I don't think it's healthy.'

"The King was nothing if not a man of action. He seized his son-in-law by the ear and fell into a trance. This was a real one and lasted for several days. So the King got a bit of his own back. The first thing he did upon recovery was to make the practice of ventriloquism a capital crime."

There was long silence.

At length—"Don't say you're asleep," said Toby.

Cicely started guiltily.

"Certainly not," she said. "Go on. Sunset went into a trance. I suppose the uncle did that. What then?"

"Oh, the vixen!" said Rage. "Just 'cause I wouldn't get her dust coat. Never mind. Full many a tale is told to float unheard and waste its neatness on the distrait ear. Besides, it's the effort that counts." He sighed. Then "D'you often laugh in your sleep, Cicely?"

So soon as she could speak—"I'm not surprised," said Miss Voile in a shaking voice, "that Rachel turned you down."

"But she didn't," said Rage comfortably. "It was I who—er—withdrew. What shall we do tomorrow?"

Cicely rose to her feet and smoothed down her dress.

"Why," she said, "should we do anything?"

"Because we get on so well. You don't want to be loved, because men mean nothing to you. Well, I should think I'm one of the few men living who could withstand successfully your physical and mental charms. Besides, you find me convenient—very convenient. On the other hand, while I've not the slightest desire to bear down any woman, most of the women I know seem to expect to be overwhelmed. Of course I except my Aunt Ira. She's in a class of her own."

"Is she so strong?" said Cicely.

"It's not exactly strength. It's sheer weight. She's rather like lava. Her personality submerges—flattens. After half an hour of her I'm all over at the knees. Add to this that she's a bigoted mid-Victorian, has made a will in my favor and is enormously rich, then you'll see that our relations are delicate indeed. She's very hot on what she calls round dances and the decay of chaperonage."

"She would like Biarritz, wouldn't she?" said Miss Voile.

Her companion shuddered.

"The bare idea," he said, "is bad for my heart. What were we saying? Oh, I know. I was indicating the convenience of our future partnership."

"Perhaps you're right," said Cicely slowly. "Let's get up early and go up into the mountains."

"What exactly," said Rage, "do you mean by early? By the time I'm able to differentiate between the bell and light switches which dangle over my bed, and so obtain breakfast, it's usually about eight."

"Let's leave at five, Toby."

"Five!" screamed Toby. "Why, that's B. C.—Before Cockcrow. You oughtn't to talk about such hours."

"All right," said Cicely. "I'll get someone else to take me. I wonder if Teddy Bligh would."

"Firkin's the man," said Rage. "He's mug enough for anything. You ask Firkin."

A dreamy look stole into Cicely's eyes.

"The trouble is," she said, "that either of them'll make love."

"Well, it would be asking for trouble, wouldn't it, Cicely dear? Up at dawn and then hey, for the mountains in the half light and a two-seater! What?"

"Don't you think," said Miss Voile, "that, as I want to so much, it'd be a friendly act if you were to step into the breach?"

"I think it'd be more than friendly," said Rage. "Almost—almost familiar."

"Once you're up," said Cicely, "you feel most awfully fit."

"So I've heard," said Toby. "It's a compelling phrase that, isn't it? 'Once you're up.'"

Miss Voile began to laugh.

"I give in," she said. "Fix your own time, Toby, and I'll be there."

Captain Rage pulled his mustache.

"My dear good child," he said, "I don't want to spoil your day. If it'll really amuse you to leave at five ——"

"Oh, I should love it, Toby! I've always wanted to drive up into the dawn. You see, with summer time it'll be four really."

"Yes, I—I'd thought of that," said Toby.

"And we'll have the roads to ourselves, and you can let her out and—and—oh, it'll be glorious!"

"So be it," said Toby Rage. "Five B. C. tomorrow as ever is."

"Oh, you darling!" cried Cicely.

"And listen," continued Toby. "Quarter 'f an hour I'll give you for the sake of your pretty face. But at 5:15 sharp I shall return to bed."

Cicely blew him a kiss.

"Ugh!" said Toby.

II

THE blue landaulet rolled over the saddle of Sévignac and began to descend slowly into the valley of Laruns.

"Pull the check string," said Mrs. Medallion. "I wish to admire the view."

Her companion put out her head and called on the driver to stop.

As she resumed her seat—"I wish," said Mrs. Medallion, "you'd do as you're told. I ordered a cord on his arm, and there it is. Why avoid a convenience?"

"To tell you the truth," said Miss Woolly, "I was afraid he mightn't understand."

"In that case," said Mrs. Medallion, "we could have enlightened him."

Head in air, she turned to survey the prospect.

"Isn't it enchanting?" said Miss Woolly, gazing over her shoulder.

"No," said Mrs. Medallion, "it isn't. And I wish you wouldn't exaggerate. My father detested exaggeration. He said it was subversive of conversational dignity."

"Well, it's very restful anyway. Look at those sheep."

"I refuse," said Mrs. Medallion. "We've passed four flocks on the road since we left Pau, and I'm sick and tired of sheep. What is abundantly clear is that France is a very rich land. Why doesn't she pay her debts?"

"I can't imagine," said Miss Woolly.

"I'll tell you," said Mrs. Medallion. "Because she and her creditors are friends. You can't combine friendship with business. It's an inviolable rule. Pull the check string."

The landaulet proceeded silently and at a sober pace.

Presently the road became a curling shelf, with, on the left, first a miniature wall and then a ten-foot drop into gay meadows. On the right, a rough and tumble of rock, with rags and tatters of greensward interspersed, climbed to the mountains. Except for an open car, drawn up by the miniature wall, and an approaching wagon, the road was empty.

As luck would have it, the wagon was about to pass the car when the landaulet arrived. There not being room for three vehicles abreast, the landaulet had to wait. This it did quietly enough six paces away.

The wagon went rumbling. Then the bullocks saw Mrs. Medallion's blue parasol and sought to leave the road. Their frantic owner strove to correct them with blows and howls.

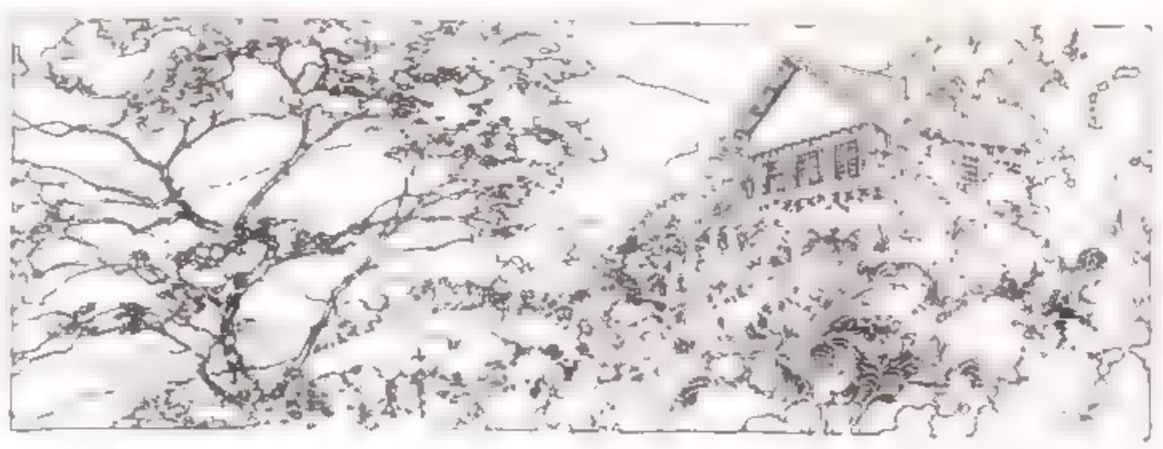
Pipe in mouth, the fair-haired man who had been tightening a bolt beneath the gray car's wing watched the scene with a smile.

Mrs. Medallion put up her lorgnette.

"Desire that man to come here," she said. "He's my nephew."

Miss Woolly descended and went up to Captain Rage.

"Please, will you come," she said, "and speak to Mrs. Medallion."



(Continued on Page 82)

"ORNSTEIN—

unseen but unmistakable—played Liebestraum just as I had heard him play it the evening before."

The Ampico is found exclusively in fine pianos. It can be had only with these names of present and legendary fame—names which, for generations, have stood for instruments of quality.

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HOW ONE DAY BROUGHT ME A NEW IDEA OF MUSIC

THE most interesting experience I've had in years began last week at Ornstein's concert. I had never heard Ornstein before. Even his program was unfamiliar —except one number, Liszt's Liebestraum.

At the opening note I settled back in my chair. Then suddenly I leaned forward . . . .

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Then a paragraph in the program caught my eye—"Leo Ornstein records exclusively for the Ampico." Wait! Here was an idea! I'd never heard an Ampico; I knew only that it was something different and finer than a player piano. I might expect to find there at least the form—and perhaps a faint shadow of the spell —of the music I had just heard

I decided to hear the Ampico

The next morning I went to a piano store where I had seen an Ampico sign in the window. The first question I asked was "May I hear Liszt's Liebestraum played by Ornstein?"

The salesman smiled, stepped over to a gleaming grand piano and touched a button.

Then the impossible happened! Ornstein—unseen but unmistakable—played Liebestraum just as I had heard him play it the evening before. Every phrase—even those subtle modulations you feel rather than hear—the re-enactment was completely convincing.

Here was an instrument so far removed from the realm of the player piano that they shouldn't be spoken of in the same breath. For here was the piano plus the artist. Here was great music so arranged that I could take it into my home—where not one member of the family can really play the piano.

Before the salesman spoke a word, I had decided that my family *had* to have an Ampico.

That evening I talked the whole thing over with my husband.

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When you buy an Ampico, I told him, you buy a fine piano—one of a small group of six pianos, every one of which has the reputation of quality sustained through generations. So you have first of all a beautiful piano that any artist would like to play. But concealed within that piano is a marvelous device. By its magic—at least that's the way it seems—the world's great pianists will play for you—whatever and whenever you like. Every phrase, every touch—even Ornstein's famous singing tone—is just as the artist himself interpreted it.

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Hearing is believing!

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If you are not near one of these stores, or if you want to know more about the Ampico before hearing it, write to the address below. You will receive a booklet descriptive of the Ampico and information about where you may hear it.

The AMPICO

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(Continued from Page 79)

Toby started violently, dropped his spanner and snatched his pipe from his mouth. Then with a sickly smile he took off his hat.

As the wagon swayed by—"How d'ye do," said Mrs. Medallion, extending her hand. "Don't you feel well?"

"P-p-perfectly, thank you, Aunt Ira," stammered the unfortunate Toby, touching her glove. "D'you feel all right? I mean—I—I do hope you're well," he added piously.

After a long look—"My health," said Mrs. Medallion, "leaves little to be desired." She turned to her companion, about to reenter the car. "Miss Woolly, this is my nephew, Captain Rage. Captain Rage—Miss Woolly." The two bowed. "Why are you here, Toby?"

"Well, I'm—I'm really at Biarritz," stammered Rage. "You know; taking—taking a sort of holiday there."

"Well, I'm really at Pau," said his aunt, staring. "Taking a sort of rest. I don't know what from, but the doctors advised the change. What's your trouble—nerves?"

"Good heavens, no, Aunt Ira!" He laughed uneasily. "I'm perfectly well. But I was so—so dumfounded. You know. Er—er—astonished"

"Dumfounded will do," said his aunt. "I'm quite familiar with the word."

"Of course," said Toby. "What I mean is, I never dreamed"

"Why should you?" said his aunt. "Neither did I. But I don't stammer about it. Tell me about Biarritz."

"Oh, it's not much of a place," said Toby cautiously. "And it's awfully full. I spend most of my time getting away from it. I like the peace of ——"

"Are there public dances there?"

Captain Rage appeared to consider.

"I believe they do dance at the Casino," he said. "Yes, I'm almost sure they do."

"Are you indeed?" said his aunt. "It's wonderful how these things get about, isn't it?" Toby blanched. "Where is the English Church?"

Painfully conscious that his reply would almost certainly be compared with that of Baedeker, Captain Rage swallowed.

"Well," he said, "when you get out of the hotel, instead of going down to the sea ——"

"Toby darling!" The clear voice floated musically over the miniature wall.

The worst had happened. Cicely had awaked.

After one frightful moment Captain Rage plunged on desperately.

"In-instead of going down to the sea, you—you turn ——"

"Somebody," said Mrs. Medallion in a freezing tone—"somebody appears to desire your attention. Didn't you hear them call?"

Her nephew put his head on one side and appeared to listen.

"Did they?" he said.

Grimly his aunt surveyed him.

"You must be deaf," she said. "Never mind. If you don't answer I dare say they'll call again."

She was perfectly right.

Almost immediately—"Toby darling," cried Miss Voile, "have you got a cigarette?"

There was an awful silence.

Miss Woolly, who had a keen sense of humor, set her white teeth and fought to suppress her mirth.

Head up, Mrs. Medallion stared in the direction from which the voice had come, as one who has detected an unlawful and offensive smell. Fingers to mouth, Captain Rage was glancing over his shoulder with the nervous apprehension of the escaped felon who has heard his pursuers decide to bomb his lair.

Two sweet pretty hands appeared upon the miniature wall. The next moment, looking extraordinarily lovely, a flushed and hatless Cicely pulled herself abreast of the parapet.

Toby stepped forward, put his hands under her arms and lifted the lithe figure onto the road. Then he turned to his aunt.

"This is Miss Voile, Aunt Ira; Miss Cicely Voile. Cicely, this is my aunt, Mrs. Medallion."

Cicely stepped to the car and put out her hand.

"How d'ye do," she said with a charming smile.

In stony silence Mrs. Medallion touched the slight fingers.

"Are you engaged to my nephew?"

"Of course I am," said Cicely. "That's why we're alone. We got engaged last night, so we're spending today in the mountains to recuperate. D'you think he'll make me happy?"

The ghost of a smile stole into Mrs. Medallion's face.

"That depends on his wife," she said. "Why didn't he tell me?"

"We haven't told anyone yet," said Cicely Voile. "And I expect he's shy. Men are funny like that, you know. They seem to regard their engagement as a confession of weakness"

"It frequently is," said Mrs. Medallion. She turned to her nephew. "Toby, you're a fool. Why shouldn't you be engaged?"

Captain Rage grinned sheepishly.

"No reason at all," he said. "Only—only it was all rather sudden, you know. The—the words wouldn't come."

"Yes, I noticed that," said his aunt. "They still seem rather reluctant."

"What did I say?" said Cicely, sliding an arm through Toby's and addressing his aunt. "You see? He's ashamed of himself. He feels his position. They can't help it. Where are you staying, Mrs. Medallion?"

"At Pau. Should I like Biarritz?"

"I should come for the day. It's not very far. I think Pau's quieter, you know."

Mrs. Medallion regarded her.

"I heard you ask," she said, "for a cigarette."

"I didn't know you were here," said Cicely Voile. "I shouldn't smoke before you, because I'm younger than you, and so it's up to me not to give you offense. I've got an aunt called Susan who simply loathes it. So I never smoke before her."

Mrs. Medallion turned to her companion.

"A very proper spirit," she said defiantly.

"Admirable," said Miss Woolly.

"Miss Voile, this is Miss Woolly, who bears with me."

Miss Woolly laughed, and Cicely stepped to the running board and put out her hand.

"It can't be a very hard life," she said. "You're looking too well."

"I suppose you dance, child?" said Mrs. Medallion.

"I do," said Cicely. "I love it. I know the dances of today aren't all they might be, but neither is anything else, for the matter of that. I imagine that convents are as conservative as ever, but outside them ——"

"I doubt it," sighed Mrs. Medallion. "Look at the jails. I don't believe in torture, but I always had a weakness for the discouragement of crime. Never mind. Come back to Pau now and I'll give you some tea. Toby!"

"Yes, Aunt Ira."

"Take Miss Voile out of sight and give her her cigarette. I think she's earned it. Then follow us back to Pau. By the way, d'you feel better now?"

"Much better, thank you, Aunt Ira," said Captain Rage.

"What a fool you are!" said his aunt. "I don't expect to be welcomed, but misprision of my understanding I cannot endure. But for your pretty advocate, your ghastly endeavors to dissemble would have cost you extremely dear." Her nephew quailed. "Besides, aren't you proud of her?"

"I should think I was!" said Toby heartily.

"Then act accordingly," said Mrs. Medallion. "And if ever again you want to throw dust in my eyes, throw dust—not clods of earth. If you can manage to blind me, that's one to you. But I won't be assaulted."

"I'm very sorry, Aunt Ira," said Toby humbly.

"I'm glad to hear it." She turned to address Miss Voile. "Now don't go and heal those stripes as soon as my back is turned. Give him the cold shoulder for a quarter 'f an hour. And please tell the driver to turn and take us to Pau. I shall expect you at four at the Hôtel de France."

"Thank you very much," said Cicely. "I'm sorry my entrance was so abrupt, but ——"

"I wouldn't have missed it for worlds," said Mrs. Medallion. "It was—enchanting."

In silence the landaulet was turned and the ladies were driven away.

As the dust swallowed them up Toby turned to his companion with a glowing face. Then he caught her hands and pressed them against his lips. He looked up with shining eyes.

"Cicely darling," he cried, "you're an absolute brick!"

Miss Voile disengaged herself.

"No endearments, please," she said calmly enough. "This is a serious business. I've compromised myself good and proper, you know. And until we're out of the wood I'd rather go slow—dead slow."

"My dear ——"

"Don't call me your dear!" cried Cicely, stamping her foot.

"It's without prejudice," said Toby.

"What about our engagement? That's without prejudice too. The trouble is, we omitted to point that out to Mrs. Medallion."

"Well, I'm very sorry," said Toby. "But what did you do it for?"

"Why do people go in after drowning men? Because they can't stand still and see them drown. I did it out of common humanity. When I looked over the wall I saw how matters stood—saw in a flash. It wasn't particularly bright of me. If you could have seen your face —— Well, there was only one thing to be done. The difficulty was how to do it. And then with her very first words she smoothed that away."

"Common humanity or not, it was a most handsome act. And I'm deeply, deeply grateful. I'll put things right, of course."

"How?"

"I don't know yet, but I will before any damage is done. I'm afraid it's spoiled your day, and I'm frightfully sorry. But there you are. And now let's go to Eaux-Chaudes and find some tea."

"Eaux-Chaudes?" cried Miss Voile. "But we're booked to your aunt! Don't look so amazed. If I start on a thing I like to see it through. And what on earth's the use of all I've done if we don't ——"

"I refuse," said Captain Rage. "As you've said, you're deep enough in. If I hadn't been so rattled ——"

"I never said that," said Miss Voile. "And now please don't interfere. This is my show. You say you're grateful. Very well, then; do as I say. I shan't get in any deeper by going to tea. I don't suppose it's a party."

"I wish you wouldn't," said Toby. "I—I don't like it. What with bein' heckled by that woman, then all of a sudden lugged out of the muck, an' then all dazzled an' blinded by the way you handled her, it never occurred to me that you were paying the score. It sounds ungrateful and selfish, but there you are. Now that I do see, for heaven's sake have a heart. Don't make me feel more of a worm."

With a sudden movement Cicely put out her hands.

"Toby, I'm sorry," she said. "And please don't feel like a worm. It is so—so very inappropriate. I was so glad to help you." Rage took her hands in his. "I am so glad I've helped you. And I'm glad to go on helping you -awfully glad. And then we'll help each other—out of the wood. I'm afraid it sounded as if I repented what I'd done. I don't, Toby, I don't. And I don't quite know why I said such rotten things. Only, when you called me darling on—on the top of it all, it—seemed as if you were forgetting—that it's only—only a game."

Toby Rage looked into the great brown eyes.

"I—I believe I was," he faltered.

"Well, please don't, Toby dear," said Cicely Voile. "I'll tell you why. I've banked on your not forgetting. I've put—not exactly my honor, but my—my value in your hands. The moment that you forget, I become cheap." The man started. "You won't have made me cheap. I shall have made myself cheap. Cheap in my own eyes—and yours. And I like you just well enough, Toby, not to want that."

"You know that I'd never ——"

"You wouldn't at once. But after a little you'd see. Time makes things so painfully clear. Never mind. Now that I've told you, I'm sure that you won't let me down." She whipped her hands away and put them behind her back. "And now be nice to me, Toby, and give me a cigarette."

III

TWENTY-FOUR hours had gone by, and the two were sitting again on the rolling moor. An urchin breeze darted and hung, Pucklike, in the brave sunshine, while earth and sky and sea lifted up radiant heads. Time nodded drowsily over a golden world.

From a little fellowship of chestnuts in a neighboring dell the pert insistence of a cuckoo cheered to the echo the excellence of present mirth. Out of the sweetness of a hawthorn a fragrant eulogy of idleness stole upon the air.

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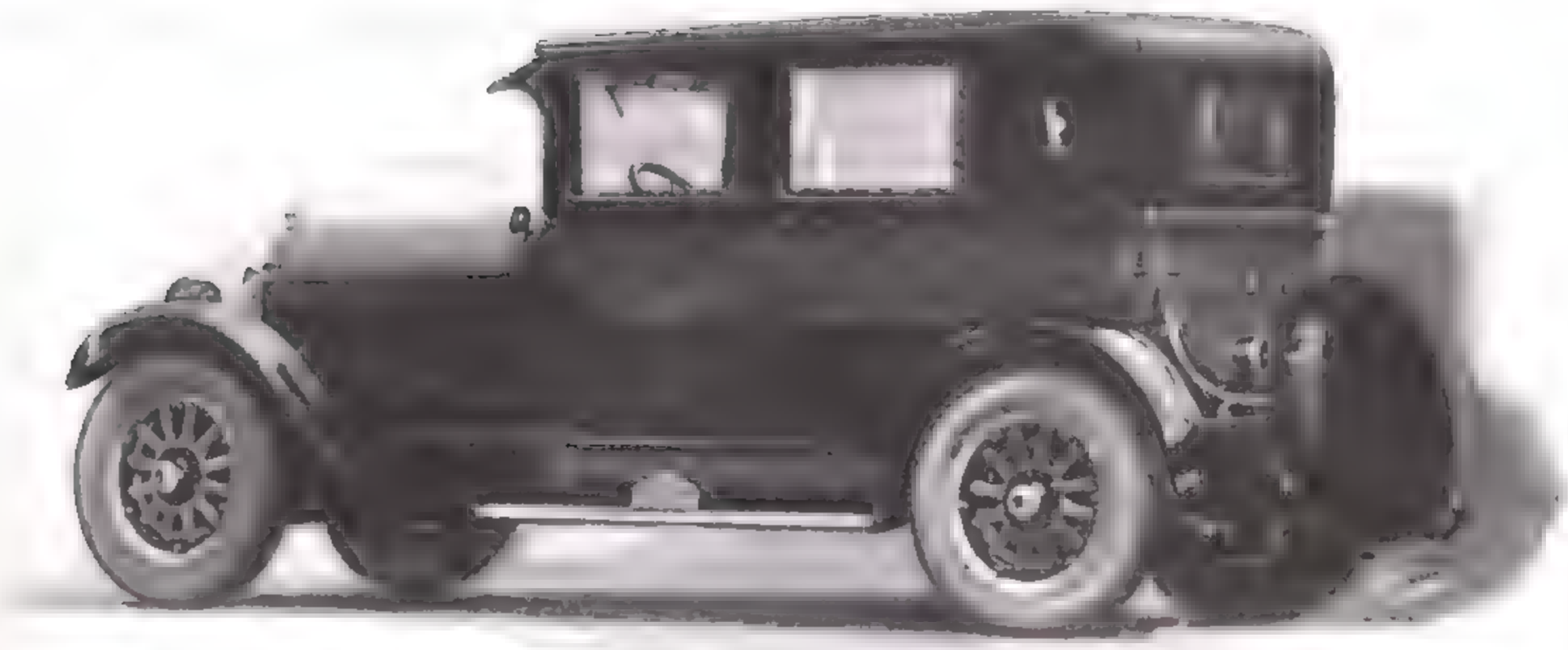

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The significance of the Chrysler Six is unmistakable. It bears the same relation to the automobile industry today, as did the first four-cylinder motor car to the industry years ago.

There is literally no equal for Chrysler performance because the Chrysler Six marks as long a step forward now as did the multi-cylinder engine over the "double-opposed" in the dark ages of motor car design.

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Chrysler, indeed, has pioneered the way to an entirely new degree of performance and economy in motoring—a high speed range from 2 to over 70 miles an hour, combined with gasoline economy safely over 20 miles per gallon, and extraordinary oil economy, due to the Chrysler oil-filter which cleanses and purifies all the oil in the crankcase once in every 25 miles of driving.

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Such riding ease results from perfect distribution of weight, lower center of gravity, a new degree of spring balance and a scientific new spring mounting, which eliminates side-sway and road weaving.

The Chrysler motor is without vibration. It positively has no "period."

A 7-bearing crankshaft, heavy enough for a two-ton car, fully machined and perfectly balanced, combines with scientifically designed and balanced reciprocating parts to produce vibrationless power at all speeds.

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The Touring, $1395; The Phaeton, $1495; The Roadster, $1625; The Sedan, $1725; The Brougham, $1895; The Imperial, $1995. All prices f. o. b. Detroit; tax extra.

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Outdoors all afternoon on a bright day your eyes will feel fresh as when you face the morning. Indoors you will read or write with greater ease. For this new glass will give full protection to the eyes against that insidious evil—"the poison in light."

Of course, sunlight contains in the main kindly rays. But there lurk in it also other rays—called ultra-violet—which gradually irritate the delicate structure of the eye. And the effects of these dangerous rays are noticeable, sometimes to the point of nerve strain and mental depression.

That shows what a boon now awaits us in the new Cruxite glass, perfected after years of experiment by the Wellsworth Scientific Staff. This new glass will stop and absorb the dangerous ultra-violet rays in light, and yet, looking through it, everything will be seen in natural colors. And Cruxite glass will not cast around the eyes the slightest tinge from its delicate and practically invisible flesh tint.

Avoid the danger of this "poison in light"

To men and women who work their eyes all day long, either in sunlight or in glaring artificial light, and also to those who pass in and out of sunlight constantly, Cruxite glass will assure greater comfort and efficiency. It will give explicit relief from the nerve strain and mental depression so commonly caused by the dangerous ultra-violet rays.

Whether you already wear glasses or not, you can't take a better step for your own good than to ask your eyesight specialist about Wellsworth Cruxite Lenses.

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for Better Eyesight
WELLSWORTH
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WELLSWORTH PARK

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(Continued from Page 82)

Miss Voile, however, was not smiling, while Rage was regarding the jovial landscape with a perfectly poisonous stare.

"How," said Cicely, "are you getting on?"

Toby started and picked up a writing pad.

"Give me a chance," he said. "I'm not a journalist. Besides, a letter like this takes some composing."

"It's got to go off tonight," said Cicely Voile.

"Well, don't you rush me," said Toby. "It's a very delicate job. Any fool can say 'The engagement's off'; but that won't do for Aunt Ira. What I've got to do is to word it in such a way as to stifle the instinct of cross-examination. Well, bein' an optimist, I'm not going to say it's impossible, but if I can't do it she won't come over for the day—she'll come for a week. I shouldn't wait for that. I've only one heart. But she'll metaphorically sack Biarritz."

"Oh, it's easy enough," said Cicely. "Shove it on to me. Say you find I'm a waster. I don't care."

"Well, I do," said Toby violently.

Cicely shrugged her fair shoulders.

Presently—"Read me as far as you've got," she commanded.

Captain Rage cleared his throat.

"'*My dear Aunt Ira:* When I remember our fortunate encounter yesterday afternoon and your subsequent kind hospitality at the Hotel de France, I find it more than painful to have to tell you that the marriage which had been arranged between Miss Voile and myself will not take place. The rupture between us is still so recent that I am not in a condition of mind conducive to conducting correspondence, still less to recording in black and white the ruin of my hopes; but I feel that in view of the interest which you were good enough to take in my engagement it is my duty, cost what it may, to put you in immediate possession of the unhappy truth. This, I fear, may possibly affect your decision to come to Biarritz. I do not propose to weary you with the details of our sudden estrangement further than to confess ——'"

"Oh, that's maddening!" cried Cicely, clapping her hands. "Go on!"

"But I can't go on!" cried Toby. "That's the devil of it. I don't know what to confess. All that first bit's eyewash—quite all right as a lead. But now I've got to land a punch. The next two lines have got to do the trick. They've got to satisfy, allay and crush. They've got to satisfy her curiosity, allay her suspicion and crush her initiative."

"That's easy," said Miss Voile. "Give me the pad."

In a silence too big for words the writing pad passed.

Cicely finished the sentence and threw it back.

"—— that it is now quite clear that we do not and never did love one another."

"That's no good," said Toby. "That's simply inviting investigation. How can you reconcile that with—er—with the 'Toby darling' of yesterday afternoon?"

"Then cut me out," said Miss Voile. "Say—'clear that I do not and never did love her.' How can she go behind that?"

"That," said Captain Rage, "would bring her over by return."

"Why?"

"Because the inference is that you still love me. Remembering the violent fancy she's taken to you, is it likely that she'd sit still and allow me to turn you down? She'd come over here like a bear robbed of her whelks—whelps."

Cicely stared upon the ground.

"Well, I'll tell you what," she said uncertainly. "Stick to my first suggestion, and add these words." She began to dictate slowly: "'You must not think this conclusion inconsistent or precipitate, because this is not, as you know, the first time that I have been engaged, while ——'"

"No, no. I can't say that!" cried Toby. "It's—it's out of the question! She—I never told her about Leah."

"Leah!" cried Cicely. "Oh, you Mormon!"

"I mean Rachel," said Rage hurriedly. "Leah—Leah was her second name."

Miss Voile stared at the sea with trembling lips.

As soon as she could trust her voice—"The trouble is," she said, "you've written in the wrong strain; sounded the wrong note."

"That," said Toby, "I can entirely believe. When one's got to convey some singularly distasteful intelligence to a woman who invariably receives good tidings first as a personal affront and secondly as evidence of the messenger's mental deficiency, it is extremely easy to sound the wrong note."

In a shaking voice—"Give me the pad," said Cicely.

Once more the writing materials changed hands.

Sitting a little behind her, Toby frowned into the distance, thoughtfully pulling his mustache and stealing an occasional glance at the slim brown hand which was steadily driving the pencil across the gray-blue sheet. Presently his eyes climbed to the exquisite face. There they rested.

This is not surprising. The man was human. And at that moment Cicely Berwick Voile was a sight for the high gods.

The girl was always beautiful; her features and coloring alone established that. Hers was the gay fresh beauty of Nature herself. It argued the spring in her blood. She was radiant, eager. The expectation of her mouth, the light in her big brown eyes were living breathing glories that lifted up the heart. But now my lady was grown pensive. She had exchanged her "meadows trim with daisies pied" for "the studious cloister's pale." Mirth sat in Melancholy's seat, adorning that cold throne as never did its mistress. Her serious mien, the droop of her precious lips, the way she would fling up her head to gaze for an instant seaward while she sought for a phrase, her breathless glowing charm plunged for the moment into the dignity of thought—made an arresting picture.

Rage had not seen her like this. Few people had. This was as well. Heaven knows she was dangerous enough. Amaryllis weaving a garland sends your heart to your mouth. But Amaryllis contemplative, pacing the garden of Philosophy, shall send the blood to your head.

Miss Voile turned suddenly to meet her companion's eyes. Instantly both looked away—Toby at the parcel of chestnuts and the girl at the broom by her side.

Presently—"Here you are," she said quietly, passing the writing pad.

Toby stared at the letter as at a death warrant.

"*My dear Aunt Ira:* This is just a line to thank you very much for all your kindness yesterday and to say how much I am looking forward to seeing you here on Thursday. I quite expect it will be fine, for the weather seems settled now, and I think you will enjoy the run. It is impossible to mistake the road, which runs through some lovely country as well as that charming and historical old town, Bayonne. I shall expect you about half-past one and shall be at the entrance to the hotel from one on in case you are before time.

"I have no news except that Miss Voile and I have broken off our engagement, as we do not think we should get on together.

"Always your affectionate nephew,

"TOBY.

"P.S. There is another road by Bidache, but I should not come by that because it is longer and not so easy to follow."

"You see," explained Cicely, "the two outstanding characteristics of Mrs. Medallion are first of all her contrariness, and secondly her conviction that all men are fools. Well, I've given her a glorious opportunity of indulging the former and I've supported the latter by a piece of documentary evidence of which she will talk for years. In fact, I should think she'd have it framed After this she'd rather die than come to Biarritz. The bare idea of your waiting for hours at the entrance to the hotel, not daring to go away in case she arrives, will give her a better appetite for lunch than any hula-hula that ever was shaken."

Captain Rage lifted his eyes to heaven.

"Trust a woman," he said, "to put it across a woman. Of course I take off my hat. It's a work of art. That postscript alone ——"

He ripped the sheet from the pad, folded it very carefully and, after staring upon it, took out a cigarette case and bestowed the paper inside.

"Well, that's that," said Cicely, getting upon her feet.

"Here," said Toby. "You're—you're not thinkin' of going, are you?"

"Why not?" said Cicely calmly. "We came here to fix up that letter, and now it's fixed."

Toby swallowed

"I know," he said. "But it seems a pity to rush off I I rather like this spot. Look at the sea over there. All—all glassy Reminds me of some hymn."

By a superhuman effort Miss Voile maintained her gravity.

"I've got to get back," she said

"Oh, not yet," said Toby. "Not yet. Besides, I I've I wanted to tell you about Rachel"

Miss Voile appeared to hesitate. Then she sat down.

"What about Rachel?" she said.

"Well, I—I made up Rachel," said Toby. "You know. Invented the nymph." He stared uneasily upon his finger nails. "God knows why. I think I had some idea of makin' you think I was an old campaigner, with a trick or two up his sleeve." He hesitated. "Well, I'd like you to know I'm not. I've danced attendance once or twice—most men have—and been properly stung for my pains. But that's as far as it's gone. I've—I've never been engaged—before."

"I'm glad you told me," said Cicely. She turned a glowing face. "I knew it, of course." Toby started. "All along. But I'm glad you told me."

There was a long silence.

At length—"You remember," said Toby, "what you said yesterday about my not letting you down?" Cicely nodded. "Well, if I've seemed offhand since then, it's because of what you said. That's why I've not called you by name or—or told you how sweet you are. You see, it began as a game—without prejudice—but when you said what you did you opened my eyes. And then, suddenly, I realized that for me the game had slid into reality; that I had quite lost sight of the very first rule of the game. And so—I had to stop. I couldn't call you darling or speak of the stars in your eyes, because—I find you a darling and I love the stars in your eyes."

Cicely bowed her head.

The man continued slowly, "Well, there you are. I've bought it. I've queered my rotten pitch. I suggested the blasted game. I gave it its footling label and let you come right in—under that shelter. Now you're in balk, and I've got to let you go. Don't think I'm trying to get out. I'm not. I'll post this letter tonight, as I'm a living fool. But I'd give ten years of my life to call back the idle moment when I started that game"

For a moment the two sat silent. Then as if by one consent they rose to their feet. Cicely put out a hand and the man took it.

"Thank you, Toby," she said; "I knew I could bank on you. I put my value in your hands, and you've given it back. And I think you're perfectly right. It's a stupid game. And—and I'm very glad it's over."

Rage put her hand to his lips and turned away. Her words were equivocal. There was a chance that she meant —— But the chance that she meant nothing must turn the scale.

"And—er—Toby."

"Yes."

"I'm afraid I made up Alfred."

"Yes, I thought you did," said Toby.

"Why?"

"Because the man isn't foaled who after an hour of your sweetness could refuse you anything. Besides, unless he was mentally deranged, once having got so far, no man on earth would ever have let you go."

"Perhaps—perhaps that's why he did," said Cicely.

Toby stared.

"But I thought you said ——"

"Oh, I wasn't thinking of Alfred. There was—another man. He—he was such a dear. It never occurred to me that he was mad. His—his aunt wasn't. I mean —— Oh, Toby!"

The man's arms were about her, and his cheek against hers.

"Cicely darling, d'you love me?"

"It sounds very weak, Toby dear, but I'm dreadfully afraid I do."

"My blessed lady!" said Toby, and kissed her mouth.

"Oh, do be careful," said Cicely. "Love's a disease, you know. Supposing you caught it."

"You wicked child," said Toby, "I gave it to you."

"O-o-oh!"

"Yes, I did. I've had it for months and months. But I never knew what it was till ——"

"When did you know, Toby?"

"At sixteen minutes past five," said Toby, "yesterday morning."

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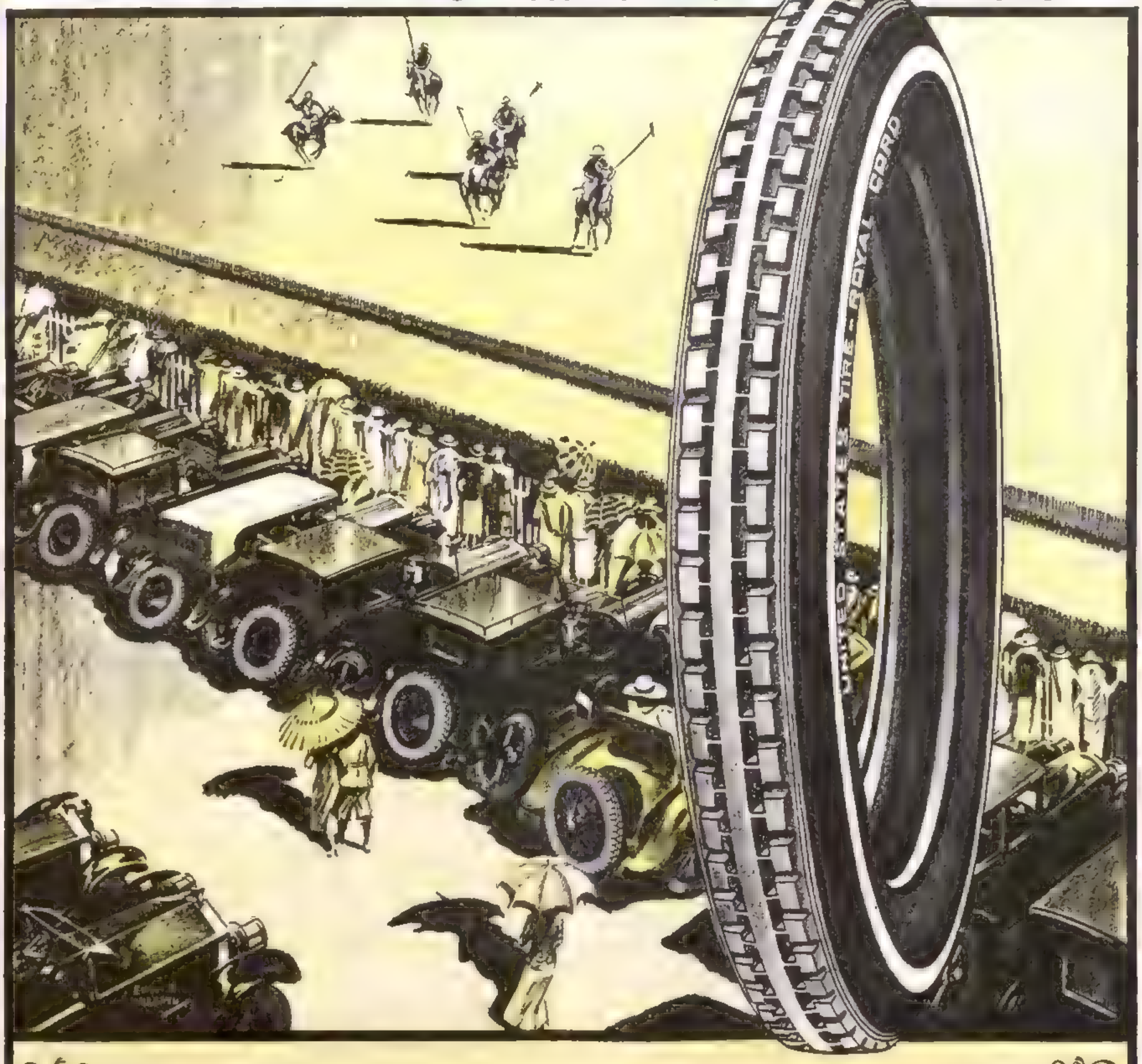

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BALISAND

(Continued from Page 21)

"That can be as true as you like," Beverley Mathews asserted. "But I'll be damned if it's any better in the Legislature, with everybody laughing and spitting and calling out at once. Yes, and the town mocking them through the windows. I remember in the fall of 1782 it took eighteen days to organize the House. I've heard James Madison damn it hotly enough."

"It's practically a new body," Gawin explained. "At least it has life and convictions. But Congress: it will spend a day wondering whether it would or wouldn't allow a foreign captain who was in Pulaski's regiment the money to sail home with. In spite of all I said, I'd have given it to him and thought the riddance cheap; but they condemned him to stay in America."

"I knew him." Richard Bale spoke without premeditation. "Paschke. A very brave and capable man." This was in violation of his decision to be still, and he went no further.

"We can get along now without hired soldiers."

Charles Todd quietly told his brother that he had said enough. "We understand you mean nothing personal, but your tone is the reverse of—well, hospitality."

"It goes back to Washington's ambitions," the other Todd still declared. "He wants a monarchy where he's monarch; he doesn't seem to realize that his service—and it was very creditable—is over. He has no ability for public affairs; he can't fathom a free people. He's after power and a crown."

"That is an opinion I have heard," Richard Bale answered, "but I can assure you it is wrong." After all, he had been forced to speak. "General Washington is in favour of a government strong enough to be fully responsible for its members."

"Not members—subjects," Gawin corrected him. "He wants a military boot set on them."

A familiar sensation overtook Richard Bale; it was one he had had cause to regret, but before which he was powerless: it seemed to him that all the elements of his body were congealing in the intense cold—like water in the act of turning into ice—of a black rage. He was sitting with his legs thrust out before him, his hands idle on the table, and he spoke without the shifting of a muscle:

"After this, Mr. Todd, when you speak to me of General Washington, see that it is at least with the form of respect."

Immediately the men about the decanters lost their indolence in a close attention to what might follow.

"Do you mean that I'm not at liberty to say what's in my mind about a public character?" Gawin demanded. "Because if you do you're worse than drunk."

"Say what you like to who will listen," Bale replied; "I am speaking for myself. Don't calumniate General Washington to me."

Gawin Todd laughed, but Robine laid a hand on his sleeve.

"You don't seem to understand," he said quietly; "this is serious."

"What if it is!" the other exclaimed. "If he thinks he's serious, do I—does anyone have to be bound by his opinion of his own importance?"

"Yes," Jasper Robine said shortly, "you do. All men of your position would."

"You think you can force a duel on me," Gawin had returned to Bale. "That may be the custom in armies and with gamblers, but it's not outside of that. You'll have no shot at me on any ridiculous field of honour. But take this with the rest—if you get it into your head that I'm a coward I'll damn soon beat it out."

Charles Todd, suffused with anger, rose.

"Then I'll speak for you, Gawin," he said harshly: "Mr. Bale—yes, and Mr. Dalney—I offer you the fullest apology for what I consider an assault without excuse or manners. If this is politics, I thank God I am past the time for taking a part in it. And I give you my word," he addressed Richard Bale, "that no member of my family will ever again disparage General Washington to you."

Gawin violently started to his feet, but Jasper Robine sharply silenced him.

"Any more of this," he declared, "and I'll have to do without the privilege of knowing you. The world hasn't gone to the devil yet." He turned and bowed profoundly to Charles Todd.

There was a general slackening of tension, a high china bowl of toddy had been put on the table, and the business of drinking was taken up with renewed vigour. Charles Todd had left the dining room, but no one else—the application of the phrase was Ambrose's—was a deserter. Richard Bale was sunk in the mental depression that always followed his rages; physically, too, he was inert. Most of the talking that followed was by Robine; it was temperate, smooth and extraordinarily persuasive . . . and dangerous, Richard automatically recognized.

"Naturally," Robine declared, "there will have to be a reorganization of the States; everyone is agreed about that; and it's only a question of the form it will take. There was some truth in what Gawin began by saying—that there was no general confidence in the present Congress, and I think there never would be in a body of that sort. We fought for quite the opposite. And the men—like Colonel Lee—who would be drawn to a strongly centralized government, we need at home."

"The trouble with Congress now," Beverley Mathews asserted, "is that it doesn't know what it's there for. It isn't as useful as a negro stableboy."

"Exactly," Robine agreed; "and its duties must be fixed and its power defined and limited. But it ought never to assume the responsibilities which belong to the States. I suppose it should exist to control our relationship with foreign governments; hardly anything more."

"Very well," Dalney said, "then how about the effort to regulate our commerce with powers who won't make treaties with us? The States wouldn't let Congress pass a bill to take care of that. If Massachusetts won't trade with England, then Virginia will and damned glad of the chance, and, with all the stinking jealousy, it's getting to be almost as bad among the States themselves."

It was Gawin Todd's opinion that exactly that condition stimulated trade.

"And no State will ever allow a federal excise," Robine proceeded; "the day for it, on this continent, is over. You all saw how the proposed imposts were met. The State must continue supreme," he insisted. "That is what we are and what we came from—a friendly body of equal powers."

"The small States are specially friendly with the large." Richard, from his lassitude, hugely admired the determination and intelligence with which Henry Dalney remained in the controversy. "Maryland was in a glow about our lands in the Ohio Valley."

But Robine made it clear that he was not regarding the present.

"I am showing you what must happen," he said positively. "It is because of Virginia's great future that we require an immediate State assumption of debts."

He would be an able governor, Richard Bale realized; he would decorate any office of public dignity. Gawin Todd moved up to him unexpectedly.

"There is no need for us to go on from where we last stopped," he addressed Richard very fairly.

"None," he agreed. He had no inclination to talk to Gawin Todd, and he attempted no civilities. Instead, he rose and went out to the main portico. His legs, he observed, were unsteady, but that was the result of the Madeira and rum and toddy. However, they hadn't touched his mind: that, abruptly, was concerned with Lavinia Roderick. Perhaps, except in throngs of people, he would never see her again, never again have an opportunity to speak anything but commonplaces to her. That, in reality, was all they had said now; and he went back over what, together, they had expressed, in order to discover what had been so significant in it. But he failed; the phrases had been hardly more than conventional.

There was a light step behind him, and he turned with such a sudden hopefulness that he collided with a pillar. But it was Eliza Wiatt. She paused, meeting him with her slow smile. Her manner always intimated a greater interest in men than she thought it was prudent to show.

"I couldn't think where you were." She conveyed the impression that she had missed him . . . perhaps even that she was here on his account. "Why have you kept away from—from the party?"

"But I haven't," he objected. "I have been very much in it. You have been too engaged to see me."

That wasn't so, she assured him.

"Do you say things like that to make me unhappy? Because they do."

"Mr. Garret told me he was leaving."

"It was dreadful," she confided to him; "I don't see how he came to misunderstand me. The way he read poetry was what I liked." Her voice hadn't an accent of regret.

"Tell me, Eliza," he asked, "what is it that happens to the men who fall in love with you?"

"They just will without a reason."

"What is it in you?" he insisted.

"Well, I'm not too bad-looking."

"That hasn't a thing to do with it." At least he knew that much. "I'd like to know." He remained leaning against the pillar while she sat on a marble step. "If it's love, what does that explain? Absolutely nothing," he answered his own question moodily. "It might even be a sort of poison, and very deadly, instead of how it is regarded. Garret, for example—he thought he had lost his God."

She admitted that she knew what he meant:

"I don't understand it myself; and you mustn't think it makes me specially happy or that I try to upset anyone. Really, I behave quite well, Mr. Bale."

He replied impatiently that he hadn't dreamed of questioning that. She could tell him nothing, he saw.

"But I really did miss you."

Richard thanked her absently. He was occupied with the thought of Lavinia . . . experimentally, he stopped there, without adding Roderick. Lavinia. Her name sent a tide of delight through him. This would have to stop.

"You are thinking of Mary," Eliza challenged him.

Of course he was, he lied. Then, at once, he filled his mind with the image of Mary Todd.

A lily bud, a pink, a rose.

Richard Bale hadn't intended to repeat that; it had come of itself. But you must bring me oceans more. How could she marry Gawin? He wished, with a hardened mouth, that what had begun after dinner had gone on to the end. In imagination he felt the perfect balance of the pistols in his room. The set screws of the hair triggers could be moved to the weight of less than a hair. Yes, he'd have welcomed a shot at Gawin Todd. One. No more would be necessary. Strangely enough, he was convinced that he would kill Todd. In all this he recognized the justice of his reputation, which wasn't peaceable. He, Richard Bale of Balisand, was regarded as having an ugly disposition; of being, perhaps, too ready to fight. That, however, was the history of the Bale temper; in the past it had been a mark of honour. Men who bore arms.

"You are getting more impolite every minute," Eliza Wiatt complained. "I hate men who are in love . . . with someone else."

"Am I in love?" he demanded. "Do you know that or have you just been listening to the talk?"

She rose, laughing:

"Terribly. I have never seen it more and plainer. You are finished, maybe for life."

She went down the steps, pointedly leaving him; and her words, her half-disagreeable laughter, echoed and echoed in his consciousness. "Maybe for life." But that was ridiculous. With him, love was to come after marriage, through association and passion and birth. It was an actuality, like the other relationships of existence. Eliza Wiatt had been affected by her own nature and inclinations, the poetry read to her by the young and desperate Mr. Garret. He walked out by the house to the wharf. The sun was behind him, the river veiled in a tender and transparent haze; the shore opposite was immaterial. A mood appropriate to the hour swept over him, a happiness subdued in melancholy: afternoon had overtaken him without the compensation of a morning.

The night, it seemed, came swiftly, although he had spent a long time dressing; supper passed unremarkably; and the interminable dancing was in progress. He had remained at the table. There was no

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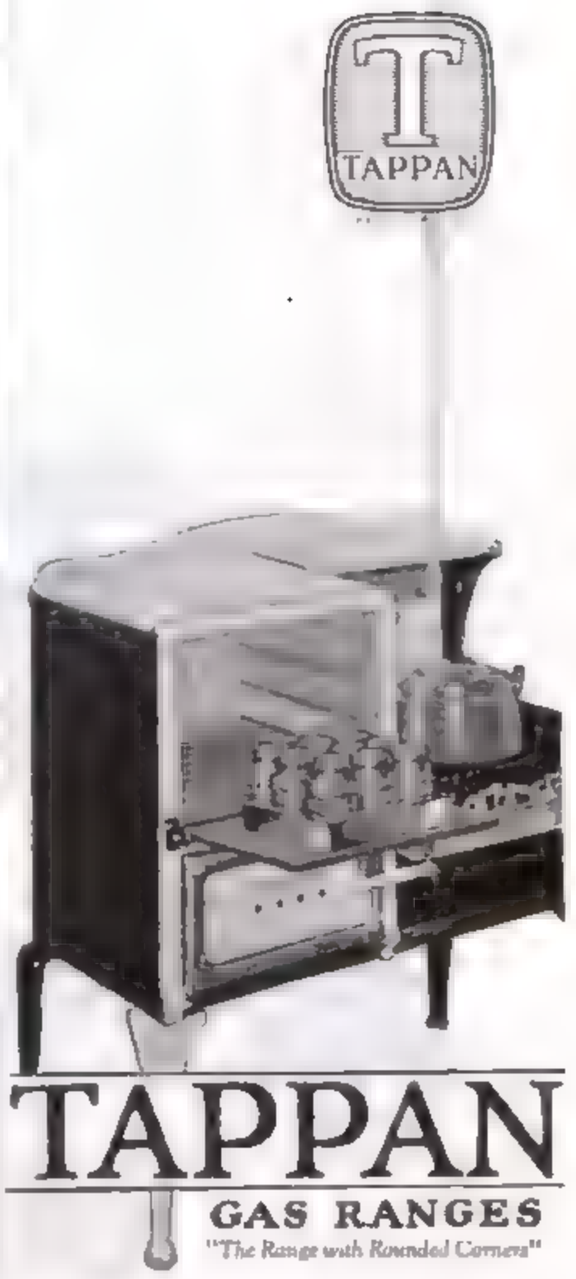

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(Continued from Page 87)

one else but a servant in the room, and his thoughts were uninterrupted. They weren't gay. Actually, they were not thoughts; they hadn't sufficient continuity for that; and yet neither were they emotions; at least he was not able to recognize them. His state more nearly resembled another depression. But it wasn't that . . . it might be that premonition described it. However, there was nothing before him; nothing but emptiness, he specified, and then he reached a painful knowledge—he couldn't marry Mary Todd.

This was so disastrous that he sat upright, appalled; yet there was no escape from a truth that apparently had been shouted at him. It was an impossibility. The reason was that he didn't love her and he never would. Never! He would only condemn her to a long wretchedness of the heart. No, it wasn't an affair of engaging a housekeeper. If that were all it would be easy; yes, desirable and pleasant. He'd have infinitely preferred an arrangement of that kind, amplified, certainly, but in the main calm. What, in addition, disturbed him was the recognition that that was possible for other men. They had, on the most equable ground, made marriage a success. Why, then, couldn't he?

There was a chance, as well, that he was already bound—his understanding with Ava had been complete without confirmation—and he remembered Mary's expression as she looked up at him from the edge of the wharf. Sally had said that her sister was in love with him. Anything he owed was to Mary and not to her parents. But she was so young that it could not be serious with her. Part of it would have come from suggestion, implication. Anyhow, he was unable to ask her. In planning, consequently, his action, he decided to speak to Ava—tell her briefly the cause of his failure, and to no one else. Ava Todd, if she had consulted him, could account for Charles' opinions. All this was unpleasant, but not impossible; and, on the whole, he was relieved.

However, only in a minor way. His lowness of spirit continued; but, intent upon that, he realized that he couldn't go on indulging it like this, alone in the dining room.

His actions were becoming so peculiar that they would be noticeable. In the hall he was stopped by Jasper Robine.

"There's some talk about a table of whist," he said; "if it's made up, will you be one with Mathews and Bradlock Wiatt and me?"

He had to agree, and he left Robine determined to lose himself in some dark and inaccessible corner. How could he play whist, he asked himself . . . with, naturally, no reply.

Following that illogical decision, he turned to the right, leaving the brilliancy of the drawing-room for the garden. Red roses were black at night: a thing he had never before noted. There had been no late frosts in the spring, and, as a result, the apricots would have a long season and come to ripeness. Lost in the contemplation of nothing at all, he found himself by the summer-house. He entered. It was intensely still, so silent that he heard a minute stirring of a leaf on the honeysuckle that climbed the lattices. Then there was the low sound of a passage, and Lavinia faced him dimly in the enclosed gloom.

He said her name, but not in any accent of surprise; it was all very familiar. She swayed slightly and he moved forward quickly and took her into his arms. She neither avoided nor sought him; she was entirely passive; her head was lowered, one hand outside his embrace, resting lightly on his arm. For a measureless time it was like that, and then she lifted her face and he kissed her.

It didn't, as he would have supposed it must, fill him with ecstasy. Rather he was conscious of a joy that might have been the far-approaching murmur of an overwhelming tidal wave. At first her lips hadn't answered him, but suddenly—the realization appeared to suffocate him—she kissed him in return.

The effect of that, as though it were a soundless but potent explosive, was to drive them slightly apart. He could see the line of her cheek, the slim whiteness of her shoulders, her grace of bearing. Richard hoped that she would speak, yet, beyond the audible unsteadiness of her breathing, she was still. It was he who should speak, who must say something; but when he did end the silence he was totally chagrined by his words.

"This is serious," he said, and he repeated the word, "serious."

Lavinia replied, "I had better sit down."

He found a place beside her, but not touching her, on the narrow bench.

"It couldn't be helped," Richard Bale went on. "If you expect me to say I'm sorry you'll be disappointed."

"I'm not sorry." Her voice was level, clear. "I am much, much worse, Mr. Bale, I am a bad woman ——" He interrupted her, protesting against that; but she restrained him with a hand laid, for an instant, against his mouth. "You don't know—I wanted this to happen. The only thing left is to be truthful. I didn't realize what it was I wanted, but I encouraged it and kept it warm. Yes, I am bad. I've always been bad, because I have always waited for just this. Oh, what will you think of me?" she cried.

"It has nothing to do with my thoughts," he answered. "I love you. This is serious."

"If it is," she told him, "you must be everything. I depend on you. Explain what I will do."

It wasn't easy enough to put into a sentence, to compress within a phrase or more of advice. One thing, however, he was certain of

"You will not marry Gawin Todd," he said quietly.

"I couldn't, now," she assured him briefly. That, at least, was a fact they had gained.

"You will have to go in." His voice sounded at random. "I'll decide about it all to-night." Her hand fell into his and he held it very gently. How serious it was, he must keep her, as long as possible, from knowing. She would never marry Gawin Todd; not Gawin, but him. "After some arrangements we will be married and go to Balsand. There is a very old wicker basket to hold the keys."

She wouldn't be put off:

"You would have to kill Gawin."

How was an answer, a denial, to be made to her?

"We had better not discuss that," he said. "Whatever happens will be over very quickly. A time comes when life isn't very valuable, when it doesn't matter if it lasts a little longer or not. If I had to pay by death for these minutes . . . who would hesitate?" Midway in his period he was deep under the tidal wave of his incredible joy. "You must go," he insisted, when he felt himself again to be on solid earth, but she answered that she was always leaving him.

"Never again." Their hands tightened together. "My heart hurts me." She moved his hand and pressed it against her body. She stood up. "Richard— " she began.

But she had gone. He had missed what she might have said. The wave in a tumult receded from him. He sat with his chin on his breast, his palms held out and open: he was no more than a shell turned over and over, driven by the sea; a grain of sand crushed by timeless immensity. In the silence the minute sound among the leaves recommenced. It was lost in the faint strains of the fiddles. Lavinia Bale who had been Lavinia Roderick, Lavinia . . . lavender. Sweet lavender, with a scent which lasted for so long after it was dead. That comparison, all such eventualities, he thrust hurriedly away from him.

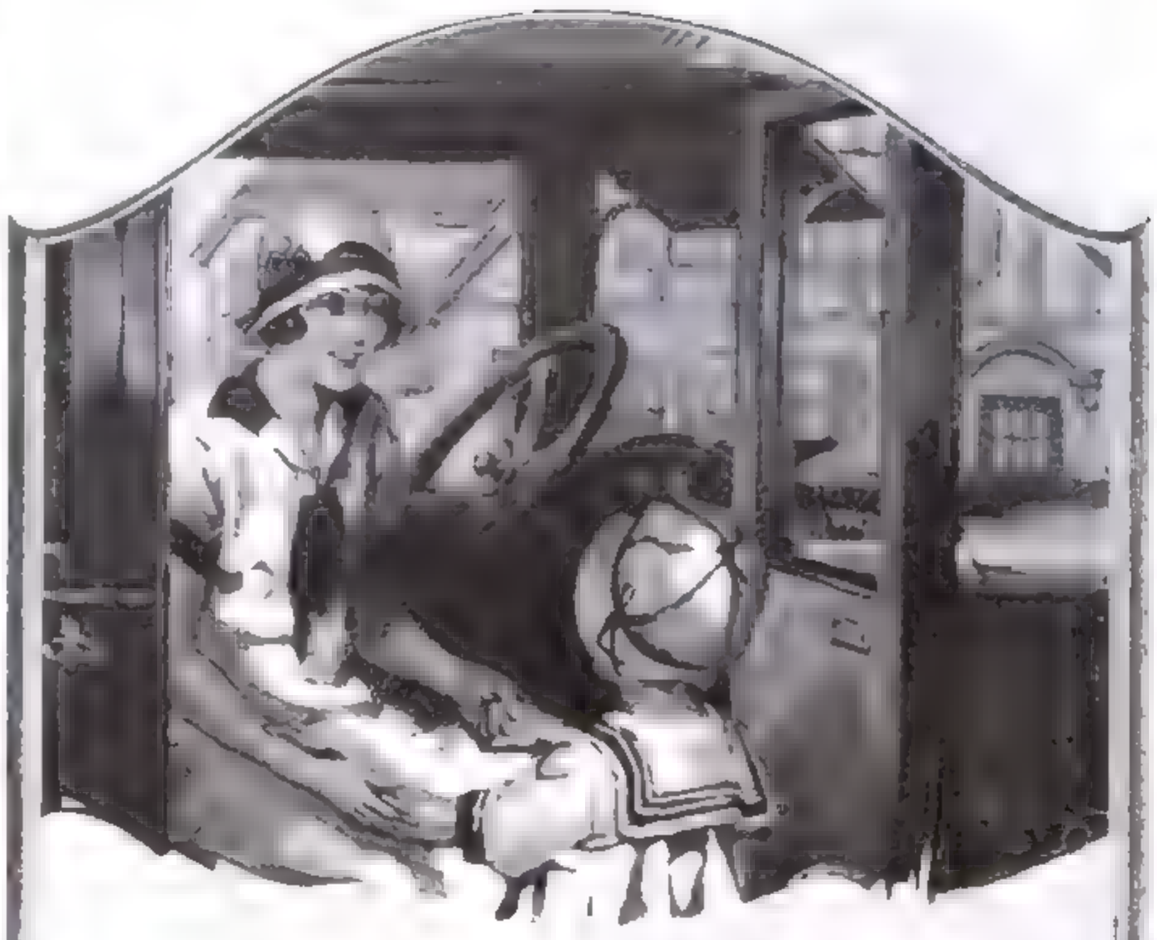
Jasper Robine caught Richard as he was walking with a stumbling quickness to his room.

"We are waiting for you," Robine said.

"Yes?" Bale replied blankly, suddenly called out of the miracle that had fallen upon him.

"The others are at the table."

It was the whist. He stood, trying in a swift desperation to think of an excuse that would make escape allowable; but none occurred to him; and he turned and accompanied Robine back to the house, feeling that he was wholly impotent in the arbitrary grip of events. The whist table was set in a corner of the hall, convenient to the toddy; and, cutting, he found that Bradlock Wiatt and he were partners. Robine, as it might have been predicted, played with great skill and an air of total detachment. Both Mathews and Wiatt were indifferent to the actual material results of the game—the stake was ten shillings a point—but Richard had a distant recognition of the fact that he ought to be careful. In the first place, his money was limited; and, in the second, now he would need it all. However, a hand was opened, the trump turned. Eight points in the lead, he demanded of



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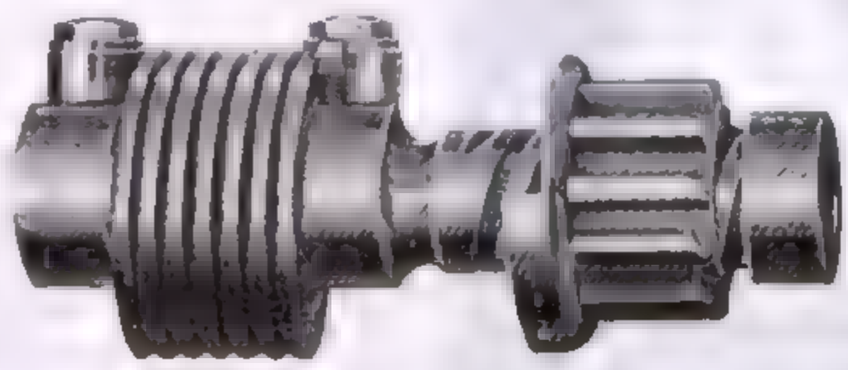

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his partner, "Can you one?" Bradlock had the third honor necessary for game.

Someone moved up behind him . . . it was Gawin Todd. He stood intent at Richard's back, with a hand on his chair, watching the play.

That, Richard Bale thought, must be the last time Gawin and he would be peaceably, quietly, together. He had, he knew, terribly wronged Gawin Todd; he had outraged the hospitality of Todd Hundred; but he felt no remorse. Richard had no sense of embarrassment with Gawin standing beside him. He could have no regret at what had happened. Actually he managed his cards rather well. He did this consciously, even with a little pride, as a mark of his utter coolness and command over himself. He was specially glad, for Lavinia's sake, that his character was what it was, hard and sure, and accustomed to immediate dangerous decisions. The tragic necessities of the years in the army had assisted all that in him.

He heard Lavinia's voice—it was, but only as usual, a little breathless—she didn't come up to them, and Gawin turned away.

"I hold a quint-major," Wiatt complained, "and Richard is as grateful as he might be for five loose cards. That's a bumper, too."

In the end he had neither won nor lost, a question of a few shillings, but Beverley Mathews had won heavily.

"If you'll come to the Northern Neck," Robine told him, "we'll get something done. I mean worth our while, in gold. Your hands ought to be more valuable than your plantation." But he added that Mathews' skill was equal to his luck.

He might go now, Richard Bale decided. Of all the places in the world, his room over the schoolhouse seemed the only one that offered any security or relief from events.

The candles were lighted, the bed prepared, but he had no chance of sleep; he must meet the situation immediately before him. The main course of his action was comparatively simple, plain; the execution, the details, were difficult to decide upon. He wanted, beforehand, to know exactly what he was going to say. Up to a point he would have to speak, and then the rest must be left to Henry Dalney. Probably Dalney would confer with Robine, a very satisfactory arrangement.

However, should he speak at once to Gawin—this seemed no less than Gawin Todd's due—or ought he to confer with Henry Dalney. The important thing was the protection of Lavinia from all public and common talk. Then he saw that, with careful management and faultless discretion, the entire affair might be charged to his difficulty with Gawin Todd the night before. There wasn't a loyal Federalist officer who would not have resented, in the completest manner possible to honour, such reflections upon Washington. Yes, that quarrel could be easily and apparently revived: any motive, compared to the secret actuality of what they fought for, would be at once trivial and sufficient. It might be necessary, in connection with this, to put off his marriage with Lavinia for, perhaps, a year. A certain logic, a deep-shared interest, indeed, a responsibility of his own, would then exist to bring them naturally together.

His mind slipped away from the task before him and returned to Lavinia. It seemed to Richard that there was a flash of sunlight in his eyes. For a moment he was dazed. Where was she? But not in his room; not yet. He felt again the straitly confined perfection of her body in his arms; she rested against him and her lips returned his kiss. It surprised him that they hadn't kissed each other again, again and again. That, too, would follow. In the summer-house they had been overcome by the sheer discovery of love. Even what he had said seemed in memory meaningless, futile; a few sentences and then he had hurried her away. What a fool he had been, what a damned uneasy fool. He heard her protesting against leaving him—she was always leaving him. But she went, with his name, Richard, the beginning of a phrase, on her lips. Later he must ask her what she had intended to say; he couldn't lose the most trivial of her words. Then he realized that he had practically seen her only in the dark, on the wharf and to-night; an adorable voice, an immaterial presence. Hardly anything more. Night and then day, he assured himself; long days at Balisand.

Richard brought this mental wandering to an end; he came resolutely back to what, first, confronted him. Well, he had decided to consult with Henry Dalney, and it should be at once, so that, to-morrow morning, he could proceed without hesitation or mistake. It must all happen immediately, before Lavinia had time to realize what was going -what had gone—on. She must be spared all the agony of mind possible.

Nothing could save her wholly: the texture of what had happened to them was too dark for that; yet, while she would never forget, years and happiness would soften the memory of what he would have to do.

It was a fortunate chance that he had almost entirely refused the toddy bowl through the rubbers of whist—his hand was steady, his head clear. Gawin Todd drank very little. William, the servant, came into the room with a can of hot water, and Richard Bale sent him for Dalney.

"Tell him very quietly," he instructed the negro; "if he is engaged ask him to step aside. Mr. Bale would like to see him at his convenience in Mr. Bale's room."

William went, and he told himself that another step toward Lavinia had been taken. Henry Dalney didn't come at once, and he grew impatient. He had been sitting, but he rose and walked across the small room from wall to wall, from wall to wall. He wasn't agitated, but only in a hurry to have it all done with. He didn't want his thoughts of Lavinia, of happiness, to be interrupted.

Perhaps, with some of the party—the night was immaculate—Henry had gone out on the river. Richard Bale looked at his watch and found that it was exactly midnight. He tried to decide how long he had been with Lavinia in the summer-house . . . hell, what did it matter? He was getting to be no better than a cornet in his first affair of love and honour. The cover had slipped from the hot water and he stooped to replace it. The black suit, he muttered, with a coat that buttoned up to his throat. Under the circumstances Gawin Todd would have to challenge. It wasn't really conceivable that he'd refuse. How could he? Just the same, it was a shade hard on Gawin—to be killed in a manner he detested because he had lost the girl he loved. This recognition, in Richard, was purely philosophical; it held no accompanying emotion of pity or regret. Qualities, where the world was concerned, he was bare of. There was a footfall—Henry Dalney on the stair.

Yet, when he entered, Richard was silent, uncertain how best to explain what was in his mind.

"I had thought of going to bed," Henry Dalney admitted.

The other replied that he would have to put that off. After all, he had better be as explicit as possible, and he said abruptly: "Henry, I am in love with Lavinia—Lavinia Roderick."

Dalney's expression was merely incredulous

"Then you are an idiot," he managed to pronounce.

"That, of course, is evident," Richard agreed. "But it doesn't happen to change or lessen the fact. Serious," he added, largely to himself. Henry Dalney exclaimed:

"How can anything so wild be serious! And you don't look drunk. If you sent for me to say this, you must be moonstruck without the moon."

"I am going to have the moon," Richard Bale replied fantastically. "You'll help me get it."

Dalney studied him, plainly at a loss to account for the discrepancy between his grave manner and incomprehensible speech.

"What is it?" he demanded impatiently. "You say you love Lavinia Roderick. Well ——"

"Lavinia loves me."

Immediately Henry Dalney's look changed to a deep and shocked concern. For a breath he was silent.

"That," he said finally, "is the devil. What frightful bad luck! It's hard on you, Richard; for, of course, you can do nothing."

"On the contrary," Richard Bale answered him, "I am going to do everything."

"But that," Dalney protested, "is wrong. You are wrong." Richard reminded him that it wasn't necessary for him to hear any more; he could go on to bed. "Don't be worse than usual," Henry begged him. "You'll have to tell me, as much as you can, what has happened. I am obliged to remind you that it will affect us both. So far, nothing can be said for you."

"Well, there's nothing to add," he admitted. "Lavinia and I love each other, and we are going to make every other circumstance fit that."

"I suppose," Dalney spoke satirically, "you will have no trouble making Gawin Todd a part of it." He was seated, and Richard Bale stood over him frowning.

"None." His voice was steady. Dalney's gaze met his and kept it with a dark interrogation.

"Accidents turn up," he reminded Richard; "the wrong men get killed."

"This time it will be the right man. Of course, I sent for you to see if you'd act for me. I never thought you might object, on a formality."

Henry Dalney replied that formalities were often of immense weight . . . particularly in such a situation as threatened to develop.

"It's my duty to get you out of this," he agreed; "but, perhaps, without the moon, and in a way you won't appreciate."

"I'm in it for ever, Henry." His hand gripped the shoulder before him. "Nothing can stop us. There's no one to blame."

"You will find plenty to blame you—Ava and Charles, all your world."

"Lavinia is my world," Richard Bale said.

"You're insane," Dalney told him.

"Naturally," Richard assented. "The thing is I am never going to recover. I wouldn't if I could. We are both mad. Why, it happened in a minute. There we were—two separate people with different lives, and then the difference was gone. Up to the moment it happened nothing was further from my mind. If I had had an hour's warning, Henry, if any suggestion of it had come to me, I would have stopped it. After all, I'm not a seducer of women. Nobody knows better than you that I don't care for them. I always liked lime toddy more. If you can point to anything dishonourable in my past, I'll do whatever you ask." But that he couldn't let stand. "With one exception," he added, bringing his offer to less than nothing.

"You've been honourable enough," Dalney allowed. "I believe the general opinion is that you were a little too exacting, too disagreeably honourable. And the rest you said was true as well. That's why I am so —— I don't know what I am or what to tell you."

"It ought to be clear enough."

"Gawin Todd will fight, at last," Henry Dalney asserted. "Certainly Jasper Robine would be his second." That, Richard agreed, had been his opinion. "I can depend on you, then."

"I don't like it, Richard," Dalney insisted. "It's as black as hell. No one will support us. You will lose, even if you are successful, more than you realize."

"I'll gain everything," Bale contradicted him.

"I thought you were in love with Mary Todd," Henry Dalney admitted. "It must have hit you like lightning." He repeated gloomily his remark about bad luck. "Bad for us all." He looked up. "The ideal thing would be to let him hit you." He was visibly relieved. That, he declared, was the perfection of honourable conduct. It was the only course open—to fire in the air and pay fully for the blessing—or the curse—of his passion.

"I am not an idealist," Richard Bale answered shortly; "and firing in the air is forbidden under every circumstance by the code. So far as he touches me, he's only an obstacle. I wish he could be moved out of the way quite differently. On account of Lavinia. Personally, I'd have a shot at him with pleasure."

Henry Dalney pointed out that Richard had made that unmistakable at the table, the night before. He rose and, taking out one of the pistols from the case, he inspected it carefully.

"A beautiful weapon," he said. "Todd couldn't ask finer. There is this to be decided;" it was clear he had accepted the responsibility Richard Bale asked; "would it be better for me to approach Jasper Robine, not yet as a second, but because he was Gawin Todd's friend? The whole proceeding might be arranged without your seeing Todd. It could be a very regrettable meeting, or even turn into murder."

This, Richard reflected, would be, for him, unexpectedly simple. There was a great deal to be said for it under the formalities of the code of dueling. Nothing would be more improper than a premature difficulty between Gawin and himself. And, as

Continued on Page 93

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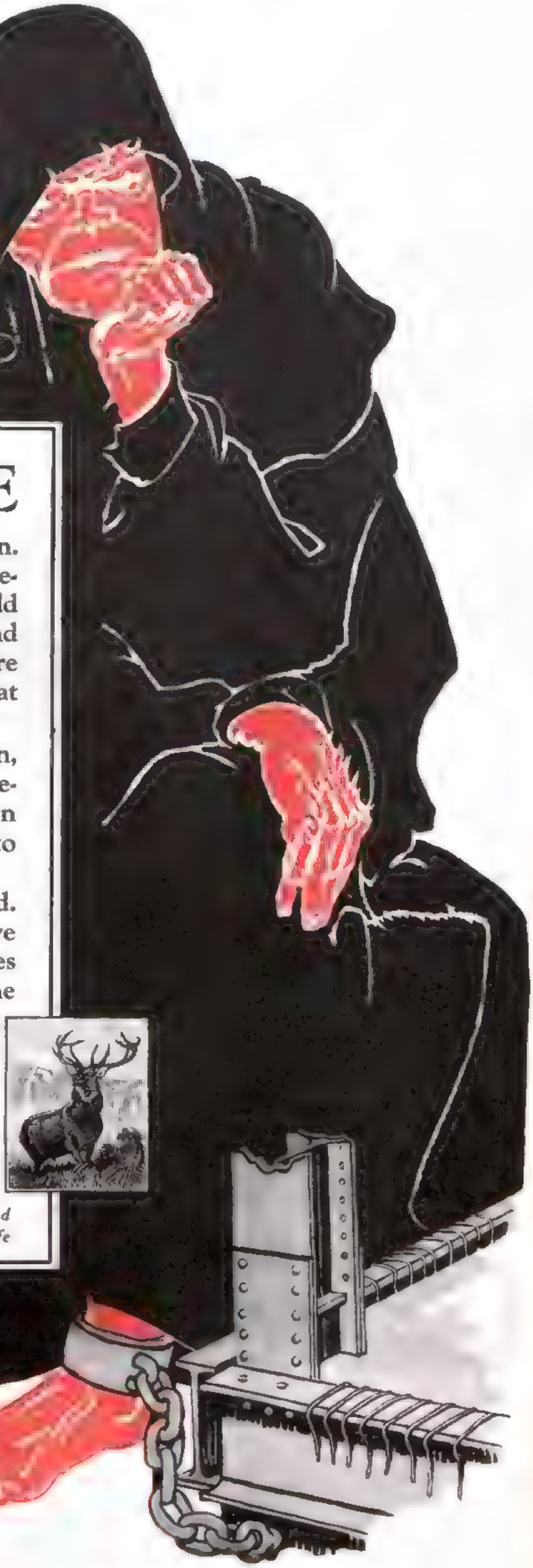

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(Continued from Page 90)

Henry Dalney had indicated, Gawin's conduct was unpredictable. He might easily as, indeed, he had already threatened—use a stick, or even his bare hands. But, reluctantly, he was forced to give up that particular suggestion:

"I will have to tell him personally, and perhaps Charles, at the same time."

"You are dealing with a woman's name."

Henry Dalney inevitably expressed the position already taken by Richard Bale. He continued, as well, with a reference to the fortunate disagreement that gave them a sufficient reason and excuse for all the consequences of a fatal meeting

"It won't be necessary for Gawin Todd to make his charges again," Henry concluded. "Everyone who knows you will believe that you couldn't, finally, swallow his contempt. Then there'd be no need for even Charles to know A guess, remember, isn't a fact. He'd never be sure"

"It isn't like that," Richard Bale said stubbornly. "I have to take every responsibility for what happens. The situation can be met for Lavinia. If Charles Todd didn't understand the circumstance he wouldn't know how to treat me. He'll have a very definite idea about that. No, he should have an opportunity to speak, to—to do without me in the future."

That, Henry admitted, he had overlooked

"Then there is nothing for us to do tonight. You are shooting well, Richard?"

"I don't need to practice," Richard Bale spoke precisely.

"Gawin Todd has hunted a lot with a gun," Dalney commented. "But that's different. The odds are not in favour of a wild turkey. Anyhow, I don't want you to sit up later or talk more. You ought to have coffee in the morning and nothing else. There won't be time or I'd have you empty of food—flat bowels if he happened to rake you there. But, probably, there's nothing but Antigua rum in you now. It's remarkable, Richard, you are so steady; if your hand did shake, no one with you would ever mistake the cause."

Waking sharply at the presence of William in his room, Richard Bale had an instant memory and comprehension of what was before him. There was no need for hurry, and so, from minute to minute, he put off getting up. Instead of the sunlight there was a soft rain falling; it sounded on the shingles above him and there was a constant musical drip from a gutter. A tray with coffee William put on a table beside the bed. The tray held hot bread, as well, but he ate nothing. Then slowly he dressed. The servant, watching him with a critical interest, declared that he appeared very gloomy for a gentleman at a party; more like a gospel preacher.

What he had explained to Henry Dalney, Richard reflected—the necessity for Charles Todd to be fully acquainted with the motive of his act—this morning he approved. He would have to get Gawin and Charles Todd together . . . in the office. And, rather than subject their ignorance of what had occurred to any further friendliness, he didn't go to the house for breakfast. He sat again by the window overlooking the garden and, against the cedars at the river's edge, the summer-house. Suddenly he recalled that he had been there with Lavinia before last evening—earlier in the day; followed by him, she had wandered there and stood confused, at a loss. If only he could have known then what was to follow! Then certainly, at any cost, he could have avoided it all. Even Henry Dalney had been severe, unsympathetic, toward him.

He could never, he realized, explain to anyone or justify what he had done. But, then, he was equally powerless to do this for himself. Richard hadn't—beyond the single and largely unsatisfactory word love—the faintest conception of what had happened to Lavinia and him. A kiss wasn't ordinarily fatal; a woman, naturally, like Lavinia, who was engaged to be married, didn't kiss other men; yet, granted that, she might very reasonably have hidden the memory in her heart—very much the way rose leaves were kept in a potpourri—and returned to duty. However, such a course hadn't restrained them for a second. All that had gone before fell away from them like a ribbon dropping from Lavinia's hair. Inconsequential. She hadn't picked it up; she was done with it. Neither had there been any argument or persuasion; no shadow of a question had been cast across their common and inescapable destiny.

Charles Todd went to his office early. Richard knew; the time, he decided, had come for what he was to say. He would first ask Charles to have Gawin called. Deliberately walking down the stairs, he could find no trace of excitement in his bearing or feelings; he wasn't nervous; but he was cloaked by a heavy sorrow as he looked across the lawn of Todd Hundred. It was familiar to him since early childhood, he adored Ava and had an endless affection for Charles; and very soon, some time that day, it would all be closed to him perpetually.

"Richard"—Charles Todd turned his chair from the desk to face him—"what is this about your getting too particular to appear in company? It's an idea of my own, but damned if there isn't some truth in it! I have to remind myself that you are on the plantation."

"I am glad you miss me, Charles," Richard Bale replied. "Perhaps you will again some day, a long time later. Charles"—he repeated the name, lingering over it "there is something I want to say to Gawin and you together, and I'd be obliged if you will send for him."

Charles Todd was obviously surprised. He paused for a moment, with a hand on either arm of his chair, and then he rose, proceeded to the door.

"Ask my brother to come to the office," he called to someone invisible to Richard Bale. He returned to where he had been sitting; and, clearly intending to question Richard, he abruptly changed his mind and remained quiet. Gawin Todd reached the office very quickly.

"What is it?" he demanded, glancing from one of the two seated men to the other.

"Richard has something he wants to say to us."

Gawin found a third chair.

"It's at once very hard and easy," Richard Bale told them; "easy because it is so plain and unavoidable and hard because I can't make you understand it. You will think it is horrible and find me beneath contempt." He paused and drew a deep breath:

"Gawin, Charles—Lavinia and I love each other." His throat was dry, but his voice steady. Gawin he watched, and Richard saw flare into his face a shocked and congested anger. Gawin Todd was on his feet.

"What was that?" he demanded. "What in hell did you say?" Bale repeated his simple phrase. "But it isn't so! It can't be! They don't know each other!" Gawin was interrogating the elder Todd. "I tell you it's a lie, and this—this major is still trying to force his fight on me. We'll have him ridden off the plantation backwards."

Charles Todd made no reply; he was studying Richard. His face was older, it was more lined, than Richard had remembered. Gawin had crossed the floor; he stood before him:

"Couldn't you arrange it except by a girl's name? There wasn't, really, anything to prevent you from shooting me in the dark—in the back. And though that would have been low, this is lower. Oh, immensely! It's so low in hell I didn't think even you could reach down to it. But I won't fight you; now—and this you didn't allow for—I don't have to. You have killed yourself without my fouling a pistol on you."

"What I have said is true," Richard assured them when Gawin Todd had stopped, breathless. "You can think of it as you please, and call me everything that comes to you, but it must be met."

"Met," Gawin Todd repeated. "Did you suppose we wouldn't meet it? Tell him, Charles, that we'll be able to deal with him."

"Richard," Charles demanded, "is this just as you say it—that you have persuaded Lavinia Roderick to be in love with you?"

That wasn't, Richard Bale silently objected, what he had said; but he kept quiet; it was as good an explanation as could be hit on.

"Answer me!" Charles insisted sharply.

"I've told you what happened," he replied, "and I am here for the reason you know—to give you the satisfaction possible."

"I knew it!" Gawin Todd's voice was practically a shout. "It's always been his reputation. We'll have Lavinia here to kill his lying." Charles commanded him to sit down and lower his voice.

"Of course, we can do nothing of the sort. Gawin, the pity is that it's not a lie. I don't see any clearer than you how it occurred, but it has. He's right, we must meet it. You'll have to decide, though, about that."

"The mangy hound!" Gawin Todd said. "The kennel nigger! The dirty dropping of a filthy army!" Richard met these terms with a set face. Once his mouth twitched, a hand opened and shut, but nothing more. Gawin would talk . . . for a space . . . and then be still. He was, the other went on, in a series of verbal explosions, a poisoner of women. "You're a coward, that's your secret, why you're always blustering—it's to hide what stinks inside you. But it will be torn out at last. Lavinia loves you! If I thought she had ——"

"Did, Gawin," Charles Todd quietly corrected him.

"I'd see her dead to save her soul," the other finished. "The army rake!" he cried.

A mocking bird was singing, imitating the limpid notes of a thrush, and nothing could have been more piercingly sweet. The rain had steadily increased; now it fell with an audible cool rush. Charles Todd was speaking again.

"You realize, of course, what this means," he addressed Richard. "I have no intention of repeating Gawin's words, but I say to you, Mr. Bale, that I consider your conduct to be utterly debased, and that my family and I can have no further affairs with you. I can't even express a regret at this, you have so utterly outraged our hospitality."

Still Richard made no reply; curiously, he was more intent on the mocking bird's song than on what Charles was saying. Gawin Todd was about to speak again, but his brother stopped him:

"That's enough for the present, Gawin. What we'll have to discuss now must be private, for the moment. But there will be no delay," he assured Richard Bale. "I'll have to ask you to act as though nothing had happened for a few hours more. But not, I think you will understand, from any hesitation on our part. The arrangements can't be as simple as you would like."

"Ask him how many people he has talked to already," Gawin Todd added. "He'd be quick to wear this black cockade."

"I have spoken to Mr. Dalney," Richard informed them; "it seemed to be necessary."

"He knew all the time," Gawin declared. "He helped you. He's the same kind."

Richard considered the wisdom of contradicting this, but he decided against it, since it would only serve to multiply words and incriminations.

"Control yourself," Charles directed the other Todd. "Mr. Bale"—he was standing, waiting for him to go, and Richard moved toward the door. "You will find me at my room," he said.

He walked bareheaded into the rain, and suddenly, moved by an uncontrollable impulse to get beyond the sound of discordant voices, he continued on beneath the trees, over the lawn. Soon he came to the river, where he halted, watching the raindrops fret the surface of the water. There was a school of diminutive fish under the bank, and wild roses along the grass. But you must bring me oceans more! So far he had brought only trouble, but the future should make up for that. He would make the years to come pay in happiness for the misery of the present. Again and again and again. He stood gazing across the river, lost in thought, dimly conscious of the cool pleasantness of the rain. His clothes lay in a wet film on his shoulders.

What, he wondered, would Gawin say to Lavinia; he hadn't thought of the imminence of that scene; but, certainly, it would take place; probably it was going on now. Gawin Todd would make her suffer, he'd be brutally harsh: Richard was sorry that he hadn't been able to kill him before he saw Lavinia. Still, as he had reflected before, he couldn't hope to keep it all from her, however much he tried. And soon it would be over; it would be over soon

The rain was running over his face, dripping from his hands; Henry Dalney, in the position before them, wouldn't approve of this; and Richard left the river, proceeded to his room. He could do nothing there but wait for Henry. If he could only send a word to her! William might manage to carry her a note; but, reluctantly, he gave this up it would be highly incorrect. There was a distant break in the clouds; he saw that, by noon, it might be clear again; this, for the priming of pistols, was fortunate. He had behaved very well in

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Charles Todd's office: if he had lost control of his temper, resented the unendurable terms he had been called, the right of challenge would have been attached to him, and God knew what conditions and weapons Gawin Todd would choose.

Henry Dalney didn't appear and the time dragged insuperably; he could think of no reason for such a delay; and when, at last, he did come—it was past noon and the storm was clearing away—he was largely unsatisfactory. The trouble, at first, had been with Jasper Robine:

"Even aside from Todd's attitude, he didn't want to be drawn into it. He said he disliked it too much—Gawin Todd had evidently given him a very comprehensive account of you—but I showed him that it couldn't be avoided by either of us. After all, our concern wasn't directly with the cause, but with what followed. There could be no doubt about the standing of either of the principals; I mean their right to receive a challenge for such an injury was beyond question. He saw that. And then the difficulty with Gawin began. His hatred of duels is deeper than we thought. But, Richard, he had given up an idea that you were merely trying to get him into one. He had seen Lavinia Roderick. I gathered that."

Richard Bale nodded, with an ugly mouth. "He won't bother her long." Dalney continued: "One thing developed that, perhaps, you overlooked—Robine assured me that if Gawin finally refused a duel Charles Todd would take his place."

"But he can't allow that!" Richard Bale instantly protested.

He fell silent in the memory of his long affection for Charles, of the years through which, practically, they had had an existence in common—their foxhounds formed a single pack, many of their race horses were owned together; their toddy had been held in one bowl. But all that, as well, he recognized, was swept into nothingness by his love for Lavinia.

"There is this to be said for Charles," Henry Dalney proceeded: "he is a far better pistol shot than Gawin."

In that particular, Richard told himself, Charles Todd might be held almost his own equal.

"It's bad," Henry commented; "but no one could say where this damned business might reach. You ought to have taken that into consideration, since you insulted all the Todds, dead, living and to be born. But I can't believe that will go on," he admitted. "Gawin wouldn't kill himself that way. He's in the devil of a state, though. Do you know, Richard, it is in my mind that he thinks a duel would hurt him politically. I almost advised Robine to tell him not to bother about the future because his politics was about to be decided for him. Naturally I didn't."

"Well," Richard Bale demanded, "what am I to do now?"

"Nothing—absolutely. They insist that not a suspicion of the reason for this must ever be public. Only the two Todds, Robine, myself and you know the truth; yes, and Lavinia. That was unnecessary, really, but Gawin lost his head with her. Well, I suppose she would have guessed. Jasper Robine is to see me after dinner. You are to go in to the table and it will be said Gawin was called to the courthouse for a couple of hours."

When the bell rang for dinner, Richard Bale, his clothes changed, went rigidly into the dining room. After all, he realized, choosing his place, he would be unable to wear the tightly buttoned black coat. Its appearance was permanently ruined. It was necessary for him to present himself, on such an occasion, in the utmost nicety of dress, an appearance matching an ordered and determined calm.

Mary Todd was across from him, and she gave him a questioning smile. It had been in a world lost before this one was made that he had considered marrying her. How very pretty she was! Everyone was present but Gawin and Lavinia. Lavinia, Ava explained, had a slight headache, and Gawin was forced to go to the courthouse . . . he'd be back soon. Richard was glad, in a way, that Lavinia was absent; it spared her an unnecessary wretchedness and strain; nothing actually tried him; deliberately, with Henry Dalney's cautioning gaze on him, he made a pretense of eating.

Jasper Robine, engaged with the white figs of Todd Hundred, was occupied in his own thought; he spoke with an entire adequate courtesy to Richard, and then returned to his self-absorption. His dress, too, was sombre. Charles Todd was remote in manner and brief in speech: He had managed, Richard saw, to avoid noticing him in what seemed a wholly natural manner. Ava, of course, had heard nothing, and several times she looked speculatively—obviously wondering about him—at her husband. She was, she finally declared, worried about the fate of her party, it had grown so gloomy. Didn't anyone like it? Charles Todd, with an effort at lightness, assured her that all the fiddle strings and satin slippers had been worn out.

"We'll get more from London," she replied.

"You'd better not let Gawin hear that," Bradlock Wiatt informed her; "he thinks we've had too much from England now; he's afraid his plain Western friends will have to pay for it."

"If the British sent back some of the servants they stole we could have some more satin breeches," Henry Dalney asserted.

Wiatt asked Richard if, after dinner, he would play whist.

"No whist, to-day," Richard answered. He gave a slight emphasis to the word to-day, for the benefit of Robine and Charles Todd. The former gave him a quick and unfavorable glance.

"Not to-day," he was, it appeared, merely repeating Bale's words; "and to-morrow belongs to no one."

Richard leaned forward.

"I'll promise myself to you for whist to-morrow evening . . . . at any stake."

"I have played, in Russia, for twenty pounds a point," Jasper Robine said to them generally; "but it was with very rich men. The limit with gambling ought to be easily inside the resources of payment. Thank you, Mr. Bale, but we won't decide the game so far ahead. It's possible one of us might have to leave earlier."

That, Richard Bale told himself, was very well expressed. Compared to Robine, he was a clumsy talker; it would be wiser not to encounter him—not, at least, with words. For example—he didn't know whether Jasper Robine had insulted him or not. Certainly, his means of payment, the sums he chose to play for, were no one's concern but his own. It was his privilege to ruin himself by chance, by love, with Antigua rum, exactly as he preferred. However, the thought of Lavinia swept all that from his mind; he was thoroughly displeased with his fault-finding character. If this kept up he would find that some of the terms Gawin Todd had applied to him were justified.

He didn't want to fight, he told himself, but to live in quiet happiness with Lavinia at Balisand. The first thing he'd do would be to put a roof over the end of the wharf, and then it would almost precisely resemble the spot at Todd Hundred where he had first talked to her. The interior of the house Lavinia would refurnish, change on the surface as she liked, since fundamental change at Balisand was an impossibility . . . both in the house and in the Bales. Their inner qualities were fixed. For better or for worse. That, he recognized, was a phrase in the marriage service:

How fortunate it would have been if he could have seen Lavinia before Gawin Todd met her. Girls loved the music and wine and excitement of a formal wedding: that, with them, would be lost, for he was determined to marry Lavinia at the first possible chance. No one, Richard decided, would question his motives or doubt the explanation of the duel made by the Todds and him. Unless she wanted very much to travel, they would immediately return home. Trenton and Philadelphia, or New York, would come later, in October, when he went to the Congress . . . with Lavinia. There it would be very gay, and he'd insist on her going out a great deal. Richard wanted the world to see her young loveliness and realize her charm. He was inordinately proud of her, of his Lavinia, Lavinia Bale.

Once more dinner was at an end, the women had gone, and the rum was circulating on the bare polished board. He had fulfilled his obligation to be present, Richard considered: it would be better for him to go, to put no additional charge on Charles Todd's forced hospitality. He rose and bowed to the company, and, with Henry Dalney, left the room.

"It has cleared," he observed.

Dalney repeated his own conclusion about a weather suitable to their purpose.

Continued on Page 97

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Barrett ROOFINGS

(Continued from Page 94)

"Late this afternoon." This was an opinion without exact assurance. "Damn it, Richard, he can't refuse us. I suppose you'll go back to the schoolhouse. Well, I'll stay and see Robine. I understand Gawin is on the place. This secrecy and the people here, and the circumstances make our arrangements very difficult—Jasper Robine insists on the nicest form."

He had hardly mounted to his room before William appeared with a message from Ava—she wanted to see him at once. This was the devil of a situation, and he weighed sending her word that he couldn't come. Ava had guessed there was trouble; Charles, of course, would refuse to satisfy her; and she'd demand some part of the truth from him. To Ava—who probably already considered him promised to Mary—his conduct would appear no less than insane. But perhaps, in telling her that he was unable to ask Mary to marry him, he would keep her from the subject of his trouble with Gawin Todd. Anyhow, he'd have to see her, and return Ava's great goodness to him with lies. Then there was the other difficulty of accounting reasonably to her for his rapid change of mind. He must protect Lavinia:

He was on the covered way from the kitchen to the house, and he turned to the right, to a door which led into the pantry where she was waiting.

"Richard," she demanded at once, "what is it?"

"What, Ava?" He tried, he felt, without success to make his voice innocently surprised.

"I don't know. That's why I sent for you. I told Charles I would, and I have, although he positively commanded me not to. Commanded, Richard; you'll understand what that means with Charles. Somehow I got the impression from him that a ridiculous argument you had at the table with Gawin has gone on. But, Richard, I can't believe that, with Gawin just engaged and you interested in Mary. It is so senseless and childish."

Suddenly he had hit on an explanation of his failure with Mary. It, too, was a lie, but that couldn't be avoided:

"Ava, you must realize that if Charles isn't ready to talk to you yet, that I can't. But I'll say this—if you ask him he will tell you that there is no question of his letting Mary marry me. He won't hear of it."

"Richard!" Her tone and face were painfully shocked. "What stupidity! After all, he owes me a little. I won't let him interfere."

"I am afraid you will have to," he said gently, filled with his admiration for her.

"Then Gawin and you are going to fight."

Richard was silent, though that was as significant as a direct affirmation. The colour sank from her face, and she clasped her hands tightly.

"It's you," she said, in a voice scarcely above a whisper. "There is something terrible about you. I loved you, but I have known it always, and I thought love and marriage and happiness would kill it." Well, he told himself, it would. "Then this is your honour and the reputation of the Bales—that you will shoot Gawin out of nothing but your vanity, at any cost to us. At first I thought it couldn't be so, that the real reason, whatever the trouble was, had been kept from me. I didn't think you'd be capable of such cruel brutality. And I asked Mary to care for you." She moved away from him, her hands held behind her.

After an uncomfortable pause he concluded, aloud, that he had better go.

"Yes, you had better go," she echoed him; but her voice took on a note of doubt, a hesitation like a query.

The sun was fully out, the air was soft and heavy with the odour of the banked roses. Time, in his room, passed slowly; but he tempered himself against impatience. Soon, now, it would be over. Once more seated at the window above the bright colours of the garden, he reflected on the fondness for flowers that was such an anomaly in him. He always, but without special knowledge, noticed them; their scents gave him a profound pleasure. Yet, in spite of this, he had allowed the garden at Balisand to fall into a state of neglect . . . and that, too, Lavinia would cure. In battle, his thoughts and memories proceeded, whenever it was possible, he had worn a green or blossoming sprig in his coat; he had come to regard it as a charm; and now it had changed into—what was Bradlock Wiatt's phrase?—the loveliest flower of Henrico County.

When Henry Dalney appeared, the sunlight had become a level golden flood; there were long luminous shadows falling on the white latticed summer-house.

"It's arranged," he said at once. "Gawin Todd was forced to agree to a meeting. But he is very bitter about it. Robine told me that it must be final. That may mean a number of shots: we'll finish the cartel to-night. But the time and the spot are fixed—very early tomorrow morning, back of Eagle Point, in a little field between the Point and Severnby. You can leave details like the distance to me. I'll say this for Gawin Todd, though—his objection to dueling was not because he was afraid of your reputation for coolness and as a shot. You'll find him adequate."

"The Todds aren't cowards," Richard commented. "Then, of course, he challenged?"

"Yes, and Jasper Robine wants to examine your pistols. I told him that they belonged to your family, and that you had never fought with them. It's my belief that Gawin has a right to try the set triggers."

"Take them with you," Richard Bale directed; "you will see about the charging. I suppose we'll have to go through with supper again."

"Naturally. Robine said that both Charles and Gawin would be there. He didn't mention Ava. I passed her at the office just now but she didn't see me. I thought it might have been on purpose. Somehow, women know things." He had the pistols out, side by side on the table. "There isn't a grain of difference," he asserted; "Jasper Robine will be delighted with them." He put the pistols away and stood with the box under his arm. "It isn't good for you to sit here and stare out the window," he added. "If I order a horse, will you ride?"

Richard replied that he wouldn't.

"I'm not uneasy," he explained; "I haven't any nerves. It's that I like my thoughts."

He ought, he decided, to give some attention to what would happen if, against all his conviction, he were killed. Should, for example, certain of his servants be freed? There was London—but the Virginia law that made free negroes leave the state would be a greater hardship to London than the hardest service at home. Balisand was as much his home as it was Richard's. No, he could stay with the place—Henry Dalney must be informed of that. Yet it was unnecessary. He would kill Gawin Todd. Then he saw Lavinia, she was in the garden, on the grass by the cedars and river. She stood and gazed toward the schoolhouse; but he realized that the sun was in her eyes; she could see nothing. She wasn't as erect as usual; he made that out. Her shoulders had a droop of weariness; her head, when she turned away, was down. An air of discouragement pervaded her.

Richard watched her with a passionate longing to be at her side; her oppression bred an immense tenderness in him. He was possessed by the tyrannical need to reassure her, to touch her hand . . . nothing more. She was beside the summer-house now, and after a questioning regard, suspended in motion—almost, he thought, in breathing—she went inside. Very softly he cursed Gawin Todd. The honeysuckle hid her from him; for a long while she stayed out of sight; and then, suddenly reappearing, she went so rapidly toward the house that she was practically running.

"Lavinia!" he cried, on his feet in an agony of love and pity. "Lavinia!"

But no one, fortunately, heard him. The only answering sound came monotonously from pigeons on the roof. Steps, later, mounting to his door proved to be those of William, whose expressed opinion it was that the time had come to dress for the evening. He would never own William, that was certain. No one else had ever shaved him so well. There had been another chicken fight, William informed him; and Stilley, the servant, so adept at gouging, whose rooster had been killed by the bird from Gloucester Point, had been set upon in the dusk, at the land entrance to Todd Hundred, and beaten into a red insensibility. William was certain that he would never again be useful in the fields. "Or in any other place. Nobody at the great house would want him around." He concluded that Fayson would patch him up and sell him at the courthouse. All the while he talked, he was putting the gold buttons in a waistcoat. He finished that, and was bowed over Richard's shoes, when he added he had heard, in the kitchen, that there was some trouble among the gentlemen at supper the other night. The negroes, Richard Bale recognized, knew everything that went on in all the departments of the plantation.

"Between Mr. Gawin Todd and me?" he asked directly. William glanced at him obliquely:

"Yes, sir, that was it. There was talk that you were going to fight and kill at each other. The girl who came with Miss Lavinia—she's a light Richmond nigger—she was crying, so I judge Miss Lavinia knew about it."

"Mr. Todd and I had a difference over General Washington," Richard instructed him; "and it is possible there will be a meeting. Don't spread it around if you can help it, but if you can't, then remember it grew out of politics."

"Yes, sir—yes, sir," William repeated readily. He declared that the causes of gentlemen's troubles didn't rightly bother him. He stayed clear away from such fractious subjects. But, he was impelled to add, Mr. Gawin Todd was a bad man when he was mad. "Yes, sir." That phrase ran through all William's conversation like the ticking of a clock. However, he doubted if even Mr. Todd's badness would frighten an army gentleman, after so much shooting with cannons. In answer to all this, Richard Bale decided there was one thing which, with a semblance of propriety, he might do.

"William," he said, "come here to the window. Do you see that bush of yellow roses? Well, I want you to pick one and give it to that pale Richmond girl for Miss Lavinia. No message. You are not to say where it came from . . . just the yellow rose for Miss Lavinia. She'll be in her room now, dressing." It was exactly the errand that a negro could best accomplish.

"You can leave me; I'm ready. And William, you are to have the gold buttons you put in for me. I'll write you a paper saying they were a gift from me because—because you were such an excellent servant."

He watched from the window and saw William swiftly, with an instinctive caution, gather a yellow rose. He had, perhaps, exceeded the bounds of a flawless discretion; both Jasper Robine and Henry would have condemned him, but he didn't care. "A rose . . . I send to you." Lavinia would know where it came from. She would carry it to Balisand, he thought. A memento. And to-night it would be either at her breast or in her hair.

Richard Bale found most of the company at Todd Hundred in the hall, gathered and waiting without hurry for supper. Beverley Mathews, who had returned to Welfield, was again present, but evidently he had left Lucia home. Eliza Wiatt and Rose Ann Marable were talking together; Gawin and Charles Todd stood together at the foot of the steep circular staircase; Robine was with Mary, Delia and Sally; they were laughing a great deal; and Bradlock Wiatt was addressing Mathews in a manner that showed already the influence of the toddy bowl. As he was gazing over the hall from the doorway, Ava came down the stairs, and the sweeping turn from the landing on the second floor admirably showed the dignity of her carriage in an elaborate dress and pearls. Never had Richard seen in her a more impressive and handsome bearing; but her manner was cold; she showed no impulse to speak to anyone but Charles Todd; and then, in a clear measured voice, she merely explained that Lavinia had been delayed.

"She will be down in a very few minutes," she ended.

The assembled party remained broken up into very definitely separated groups, and Richard hesitated before becoming a part of any one. At last, avoiding Wiatt's stupid reiterations and the small circle that included Jasper Robine, he moved up to Eliza Wiatt and Rose Ann.

"I am too young to listen to you, of course," he proclaimed; "and you ought to send me away at once; but I won't go."

They said in chorus that it was miraculous having him with them. "With such a superior attraction close by," Eliza added. "He will come back to us later."

This obscure flippancy proceeded from Rose Ann Marable. Richard Bale felt at a loss with her. Usually, in the women he encountered, there were certain recognized

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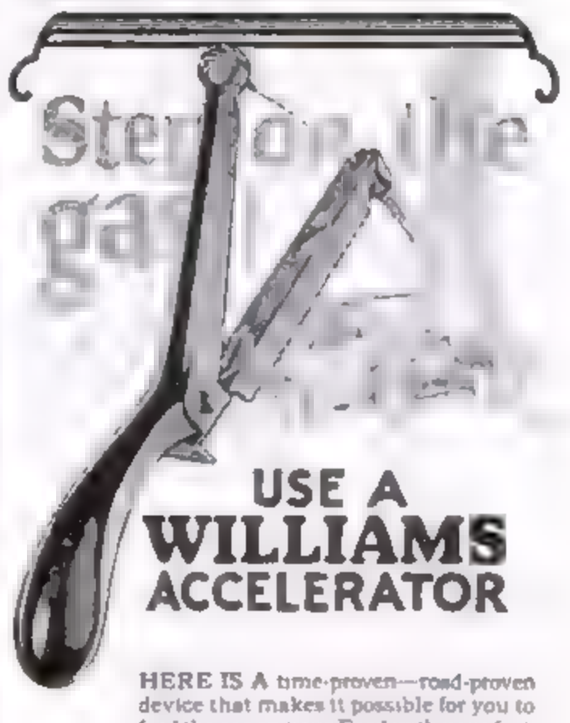

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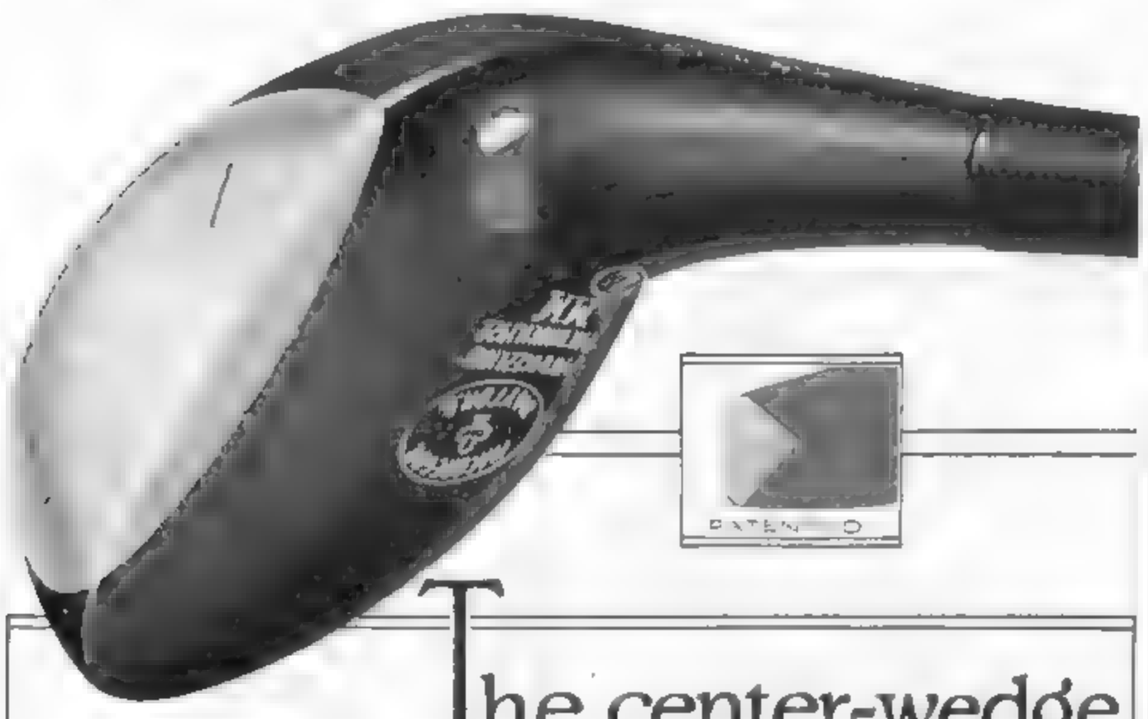

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"This is the sixth tee on our own golf course where we develop new ideas in Club Construction."

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MAKE RECORDS WITH MACGREGORS

limits within which their comments ranged; there was a prescribed course for their pleasantries or indifference; but no one could be sure of what Rose Ann might say. She was looking at him now, with her impudently direct gaze; the absurd tilt to her short nose, that as much as anything spoiled her appearance for him, emphasized; and only God knew what her thought was. He asked her, with a satirical intent, if she had shared the toddy bowl with Bradlock, but she replied that she didn't like drinks with fruit and sugar in them.

"I'd rather have Madeira or brandy," she admitted as simply as though she were choosing between a number of perfumes.

Richard had never seen a woman of any pretensions drink brandy, and -but privately—he was very severe in his judgment of Ava's sister. If that was the habit on the James and the Rappahannock, then so much the worse for those rivers.

"It's still so Arcadian in Gloucester County," she went on.

He begged her to remember that the Tidewater was the oldest and most aristocratic part of Virginia. Such was the tradition, she agreed; but she mentioned the fact that, like everything else, aristocracy changed.

"Even the minuet has become a little old-fashioned," she declared. However, that he dismissed as nonsense.

"What do you mean by aristocracy?" he stuffily demanded.

"The people at dinner," she answered inconsequentially. She was totally lacking in warmth, he discovered; her brilliancy resembled sunlight reflected on a window-pane—it seemed to have an actual flashing light, but it was no more than the glitter of glass. Richard infinitely preferred Eliza Wiatt, who said little and who was so satisfying to see.

Yet, compared with the vividness of Lavinia, Eliza was inert and meaningless; her charm was almost a mechanical device, or it was like a magnet, a mere force of attraction that had no individual poignant charm or meaning. The beauty in Lavinia was personal, inseparable, unthinkable away from her; it lay in her every gesture, all the intonations of her voice, in the suspense of her pauses; and then her sheer young grace was matchless, the rare perfection of life for once in an equal loveliness of—of body. His thought of her body was without willingness, as though it were still a trespass against her inviolable purity.

"Richard doesn't like us," Eliza Wiatt announced. Rose Ann made a gesture toward Mary Todd. "But I told you," she said lazily; "wait."

"Then you think it's impossible always to love one woman?" Richard Bale couldn't suppress the temptation to ask that.

"It has been done," Rose Ann replied; "but that was in the days of romance. Not in the present."

"I am sure to-day is as romantic as any of the past," Eliza insisted. "I'm glad it isn't more, because I couldn't stand it."

"She is thinking about the lost Mr. Garret," Rose Ann decided. Eliza Wiatt admitted that he was a part of it.

"He was so desperate and he made such touching speeches about the desert of the future and a lot of things I didn't understand."

"Heavens, you don't think he'll go on loving you, do you?" Rose Ann laughed at her. "In a year he will be married to a pious Methodist and have a child every year for a generation." She grew increasingly outrageous, Richard considered.

"Let him marry his Methodist," Eliza returned; "but he'll never forget me."

Again, Richard Bale wondered if that were true: he had a vision of Garret after a number of years, with some of the children Rose Ann had so indelicately mentioned, and a shapeless wife. Would then the memory of Eliza Wiatt, slender and tall and charming, come back to torment him with an old passion? But that he didn't put into words; it was an inquiry hidden in his subconsciousness, private to himself.

"I'm starved," Rose Ann Marable admitted; "I wish Lavinia Roderick would finish dressing and appear." It wasn't necessary for her, Eliza added, to take so much trouble with herself.

"Now that she has been successful."

Richard stared disagreeably at Rose Ann. Women were allowed an inexcusable liberty in talk. It was a good thing that there were restrictions on the remarks of men; such, for example, as the pair of pistols, bushed with gold, that Henry Dalney had carried away. As he was thinking about him Henry came in. He was hurried and apologetic in manner; and Richard saw that there were stains of ink on his fingers. The cartel!

There was a faint stir from above, and he looked up . . . Lavinia was almost upon the stairs. The landing was dimly lighted, and he saw her features, her expression, the way her hands rested, by instinct rather than in reality. She hesitated, and the low tone of her voice, singing, drifted down to him:

" . . . I send to you,
But you must bring me oceans more.
Be true——"

Richard Bale was dazed by his love for her. There was a blinding flash, like sunlight, in his eyes, and then he realized that the song had broken off with a sudden startled cry. He looked up and saw that, tripped perhaps by the flounces of her skirt, she was falling. She was plunging swiftly down; yet in spite of the speed of her descent, every detail of her dress, her loosened hair, her bare arms, was pitilessly exact. She seemed to be suspended in air; then her body struck the central column of the steps; there was another and even swifter and jagged fall; and he heard the back of her head strike upon the oak flooring of the hall.

There was an instantaneous and absolute hush of sound, and, immediately after, a panic of voices. That was followed by a rush forward, stopped at the short commanding tones of Charles Todd. But Richard hadn't moved—he knew something that was yet hidden from the others. He realized it with a searing completeness which stripped him of all sight and other conscious being. Lavinia was dead. It was useless to send for hot water or to press anyone back so that she would be able to breathe. His hands caught together and his fingers interlaced; he looked up at the empty landing.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

Sunset on Kennebecasis River, Near St. John, N. B.

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EVEN the littlest debutante could tell one thing lots of big, strong men don't know. Just this: that women judge a gift more from the *thought* you have put into pleasing them, than from the mere intrinsic worth of the present itself.

So don't just take "candy" next time—choose Johnston's Chocolates. A wise man discriminates between the *accepted* . . . and others. And, besides, women who know Johnston's invariably prefer it.

There is variety in each box, a goodness about each piece, that puts a new light on candy-eating.

You will find an authorized Johnston's Candy Department in one of the better Stores in your neighborhood

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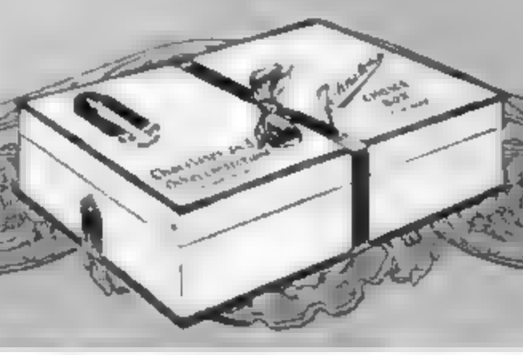

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Buy from a Fry—millions do!

Always Accurate

Made in both 5 and 10 gallon capacities
Both Approved by the Underwriters Laboratories

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PHILIP GIES PUMP CO., Ltd.
Canadian Manufacturers and Distributors
KITCHENER, ONTARIO

THE SIN OF SUCCESS

(Continued from Page 23

wealth, the individually possessed accumulations, "are more or less obviously nearing the end of their making."

It is true, of course, that various methods of acquiring fortunes have been taken away from time to time in this or that country. Ever since the revolution the succession laws in France have tended silently but continuously to diffuse landed property among an ever-growing number of owners.

These laws cannot be described as radical, except in contrast to the English system of primogeniture. Nor is there any doubt that the acquirement of fortunes through inheritance rather than personal effort is now being modified in this country by inheritance taxation, and may wisely in the future be even more reduced by changes in the succession laws themselves.

But treating in this article not the inheritance of fortunes but the original making of them, the significant, perhaps the extraordinary fact is that those of a pioneer variety continue to multiply, both in numbers and in individual and aggregate amount, to an extent that leaves us aghast for sheer astonishment. The railroad fortune may be over, but a hundred new sources of enrichment—automobiles, chain stores, tooth paste, and so on indefinitely—spring up to take their place.

Might it not be more useful therefore to examine the sources and causes of fortune, the service or disservice for which success is so richly rewarded, rather than merely to push this phenomenon aside as not worthy of a place in an ideal or perfect state of society? The momentary or financial expression of success may, like many other customs and institutions, be only a passing phase of man's evolution, but it is surely persistent enough to be well worth understanding.

Is the successful man, as measured in terms of wealth, a benefactor of mankind, is he just an ordinary thief, or does he range in between these extremes?

Before we plunge far into this absorbing topic, fair play demands the statement that all incomes and properties, from the smaller through the moderate and up to the largest, have probably increased in recent years. There may be more millionaires, but likewise dishwashers in restaurants receive larger wages than formerly. The whole scale is higher.

Of course, there has been a decrease in the purchasing power of money, which affects practically all classes. A million dollars today has quite a different relative purchasing power and consequent importance than it had in 1894. In the same way small incomes purchase less.

Higher Values Than Money Values

But even though the dollar has fallen in value, the standard of living has risen even more. Senators may debate solemnly as to whether a man with an income of $300,000 a year is or is not a malefactor *per se;* but meanwhile people who pay no income taxes at all burn up the roads in cars so large and luxurious that only the rich would have thought of them a couple of decades ago.

The writer believes the subject of this article is one that should challenge the interest of the reader. But don't let's take it too seriously at that. Statesmen and statisticians may quarrel over the distribution of wealth and the ideal system of rewarding achievement; but the fact remains that millions of citizens, who by no stretch of imagination have attained success in the sense in which we are discussing it, have nevertheless a multitude of life's most worthwhile satisfactions at their command.

Nor do I refer to spiritual rewards. Surely any thinking person is discouraged at times at the too great material emphasis which our modern civilization stresses. Only a fool will quarrel with the wisdom of the founder of Christianity who asked what it profiteth a man to gain the whole world and lose his own soul. It is a frightful mistake to look upon wealth as the whole of welfare, to regard it as an end rather than a means to happiness.

It is assumed in this article that there are higher values than money values. But granting all this, assuming it as a major premise, even, there is truth in an entirely different sense in the statement that large incomes and large fortunes must not be taken too seriously. If you and I have pretty much what we want, if we have about all that is good for us, why get unduly excited because Mr. Rockefeller, who can't eat or wear more than we, has a large collection of stock certificates?

Let us discover by all means, if possible, the wisdom of society's permitting Mr. John Smith to make $30,000,000 just because he happened to market on a large scale a nonlosable collar button. But don't let us thereby become sour in our enjoyment of the baseball, radio, movies, automobiles and so much else that Mr. Smith has no monopoly of.

There is still another form of exaggeration to avoid; namely, the extravagant fashion in which all of us bandy about figures when we talk of riches. This is the one place in which no man puts a bridle upon either his imagination or his tongue. Here is a field in which otherwise conservative newspapers run wild. It is the paradise of the wholly irresponsible—in this particular respect—Sunday editor.

Newspapers which would never in their editorial columns permit even a hairbreadth of deviation from orthodox, conventional economic views, print in their Sunday magazines the most mendacious stories concerning large fortunes. The writers of these articles deal in hundreds of millions as a child builds fairy castles. Facts are thrown to the winds and fancy reigns free as air.

Newspaper Exaggeration

The writer knows of cases where a rich man's estate has been overestimated 1000 per cent in the newspapers. It is exceedingly common to estimate such properties at twice their value. Before me as I write are two brief clippings, one dated January 5, 1923, and the other July 10, 1923. The headline on the first reads, Bequeaths $100,000,000 in Fifty-Word Will. The second piece refers to the same property and is a report of the inventory filed in the probate court. The headline reads, Left $17,328,070 Estate. Both articles are from the same conservative paper.

Now and then properties are seriously underestimated, but overestimates are far more common. The newspapers in their guesses doubled the estates of Henry C. Frick and William Rockefeller, both of whom were so enormously wealthy that exaggeration should have been impossible.

Much of this inflation of figures is due merely to irresponsibility and ignorance on the part of writers. Large figures always sound and read better than small ones. The facts are difficult or impossible to obtain. Many shrewd guesses, based on scraps of information, are all that can be had.

The rich man is usually loath to correct such errors. He is afraid of publicity, and silence seems the better policy. He wants no controversy in the public press. There are cases no doubt where he is flattered by the figures. Nor are there lacking instances where these wild tales help his credit. If he is engaged in large enterprises and trying vainly to borrow a few millions more from the banks, a lurid story of his vast possessions may help just a little to break down even the bank president's icy reserve.

After all, the bulk of rich men in this country, the majority of those who are said to have won great success, are still in business. There is much inherited wealth, but the active business owner and operator is the dominant type of rich man. His income and property vary enormously with changing conditions. He may be rich one year and in quite different circumstances a little later.

One of the most foolish of indoor sports consists of erecting upon the basis of income-tax returns the number of millionaires. For these tax returns always include many individuals who pay in a high bracket one year and in far lower brackets the year before and the year after. There has been a great deal of conferring of retroactive millionaireship upon those who no longer deserve it.

If a fortune can be taken out of active business and reinvested in bonds or other passive, conservative securities, little difficulty is encountered in keeping it together. Losses will be had, but usually they are not serious. In such cases the investments are carefully diversified, the losses consequently forming only a small part of the total.

But great numbers of successful business men do not wish to retire. They have made

Five New Joys

Await you in Palmolive Shaving Cream

By V. K. Cassady, Chief Chemist

GENTLEMEN:

If a Shaving Cream excelled all others in one way you'd be delighted.

Let us multiply that delight by five. Let us show you five new joys we have brought to millions in Palmolive Shaving Cream.

This offers you a Ten-Shave Tube to try.

A very unique creation

Three years ago most men were wedded to some other soap or cream. Most of them were satisfied, perhaps. Then came Palmolive Shaving Cream, made by famous experts. The final result of 60 years of soap study.

A test was offered which countless men accepted. The users were amazed. In the short time since then this soap has become the Shaving Cream sensation. It has built up a new idea of what shaving cream can do.

The results men like

Palmolive Shaving Cream multiplies itself in lather 250 times. Thus a tiny bit suffices for a shave.

It softens the beard in one minute, by forcing the hairs to absorb 15% of water.

It maintains its creamy fullness for ten minutes on the face, so it does not need replacement. Its extra strong bubbles, acting like wedges, support the hairs for cutting. That means a clean shave.

The palm and olive oil blend makes the after-effects delightful.

Try it as a courtesy to us. We made up 130 formulas in seeking to perfect it. We did it to please men like you. Now judge the result for yourself. Clip this coupon. Mail it at your leisure for a Ten-Shave Tube.

Five reasons why

1—Multiplies itself in lather 250 times.
2—Softens the beard in one minute.
3—Maintains its creamy fullness for 10 minutes on the face.
4—Strong bubbles hold the hairs erect for cutting.
5—The palm and olive oil content brings one fine after-effects.

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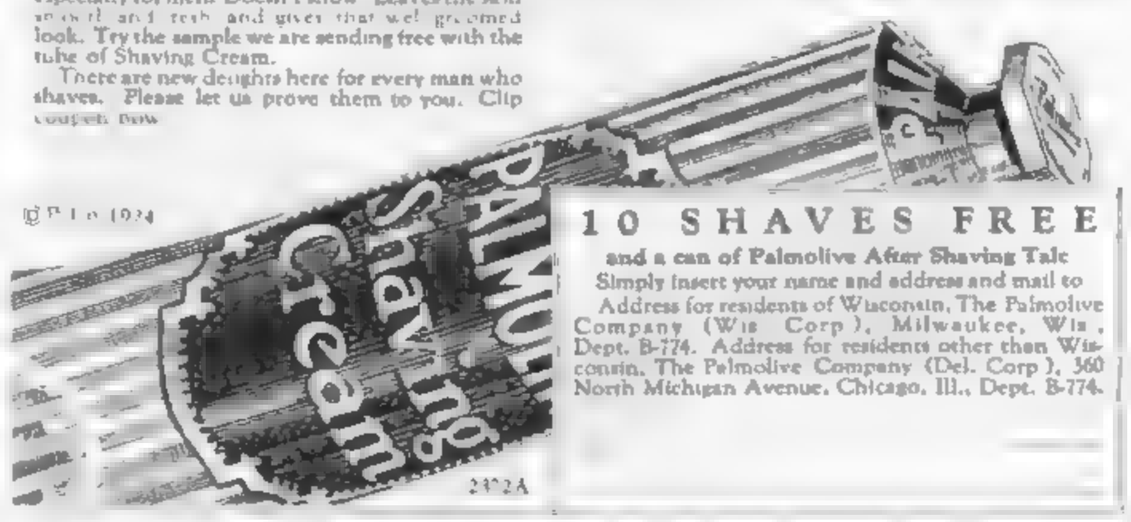
To add the final touch to shaving luxury, we have created Palmolive After Shaving Talc—especially for men. Doesn't show. Leaves the skin smooth and fresh and gives that well groomed look. Try the sample we are sending free with the tube of Shaving Cream.

There are new delights here for every man who shaves. Please let us prove them to you. Clip coupon now.



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Address for residents of Wisconsin, The Palmolive Company (Wis. Corp.), Milwaukee, Wis., Dept. B-774. Address for residents other than Wisconsin, The Palmolive Company (Del. Corp.), 360 North Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Ill., Dept. B-774.

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The more rigorous the service, the more pronounced the genuine worth of Square D Safety Switches.

And the longer such usage continues, the more evident their high quality becomes.

This must be the truth. No other reason could possibly account for the phenomenal, steady growth of Square D installations in the rubber industry, for example, throughout a period of 10 consecutive years.

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FACTORIES AT: DETROIT, MICH., PERU, IND.
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a success of one enterprise; they are eager to try their hand at another. Yet as long as they remain active there is always the possibility of heavy losses. It is comparatively easy to perpetuate a fortune which has been cashed in and reinvested for the express purpose of preventing loss. The old saw of three generations from shirt sleeves to shirt sleeves may be circumvented in such cases. But it is not easy to perpetuate an active business, large or small.

Once a man, even a rich man, embarks in active business, he usually enters upon a train of heavy borrowing. But in times of falling prices heavy borrowing means colossal losses to the debtors; and it is a general principle that losses hurt a man more than gains of a like amount benefit him. Losing all or practically all he has brings him down in the scale far more than doubling his fortune will raise him. When a man once topples over he falls just as hard if his fortune be $10,000,000 as if it were $10,000.

Everywhere improvements have been made in the vain, unsuccessful hope of high stakes. Always men are playing for such stakes, but like as not they lose. Many a time they would do better to put what capital they have out at interest, with never a thought of profit. There may be those who gained unduly from Teapot Dome, but it is said that the original owners made nothing. It is said the builders of the London tubes gained nothing, although the wealth of the city was enormously enhanced.

It is common knowledge that several men who a few years ago were rated among the richest in the country are now in the hands of their creditors. The personal fortune of one such was estimated formerly at $125,000,000, and for years he was head of one of the largest corporations in the world. He was the type of figure whom soap-box orators accused of trying to corner the wealth of the country. His name was linked with that of Rockefeller as being a king pin of plutocracy.

Today his affairs are handled by a committee of bankers, and all because he tried to remain in business. His personal notes are being paid off, but it is said they ran up to $20,000,000 at one time.

Wealth in Buildings and Machinery

Other cases come to mind; one of a man whose operations were largely in the stock market, but whose losses, running to a score of millions, affected a dozen corporations. Still another had risen to the top of a great branch of manufacturing, talked of mergers running into the hundreds of millions, paid income taxes in the single year of 1917 of more than $1,220,000, then fell with a crash, and is now courageously engaged in starting all over again.

Many, indeed, are the occasions when our supposedly plutocratic and all-powerful captains of industry only wish that the radical charges against them were true. The fact is commonly ignored that, in active business, profits consist to no little extent of raw materials, goods in process, accounts receivable and many other noncash items which cannot be liquidated or cashed in with any regularity or certainty. As one supposedly rich man said to the writer a few years ago:

"Of course, I have what most men consider a big fortune; but my wealth consists pretty largely of factory buildings, machinery and equipment necessary to production, and is simply not a pile of cash. I have to go out and borrow money just as many men do who would laugh if you called them wealthy. I wish those who think that I control any great part of the nation's cash could impersonate me for a day and try to borrow the money needed for the various enterprises in which I am interested. They would then learn the error of their beliefs."

There are, of course, those who sell out on favorable terms, who are in the clear, living thereafter on securely invested funds. But the names of those are legion who, through ability or sheer good luck, run their paper fortunes up to several hundred thousand, or even millions of dollars, only to find the market has turned against them and wiped out all.

It has been said that men are as lazy as they dare to be. Large financial rewards—that is, fortunes—are the bait, the prizes, the high stakes which induce men to overcome their strong natural indisposition not only to work but to face the risks of loss.

There is unearned increment, of course. John Smith bought an acre for $100. Now the city has grown up to him and it is worth $50,000. Five years from now it will be worth $100,000; but is Smith necessarily a more capable or serviceable man because he waits another five years?

But how about the unearned losses, the long dreary years over which taxes are paid and no gains take place? A farmer may discover gold on his property, but far more often he discovers merely that he can't by any device make a living there.

Bernard Shaw recently said that the present capitalist system gives one man in a million a gambling chance of becoming a member of the idle rich. His figures may be wrong, but he is right in that many get nothing and a few get large rewards, which, as is shortly to be explained, do not always express with great precision the contributions of the receiver.

But it is immensely difficult in any special case to draw the line. Should Mr. Blank, the collar manufacturer, have been allowed to make only $10,000, $100,000 or $1,000,000? What other prizes or baits have been developed as yet to keep millions of men at work?

But even if these well-recognized fundamentals of the economic system were expanded with all the detail which might readily be added if space were available, the fact remains that many fortunes appear excessive for the service rendered. Such at least is the opinion, I feel sure, held by many people.

The Rough Test of Merit

The prevailing view is that fortunes often exceed or are out of proportion to just compensation. Despite the risk that nearly all business enterprise involves, and the unquestioned losses, one does not have to be a socialist to wonder if ability and service rendered are alone adequate to explain the degree of reward.

After the fortune has finally emerged, after the days of uncertainty and striving are over and the owner has decided to cash in, does not the result somehow loom up bigger than can be reasonably ascribed to his special effectiveness? Certainly, if we in our minds go over all the rich people we know or have read about, we may hesitate in saying that the size of their properties expresses with any nicety of precision the exact degree of the contribution rendered.

Let us assume that the balance of good over evil in the Standard Oil Company is considerable. But is not the measurement of that balance too uncertain to make it the basis for saying that John D. Rockefeller's reward was in exact proportion to the service he rendered?

Ever so slight a difference in personal capacity seems to make such a disproportionate difference in the amount of property acquired. These great fortunes and incomes are sometimes described by the economists as differential. Somehow the word seems pitifully inadequate.

A character in one of George Meredith's novels said, "Money is a rough test of merit. It is our only general test." Perhaps it would be more correct to say that we do not know of any other way of finding the fit man as good as the fact of his winning out in the competition of the open market. But it is a rough and far from perfect method.

Cornelius Vanderbilt made nearly $100,000,000 from consolidating a number of small railroads and making a real system out of them. It is said that in the early days of railroading in Würtemberg, where state ownership existed from the start, a manager, who never received as much as $3000 a year, did a very similar job. Vanderbilt, of course, took a greater risk, and this brief statement of facts no doubt omits many vital factors.

But such an extraordinary discrepancy does at least raise the question whether the enormous rewards are necessary, whether Ford and Rockefeller would not have functioned just as well without $1,000,000,000 each. Certainly neither of them ever expected to make so much. It is said that in great and hazardous undertakings men should have freedom to reap the full benefit. But what do we mean by "full"?

The average man in the street will find this line of thought a bit pedantic, I presume. Mr. Average Man doesn't really care very much whether John Smith, who left his idle heirs $7,000,000 as the result of successfully marketing a new brand of toilet soap, was really entitled to $2,366,451 for his services, or the $7,000,000 which he got away with.

(Continued on Page 105)

The ROMANCE *of* ELECTRICITY

IT IS a significant fact that many of the greatest discoveries and developments in electricity have been made by men who were largely self-taught.

Benjamin Franklin, who drew electric fire from the clouds with his famous kite experiment in 1752, had received but two years' regular schooling in all his life. Faraday, who made the first dynamo, was a bookbinder's apprentice. Neumann, who established mathematically the laws of the induction of electric currents, was a soldier under Napoleon, later studying for the ministry.

Volta, after whom the "volt" is named, was too poor to buy his own copy books at school. Wheatstone, the founder of modern telegraphy, was practically a failure as a maker of musical instruments. Edison was a roaming railway clerk and telegraph operator. Steinmetz, the late electrical wizard of the General Electric Company, landed in America as a poor and friendless immigrant.

These men were the pioneers and their names and achievements are world famous. But there is another and a larger group to whom electricity owes an increasing debt—the great army of men who, starting from equally humble positions, took the inventions and discoveries of these laboratory pioneers and put them to practical use.

These are the men who have built and organized the great electric power plants that can make the night brighter than the day. These are the men who have developed and perfected the telephone and made conversation possible between fifteen million homes and offices—the men who have gone further and caught speech from the air with radio, the modern miracle. These are the men who have made the mystic unseen giant—at the touch of a button—do man's bidding and save him labor in a thousand ways.

These are the modern heroes in the romance of electricity—the men who day by day in countless factories, plants, laboratories and service stations, do the actual work that makes the use of electricity possible.

Many of these men have grown up with the industry, but legions of others have been drawn to it because electricity always fascinates the man or boy of a mechanical turn of mind. They sensed its opportunities and sought the technical knowledge that would equip them for success in a new and thriving field.

Most of them were in moderate circumstances—many were married—few could leave their positions to go to the classrooms. And so they did what more than two million men have done in the last thirty-two years, they turned to the International Correspondence Schools.

And night after night, in the quiet of their own homes, they gained through practical texts and the constant help of practical teachers, the special training exactly needed to prepare them for the work of their choice.

To-day you will find these men holding important and responsible positions in every branch of the electrical industry. It is a matter of record that no less than 365,198 men since 1894 have studied electrical subjects with the International Correspondence Schools.

By providing such a practical training to so many individuals, these Schools have not only helped to bring the satisfaction of achievement into thousands of lives, but they have made a definite contribution to the development of the electrical industry itself.

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SCRANTON, PENNSYLVANIA

Offices in leading cities of the United States and Canada, and throughout the world

NORRIS

Variety Box

OF EXQUISITE GIFT CANDIES

What sort of candy can she get where she will spend her vacation?

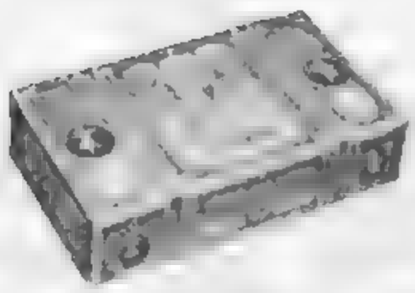
IT is not always easy to get good candies, or at least one's favorite candies, at all summer resorts. She will appreciate your thoughtfulness in giving her a Norris Variety Box or two before she starts away. Give them in time to be packed in trunk or suitcase, so that they will be out of the way until she arrives. Then they will bring a pleasant remembrance of you, and hasten that first letter from her.

The beauty of the Norris Variety Box makes it a fitting candy for giving on all occasions. Even to one who does not know that Norris is a name to conjure with among the candy lovers of the aristocratic South, this box at once bespeaks quality distinctive and superior.

The assortment that it contains is famous for the varied character of its pieces—contrasting flavors, original creations, old favorites refined—a series of surprises that give never-failing zest. Nut and fruit centers are included in lavish abundance. In 1, 2, 3 and 5 lb. boxes.

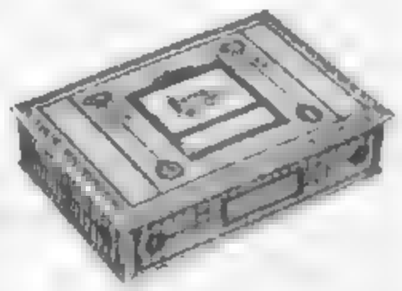
If your dealer hasn't Norris Candies yet, send us $1.50 for each full pound Variety Box desired, prepaid to any part of the U. S. and shipped the same day order is received.

Correspondence regarding local representation is invited from high-class retailers.

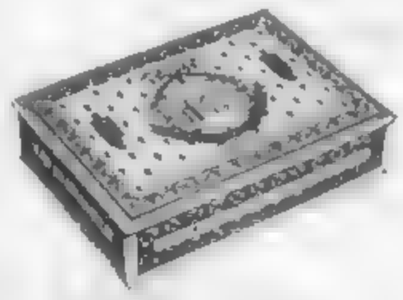


GOLD BOX
(Assorted Chocolates)
A most attractive package containing an assortment of chocolates de luxe. The chocolate coating is without comparison.
$1.50 the pound.

CHOCOLATE COVERED NUTS AND FRUITS
A very popular package, being an assortment of all nut and fruit centers. The fruit cordial pieces are protected with foil wrapping.
$1.50 the pound.



SELECTED CENTERS
(Assorted Chocolates)
An assortment including nut centers, nut caramels, nougats, almonds, sirrona, fruits, creams, etc. $1.25 the pound.



CHOCOLATE CREAM BRAZIL NUTS
Nuts imported direct and cracked freshly as used. Each nut individually enrobed in fondant and coated with chocolate.
$1.50 the pound.

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(Continued from Page 102)

What the man in the street would probably say is that either amount is too great; that Smith never earned that much anyway. But at this point we must watch our step pretty carefully. Perhaps the soap was marketed by questionable methods, but the mere fact that the fortune is large does not prove it so. For right at this point popular thinking falls into a curious error.

There is a persistent idea that reward should be in exact proportion to effort, ability and service. The public at large does not see how any one man can make an effort, have the ability and render service so unusual. Therefore it jumps to the utterly illogical conclusion that there must be something blameworthy or sinister attached to these large sums, or at the most a streak of good luck.

As a man's fortune increases he must of necessity give more time to its merely financial details, deciding when to invest in new enterprises, when to withdraw from old, when to authorize fresh expenditures and when to retrench on previous ones. Such a man cannot give much time to the immediate details of operation, and even less to manual labor, in which line he so often started.

In the beginning, John Jacob Astor wearily tramped the countryside in search of furs, but later he managed the intricacies of great financial deals.

The Element of Luck

A careful student of the subject has pointed out that this change in the relation of the rich man to his fortune, as its size increases, leads to the unthinking criticism that the man could not have earned so much. This may or may not be true. But the unconscious reasoning is obviously unsound. Then upon this false premise the public erects the idea, as already stated, that not having earned the fortune, the owner must have got it either by luck or by questionable methods.

Now there can be no doubt that luck, or rather chance, does play a part in success; but its rôle is but slightly understood and much misrepresented. We are all more or less creatures of circumstance. Of two equally skillful prospectors, one finds a rich gold mine and the other a dump with nothing but low ore contents. One man no more intelligent than another enters business at the bottom and his fellow competitor enters it at the top.

Through no merit of their own many men are first on the ground or have goods to sell when prices rise. In what may seem their more modest moments, very successful men ascribe their winnings to luck. A merchant rated at many millions, when asked the secret of his achievement, replied it was because he had been unable on one occasion to get a raise above his then salary of $100 a month. His employer told him to go to the hot place and the young man was so hurt at this unkindness that he quit.

"If he had given me the raise I would still be there working as a clerk."

Another capitalist told me that he had bought a mine for $50,000 which later became worth $75,000,000. In his autobiography Andrew Carnegie relates in graphic detail how when riding on a locomotive as a railroad employe he dropped the division pay roll beside a stream. He says if it had fallen into the stream many additional years on his part would have been required to wipe out that particular piece of carelessness.

But we must not take these and countless other similar incidents too seriously. Adam Smith long ago pointed out that the commonest form of superstition is belief in one's own good luck. He said that the greater part of men have an overweening conceit in their own abilities, an "ancient evil marked by the philosophers and moralists of all ages.

"Their absurd presumption in their own good fortune has been less taken notice of. It is, however, if possible, still more universal. There is no man living who, when in tolerable health and spirits, has not some share of it. The chance of gain is by every man more or less overvalued, and the chance of loss by most men undervalued, and by scarce any man, who is in tolerable health and spirits, valued more than it is worth."

It hurts the vanity of the captain of industry just as much to think he is unlucky as if the terrible suspicion should once creep into his mind that he lacks ability. The truth is, of course, that chance in the long run is not much of a respecter of persons. Good luck knocks at almost every door, but usually there is nobody home.

Untold millions have not the other qualities which must coöperate with chance and fortune to produce the desired result; and not having the other qualities, they naturally prefer to ascribe the success of the few to luck. You can give the same opportunity to many men, and only a few will seize it.

Successful men who say they have always been lucky have usually been ready also. One such person has said that he makes it a rule to do business only with lucky men, which is in reality another way of saying that he does business with those who have the habit of success. Dame Fortune plays many favorites. A stroke of good luck helps here and there, but it takes a singularly childlike nature to believe that long-continued achievement is due to any such factor.

Theodore N. Vail, who was so largely responsible for the development of the telephone, once wrote a friend that he didn't know whether there was such a thing as luck, but thought there probably was, when he realized how far he himself had gone.

"But when I look back on the knock-out blows, every one of which I knew was coming, from the drift or condition of things, I sometimes conclude that luck is merely perception or caution."

"I could go straight to the spot today"—where he dropped the pay roll—said Andrew Carnegie half a century later; "and often as I passed over that line afterwards I never failed to see the light brown package lying on the bank. It seemed to be calling, 'All right, my boy! The good gods are with you, but don't do it again!'"

It cannot be denied, however, that chance does play a large part in certain fortunes which have been described as findings. There are a fairly considerable number of men who enjoy strokes of good luck in respect to the bounty of Nature. Perhaps in an ideal system it should be as difficult for a man merely to sit still and be hit in the face with riches as it is to add a cubit to one's stature in the same way.

Unearned Increment

But the truth is that hundreds, no doubt thousands of landowners have added not merely a penny but millions of dollars to their possessions by sitting still. The extreme cases are the landowners in a rapidly developed oil field. Through no merit of their own they are suddenly enriched. Often they are raised from abject poverty to relatively great wealth. Then there are cases of men who have taken supposedly worthless tracts of land in payment for bad debts, only to find thereon several million dollars' worth of quicksilver or other mineral.

Quite different from such sheer findings, but often associated with them, are the actual stealings of natural resources. We must admit that not a few fortunes are based upon an absolutely insensate, ruthless and predatory exploitation of natural resources. There are instances where if forests, mines and oil reserves were not actually looted, they were at least seized upon with no regard to the public welfare.

Certain allowances must be made. The community which permits a few individuals to burn up its heritage is itself both foolish and shortsighted. To a large extent the public has been to blame for allowing itself to be unnecessarily preyed upon. Then, too, our profligacy in giving away public lands has been in some slight degree justified as a part price paid for the extraordinarily rapid development of the whole country.

Nor must we accuse every man who owns a mine or oil well or forest tract of being a greedy exploiter. Not all such operations are wasteful, and there are pioneer operators in these fields whose assumption of risk, whose thrift, courage and enterprise would be just as richly rewarded in manufacturing, not only with riches, but in addition with public acclaim. Yet, when the balance is struck, it must be admitted that one source of large fortunes in America has been the unwise and shameful wastage of the public domain.

Monopoly, the crushing of competitors by foul means, special and unearned privilege, favoritism—these too have won fortunes.

"I have not had many clients who made money by actual corruption," said a corporation lawyer to the writer, in a moment

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Note the arrows. If your feet or legs hurt at these points make this free test.

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MEN and women! We offer you new foot joy. The happiness of freedom from all foot troubles. And we guarantee that foot and leg pains will vanish, like magic, this new scientific way.

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You can walk for miles. Run, play vigorous games, dance for hours without a twinge of pain or discomfort.

You can wear the most fashionable lasts. The most stylish shoes. If you just wear a Jung Arch Brace. A thin, "superlastik" band that slips on, or off, like a garter.

Foot aches stop in 10 minutes

This may sound incredible. But a million people know it is true. For they were foot sufferers until they learned of the Jung Arch Brace. Now they enjoy complete foot comfort.

To settle all doubts in your mind we say—*make this test at our risk.* It costs you nothing if our method fails. So try it, we beg of you. You can't lose. Don't suffer needlessly

The pains you feel in your toes, instep, heel, ankle or leg are caused by a simple arch weakness. It is easily corrected. In ten minutes.

Why your feet and legs ache

There are twenty-six tiny bones in your foot. The whole weight of your body is supported by them. They form two arches which act as shock-absorbers. Under severe strains these arches weaken. Then trouble starts. Pain develops. For the displaced bones press on nerves and blood vessels. Muscles are crushed and stretched. Pain is often excruciating. Enough to lower vitality and efficiency.

The Jung Arch Brace relieves this strain. Takes up the slack in the weakened muscles. Restores the arches. So pressure on the sensitive nerves ends. And pain ceases. Like magic.

We made more than 300 experiments

Simple as this device looks it represents five years of tests and experiments. Of consultations with doctors and foot specialists. More than 300 tests were made. The secret is in the tension, stretch and design of the band. Its scientific balance.

When you slip it on you realize at once that here, at last, is true foot comfort. That tired, aching and broken-down feeling disappears. Your feet feel strong and fresh again. Special shoes and unsightly appliances become unnecessary. You can wear any style shoe desired. So again we urge you—make this test.

Make this test at our risk

Ask your shoe dealer, druggist or department store for a pair of Jung Arch Braces. Wear them two weeks. Put them to every test, with every kind of shoe. If they fail to relieve you, return them—full purchase price will be refunded—without question.

If your dealer hasn't them we will supply you. With a ½ inch strip of paper measure around the smallest part of your instep, just back of the toes, where the forward end of the brace is shown in the diagram above. Mail us this measure with the coupon properly filled out. We will send you a pair of Jung's Arch Braces ("Wonder" Style) to fit you. You pay the postman $1 and postage. Or send us the money and we will prepay postage. For people having long or thick feet, for stout people, or in severe cases, we recommend our "Miracle" Style, extra wide, $1.50. Specify when ordering. Wear them two weeks. If not delighted return them and we will refund your money.

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Canadian prices, Wonder $1.25, Miracle $1.75 C. O. D shipments in U. S. only

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A great assistance to players of athletic sports. Ask your sporting goods dealer for special circular.

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__ Wonder Style, $1.00 per pair
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On receipt of package, I will pay postman the above price and postage. My money to be returned if not satisfied. Please send free book on "Cause and Correction of Foot Troubles."

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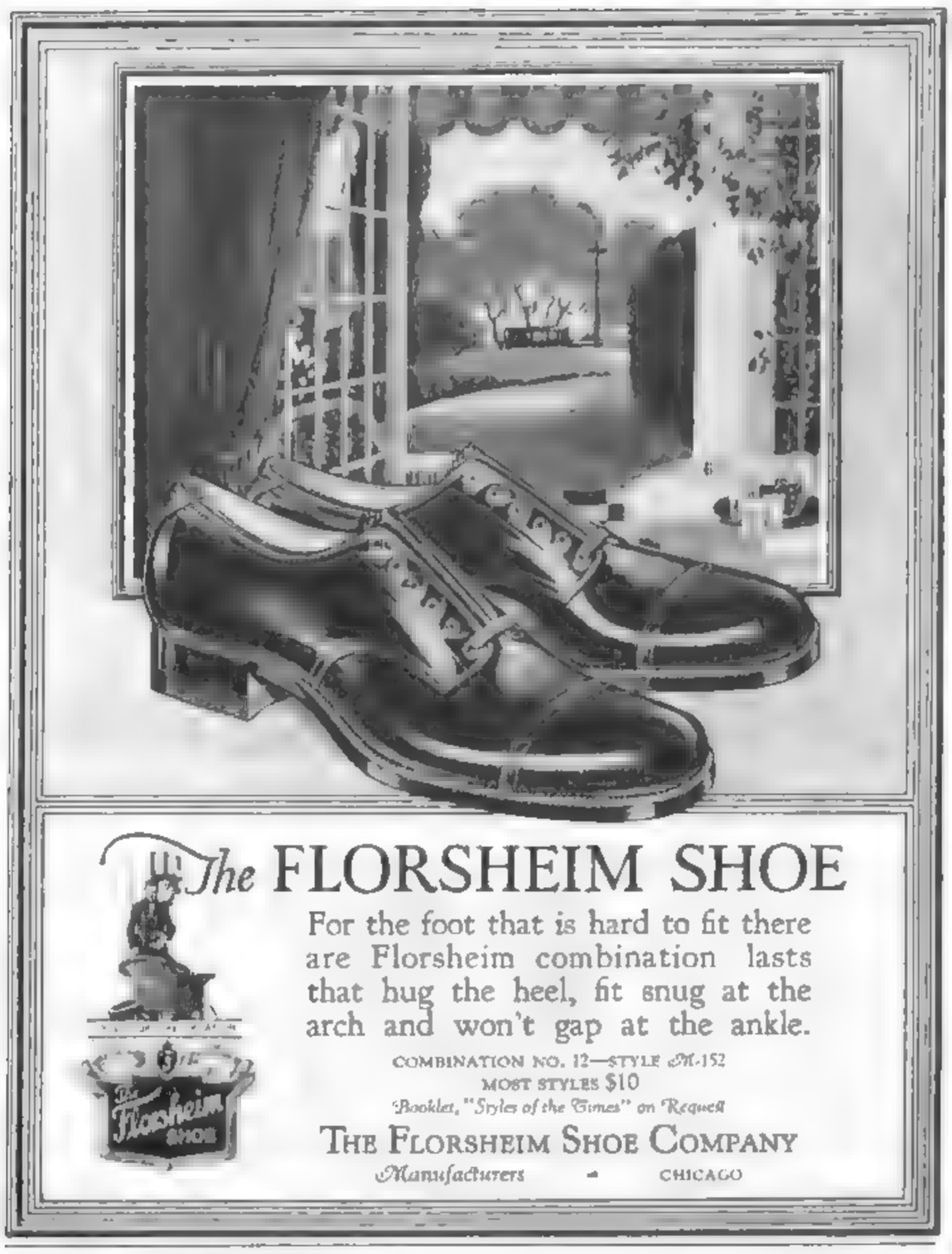
Address _____
P. O. _____ State _____
I wear size _____ shoe _____ width of last
My dealer is _____



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For the foot that is hard to fit there are Florsheim combination lasts that hug the heel, fit snug at the arch and won't gap at the ankle.

COMBINATION NO. 12—STYLE M-152
MOST STYLES $10
Booklet, "Styles of the Times" on Request

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MONARCH

Our Monarch Coffee comes to you in sanitary 1 and 3 lb cartons under 4 seals IT IS NEVER SOLD IN BULK

Since 1853

Since 1853 Monarch Coffee has been the accepted brand in homes where highest quality is demanded.

Millions drink it every day. If you were to pay $1.00 a pound you could not buy a finer quality. Yet Monarch is priced so low that it is economy to serve it regularly.

"Best in 25 Years"

"In the past 25 years we have had many different brands of well-known coffees, but have not found any that can compare with Monarch in quality, price and repeat sales. We recommend it to the most particular trade." Ed Plath, Grocer
Davenport, Iowa

REID, MURDOCH & CO.
Established 1853
Chicago Boston
Pittsburgh New York

Quality—for 70 years

of rare confidence, "but I know many business men who have grown rich by sharp practice."

A touch of cunning or shrewdness, of mere animal alertness, may start a fortune on its way, just as a child's hand may start a bowlder down the mountainside. There are a few men skilled in the manipulation of markets, throwing dust in the public's eyes. There are those, alas, who make goods of poor quality only for sale, cheap shams that last for the moment.

H. G. Wells has described money-making as foreseeing something that will presently be needed, putting it out of reach and then haggling yourself wealthy. Not all business men hitch their wagons to a star, but only to something that is going their way. To them, all is fish that comes to their net, and as a result there are practices aplenty which the individual must be restrained from by his competitors, by public opinion or by the government.

Can large pecuniary reward be deserved when so many inventors, scientists and artists, not to mention poets and philosophers, are but inadequately paid as compared with the merchant and manufacturer? Yet the scholar is often the invisible generator of industrial advances from which the merchants and manufacturers reap fortunes. In a recent book a French author, the Vicomte d'Avenel, shows that for 700 years most scholars, artists, authors and scientists have received only miserly pittances.

Even in his own field the big business man is far from infallible. It is said that Jay Gould, who left his heirs a fortune of $80,000,000, ordered the removal of one of the first telephones from his office on the ground that it could never be of any commercial value, and might become at most an attractive toy.

In the same way one of the earlier Vanderbilts scoffed at the idea of the air brake.

Shortly after the war two of the greatest oil companies in America sought to buy a smaller but then apparently rich concern. One offered $87,000,000 and the other was willing to pay $105,000,000. The deal would have gone through except that the chief owner of the smaller company was reluctant to pay the big income taxes which would inevitably accrue. Now the stock kicks around at a few dollars a share and the supposed supermen who run the big companies have only good luck to thank for not having wasted millions.

Standards of Conduct

There is no occupation so delightfully simple, so conducive to self-gratification as picking flaws in the lives and accomplishments of the successful. Of course the ideals of the existing order of society are far below the highest possible, and the practices even below the ideals. But as long as man has any freedom of choice, as long as private property in any form endures and people at large are permitted to invest their money, there must be a residuum of questionable business profits.

But are large financial rewards to be explained primarily on the ground of questionable practices? Surely trickery, cunning and fraud are not new. They existed in full force long before industrialism, capitalism or anything of the sort came into being. Nor does any sane person suppose that only the successful men display such qualities.

Surely the ethical standards of the small-town trader are not a whit higher, and are probably lower, than those of the captain of industry. Have club stewards, apartment-house janitors, newspaper reporters and purchasing agents never taken a bribe? Do farmers invariably put the smallest potatoes on the top of the basket? Do middle-class housewives always treat their help with more consideration than the great corporations show their workers?

"Why, it may be asked, have the petty shifts, the ruthless bargaining, the unrelenting rivalries of small producers and tradesmen been portrayed without the slightest personal animus having been manifest by the portrayer?" asks Anna Youngman, in a study of the Economic Causes of Great Fortunes, written some fifteen years ago.

"Are the resultant gains any the less abnormal than the supposed or actual pilferings of the rich? Yet the parallelism is rarely insisted upon. Why? Because, to the public at large, the gains of the lesser business men do not seem so out of proportion to their individual activity as to require explanation on the ground of illegitimacy. Consequently there is seldom any attempt to scrutinize their methods very closely, although their gains are as surely leavened at times by fraud and sharp practice as are those of the wealthiest men in the land.

"But when it comes to a consideration of the great fortunes, there is a sudden change of attitude. . . . However great the ability displayed in effecting such transactions, it is felt to have no connection with the size of the return, and the cry of 'unearned' is at once raised. Then an explanation of the unusual gains of these men is sought for in their acts rather than in the institutions and situations which condition their activity. Their entire careers are gone over with an eye to searching out iniquity. If it is discovered, and it usually can be . . . it is then hastily inferred that dishonesty affords in large part an explanation for excessive wealth accumulations.

"In point of fact the sharp practices of the average business man are just as dishonest and probably as widespread. Hence any sweeping condemnation of the man of great fortune on such ground involves both large and small. The result is an unconscious indictment of our whole system of business relations. Whether justly or not is irrelevant to the present inquiry."

Ladders for All

Whether or not the reader agrees with this searching analysis, he must admit that methods of gain getting, whether by rich or poor, include every conceivable combination of elements. Earned and unearned incomes, legitimate and illegitimate profits are inextricably mingled in many a fortune, both large and small. How, indeed, can it ever be otherwise until man himself reaches perfection? That is the broad truth which may be assumed merely from what we know of human nature.

For varied reasons it is impossible to draw a line of rigid demarcation between the various methods of gain getting. There are personal factors and nonpersonal or social factors. Few men are wholly self-made. Society at large furnishes them with public schools, night schools, libraries, correspondence courses, universities, churches, settlements, forums. "Hundreds of tentacles reach out into the remotest confines of the nation, striving to touch as by a magic wand every brain and heart. For each a ladder is provided by which he may reach the heights appropriate to his capacity."

Then, too, business success is not always due entirely to the efforts of the individual who gets the credit. The business, as well as the general public, prefers to personalize an institution. Often the great figure at the head would not be such if he had not enjoyed the aid of two or three devoted lieutenants.

After a fortune has once got under way it is difficult to say how much of its growth is due to personal ability and how much to the capital invested. The profits which accrue to the captain of industry are hopelessly made up of nearly all the factors known to the science of economics, wages of management, profits, and perhaps even rent and interest.

All of us are built of countless threads. A man may grab oil lands without compunction and yet be a genius at organization. He may be bestial in his attitude toward competitors and benevolent toward his employes.

Daniel Webster expressed the common view when in the United States Court he attempted to invalidate the title to certain of John Jacob Astor's land. Webster described the gains from land as unearned increment, but expressly disclaimed any intention of attacking Astor's profits obtained from "fair and honest exertions in commercial enterprise . . . which no one envies him less than I do."

Yet Miss Youngman points out the hopelessness of trying in Astor's case to separate the personal from the social factors. Though it took exceptional ability to trade with the Indians and the Chinese, the large profits in one case were due in part to the superlative ignorance of the purchasers, and in the other to the wide margin of gain which China traders were assured of provided they could supply the special class of goods demanded. On the other hand, was there no astuteness in Astor's purchase of land?

Speaking generally, it is all too thoughtless an analysis of success to say that a man

(Continued on Page 109)

Time to Re-tire
Get a FISK
NOTICE
SWIMMING
not
ALLOWED
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Already ten eastern states have adopted uniform and rigid specifications covering automobile headlights. One western state requires that every driver obtain a certificate of inspection from an official light inspector.

But regardless of lighting laws, or lack of such laws, you can get full protection with lighting equipment that meets every legal and moral obligation of the highway, by installing E & J Type 20 Headlights.

The scientifically controlled headlight rays of E & J Type 20 Headlights provide ideal road illumination. They cast a flood of even light the width of the road, painting the roadbed with daylight hundreds of feet ahead of the car.

E & J Type 20 Headlights give you light where you need it—on the road—with no bright spots or shadows to confuse you. And you need never dim E & J Type 20 Headlights. The amber color filter eliminates the glare from the upper rays, so that the approaching motorist sees only an amber glow.

E & J Type 20 Headlights mark the most important advance toward safe night driving in twenty years.

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Do Your Part to Enforce Correct Automobile Lighting

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For Twenty Years The World's Largest Manufacturers Of Quality Motor Lamps

DETROIT, MICHIGAN

"The Safest Light in Motordom"

(Manufactured under Home Patents, 8-30-21 and 1-15-24, other Patents Pending)

(Continued from Page 106

had some sort of advantage or privilege or franchise. Perhaps he had, but all such advantages are worthless without skill, boldness, driving force and willingness to start something. It is only after an enterprise has come to the full bloom of prosperity that critics spring up. They make no protest when the owner first starts out with his initial advantage, whatever that may be.

As for the fact that men at the top have often been helped by their associates, it may be replied that the associates would never have amounted to anything at all without the quickening touch of the master hand. It was once said that James J. Hill created twenty-five railroad presidents. How many steel, oil and automobile figures came to the fore because Carnegie, Rockefeller and Durant struck out on bold lines! Any given institution always has been and always will be, to a degree at least, the lengthened shadow of a man, not of men.

As for the social heritage upon which success takes its start, its very existence has been made possible largely by similar strong men in the past. Our schools, colleges, libraries, and the like, are not to be wholly or even chiefly ascribed to the business enterpriser; but they could not exist on any such scale if it were not for his part in the great advances in the arts of production.

Our problem then is most difficult, the balancing, the appraising of complex factors, one against the other. Who can say whether John Blank, the well-known Akron producer of improved automobile axles, is more or less entitled to $14,000,000 than is Charles Anyman, with his country-wide chain of thirty-seven-cent stores, to $16,000,000?

Some years ago Justice Oliver Wendell Holmes, of the United States Supreme Court, was asked by a correspondent whether a man can render service entitling him to a fortune as great as some of ours in America. In a letter of reply the learned judge said that the question seemed to him rather fanciful, and he could see no way of answering it intelligently, but as far as he could answer it at all he would say, in part:

"All that any man contributes to the world is the intelligence which directs a change in the place of matter. A man does not create the thing he handles or the force he exerts. The force could be got cheaper if the directing intelligence was not needed. The whole progress of the world in a material way is to put the need of intelligence further back. It is obvious that the intelligence of an architect contributes more to the change of form which takes place in a house than all the laboring hands."

Changing Sources of Fortunes

"How can I measure the scope and value of remote causes of change? How can I compare the present effect on the lives of men of the speculations of Kant and the empire of Napoleon?"

But because the everlasting riddles of life are from their very nature to remain unread, must success go wholly unappraised? Are there no tendencies worth noting, no guide out of the maze of conflicting facts, no safe conclusions to be drawn or principles worth the having?

In answering these questions it should be said first of all that signs are not lacking of a drift toward closing up the gap between service and reward. The sources of fortunes have changed from age to age. At one time such accumulations came only from conquest. That was followed by landed wealth, and in this country we had a period in which monopoly was a great factor.

We have fortunes, like that of the Astors, which almost antedate the days of corporations. Those of Gould and Vanderbilt came in the early corporate era, but antedated the great modern industrial period. The accumulations of Rockefeller and Morgan, although originating earlier, present many of the characteristics of the modern situation, while countless new fortunes bear no relation or resemblance to those which have been named.

More and more the typical fortune of the day arises from business profits acquired from manufacturing or merchandising in what is commonly a free competitive market. The theft of natural resources, unearned increment in land and monopoly—these are gradually receding as major sources.

A congressman discussing the tax bill a few months ago said that in the last analysis all the great fortunes go back to the exploitation of natural resources, to the looting of oil, coal, timber, and the like. Evidently this legislator has never heard of factories, chain stores, department stores and five-and-ten-cent stores.

Every day, in hundreds if not thousands of different communities and industries, we see men becoming rich in strictly competitive lines. Often the article produced or the unit in which it is sold is insignificant. It may be one of thousands of parts of a single machine, often a small specialty, or trivial items of wearing apparel, or pertaining to the toilet. The tallest building in New York and the tallest in Chicago were built on the profits from merchandising articles at five and ten cents apiece.

Avarice or Service?

It is true in a sense that the captain of industry takes his toll from the manifold and rapidly multiplying wants of the great masses, but more and more that toll is in a small profit on a single item, large though the aggregate be. What this means is that fortunes are being based on quantity production, on large turnover, on volume rather than profits. Indeed, all these words or phrases, such as "quantity production," "turnover" and "volume," are the very religion of American business.

One concern advertises that "profits are the measure of avarice, volume the yardstick of service." But aside from any thought of idealism, business men are considered failures if they do not produce volume.

It is literally true that the first consideration of many business concerns is to get volume rather than profit. For without volume their losses at once become colossal; expenses cannot be met; the proprietors at once lose their paper profits, incomes and fortunes.

Thus we find that the reward of success is more and more founded on cheapness rather than extortion, on plenty rather than scarcity. The largest profits are in the end frequently made by the most efficient low-cost operators.

Nor is monopoly an essential factor as a rule. This great endeavor to produce and multiply the use of both old and new articles is for the most part free. There is an unending process of new entrants, failures and successes. Unfair practices and monopoly are not absent entirely, but who really regards them as major factors? Others just as capable as McCormick, Ford and Woolworth might have developed the reaper, the cheap automobile or the five-and-ten-cent store, and thereby abridged human effort. These and thousands of other like opportunities were free and open. Prof. Richard T. Ely has pointed out that when men talk about monopolies they often mean the exact opposite.

"Strangely enough, when a man has a magnificent operating competitive machine or engine, it is said that he has a monopoly; and there were those who spoke about Northcliffe's monopoly, just as others did of Marshall Field or Wanamaker. What their competitors really complain of is not monopoly, but the sharpness of competition."

There is as yet no general recognition of the extent to which the basis for wealth accumulation has broadened out into a free, open field and is still broadening. To this aspect of the subject we shall turn next.

Editor's Note—This is the first of a series of articles by Mr. Atwood. The second will appear in an early issue.

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Simoniz will protect its original lustrous beauty in all weather. When you arrive at your destination the travel marks can be quickly wiped off with a soft cloth, without scratching the finish. That's a wonderful convenience of Simoniz.

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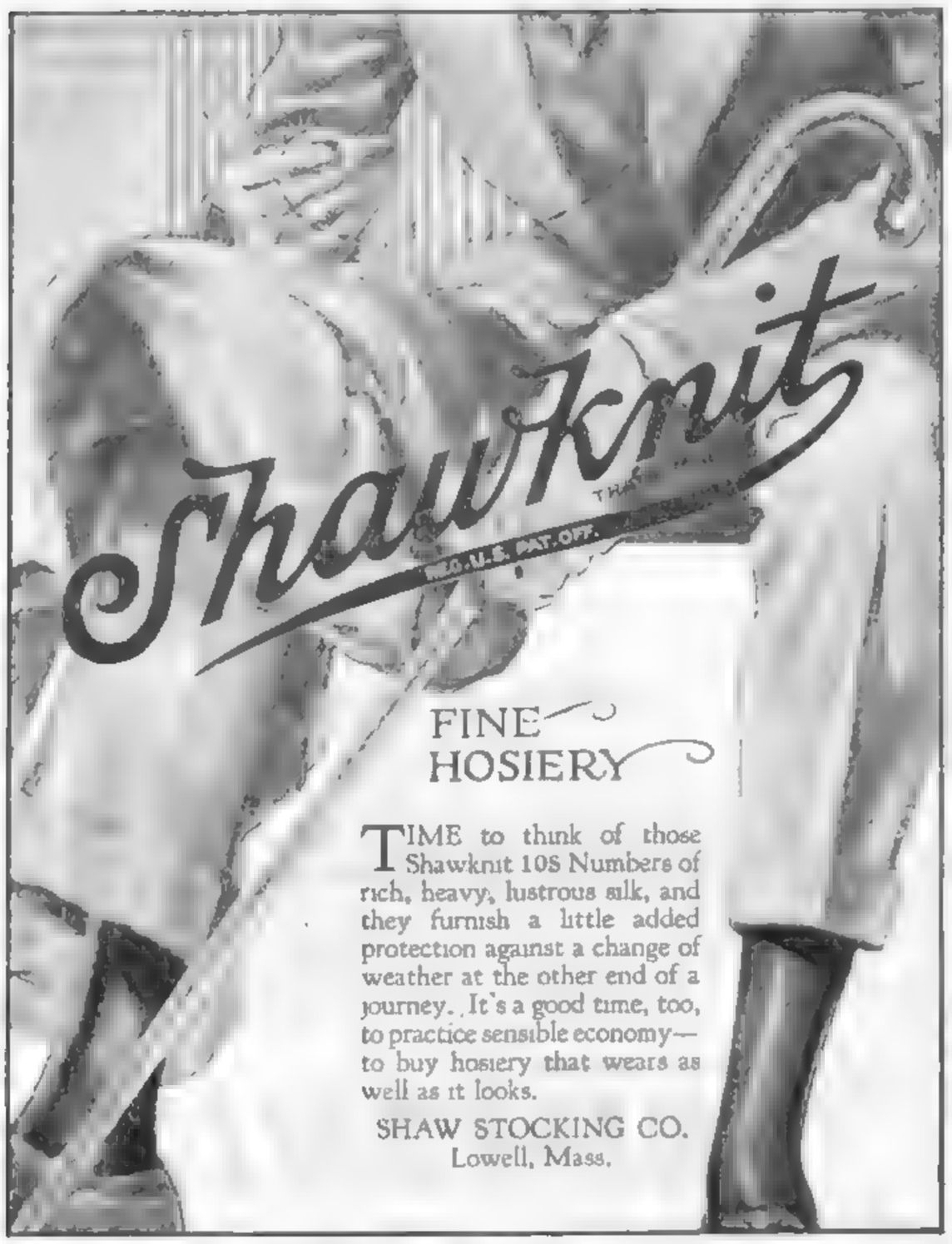
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MATINÉE IDLE

(Continued from Page 7)

"Paul dear," Nora Crosland breathed with a palpitant little hush in her voice, "it is so wonderful to have you feel so at home. I—I love you to—belong this way."

They stood gazing at each other, a long look quite familiar to Paul in his stage experience. Then she gave a sigh with tears in it.

"Don't cry, dear—please," he said harshly. "I can't bear it."

She turned aside. He put out a hand, took the one in which her wispy handkerchief was held crushed into a ball—and suddenly she was clasped against him, sobbing with head buried as near his breadth of shoulder as it could reach.

"Oh, Nora—Nora child," came finally, wrung from the full volume of his voice. "Why didn't we meet years ago? Why did this have to come—too late?"

"It's—it's too beautiful to be anything but tragic," she moaned. "All I want to do is help you—always. And—even that—is denied me."

He held her close. And softly, childishly tremulous, her lips crept up to his. Then, as if realizing with sudden horror what she had done, she fluttered from him and precipitately the door closed after her.

Paul Chesterton stood with head bowed, concentrating on that closed door. To him it was symbolic. Closed upon opportunity, tenderness, advancement—art! Closed upon all he cherished, leaving him in the midst of emptiness!

He flung himself full-length into the cushions of the couch. Presently the somnolent quiet of the room was shaken with strange sounds. The matinée idol had gone to sleep.

He did not waken until the butler touched his shoulder tentatively and informed him that it was almost time to go to the theater. He sprang up, bewildered, to see on a side table a tray of delicacies which included a pint bottle of champagne.

"Mrs. Crosland thought it might be easier, sir, for you to dine here. She wanted you to rest as long as possible."

Paul Chesterton nodded and permitted a chair to be placed at the table. It was like little Nora to think of his comfort in every way.

She came in just before he completed a most satisfying meal.

"Did my little surprise please you, Paul dear?" she asked with her caressing smile. "I particularly did not want you to have any bother about anything. Haines is waiting to drive you to the theater."

It was nearly 7:30 when he arrived at Bailey's. He hurried to his dressing room, prepared for reprisal if any remarks were passed on the lateness of the hour. But he saw no one.

The usual burst of applause on his first appearance lifted somewhat the gloom that walked beside him like a shadow. He fell into his habitual posture of smiling acknowledgment until it died down. Then his eyes wandered toward the stage box. There she was, Nora, backed by her coterie, and sparkling with diamonds. She gave it the éclat of an opera night.

Margaret's entrance did not come until well toward the end of the first act. The young wife had been discussed at length by a disapproving family-in-law and her unwelcome position in the household established.

Paul held the stage alone as she appeared, hat swinging by its strings from her arm, hair tossed, lips trembling in angry defiance. As she came dashing along the terrace and through an open French window, something came with her that telegraphed its message to the audience like electricity. Had she kept silent until the curtain fell, had she stood without further gesture, that message of unhappiness would have flashed across the footlights.

She saw Paul—and halted. In the play it was their first meeting. And as he stood staring at her Paul Chesterton felt that he had, in reality, never before, seen this woman. She had brought none of it into the play at rehearsal—this electric silence. It was new, intangible. Exactly as if it were reality instead of acting, he did not know how to meet it.

Hers was the first speech. But she held that silence like a toy in her two hands, playing with it, drawing from those stage seconds all their potentialities. He heard a murmur of response ripple over the audience. But there came no applause. With him, they waited.

He was conscious of a growing discomfiture, an errant sense that Margaret, always content to be background, was deliberately attempting to take the center of the stage. She looked dazzling as she stood there, with sunlight streaming over her disheveled hair and across her tragic eyes. Of this he was readily conscious, too, and equally resentful. Impotent in the grip of that poignant silence, he felt a mad desire to strike her.

After what seemed hours of waiting, she spoke, a simple phrase of regret because she had not been on hand to greet him, the returned traveler. But it would not have mattered what she said. Their scene, which should have been his, was hers! She had made it so with that magnetic entrance He could not steal it back.

In a dozen different ways he tried to trick attention into reverting his way. But he felt it resist him, stubbornly because so completely unconscious. As Margaret moved about—and she expressed the wife's misery by a nervous impotent restlessness—eyes followed her, fascinated. Her broken speeches, and those which ended on a high note as if she wanted to go on but dared not, carried her listeners with her so palpably that the man who was their hero had a sudden sense of not being on the stage at all.

For the first time in his experience he found himself as unimportant as the back drop. The situation was so unbelievable that it left him with no comeback, save a stuttering rage that almost robbed him of his power of utterance.

She had the tag line of the act and made her exit, leaving the stage to him, but even then opportunity to retrieve his position was denied him. The applause, withheld at her entrance, burst forth—clattering in his ears, deafening him, beating against him like thongs inflicting actual physical pain.

He stood impotently trying to make his presence felt. His gesture of dawning sentiment, so well planned, was lost as though it had never been staged. All he could do was to wait until the handclapping died down, then follow Margaret as the curtain fell. It was with the sensation of a small dog who trots along after his master.

His fury took the form of paralysis. Throughout the performance his tongue clung to the roof of his mouth; his limbs might have been jerked by mechanism. His grace of gesture, his easy poise, deserted him. Once or twice he actually tottered. In every scene with Margaret he mouthed, and in several she had to throw him his lines. The long speeches he had treasured were monotonous. The relinquishing love of the man of the world was unexpressed.

To Margaret went the honors of the performance. After that first act she carried the play as completely as if it had been written for her. Not once did she falter in squeezing from the part every possibility. Her repression was remarkable, her anguish superb.

Paul Grant Chesterton, the star of Bailey's unacclaimed, had to stand aside as the final curtain fell and see his wife receive an ovation, not because she was a popular favorite but because she was a gifted and, above all, a sincere artist.

They came out, as was their custom, hand in hand. But tonight she did not step back a pace, nor smilingly yield the major share of approval to him. She knew it was for her, and bowed in appreciation that palpitated to her finger tips. But in the depths of her eyes that look of tragedy still lingered.

Backstage there was a hushed whisper of curiosity. What had happened to Chesterton? Was he drunk? Something had gone to his head, no doubt about that! Something had stupefied him. He had never given such a rotten performance. The company hurried to their dressing rooms to avoid seeing him. He hurried from the theater to avoid seeing them.

At home he waited for Margaret. He stormed up and down their living room, rehearsing the night's happenings with a vigor he had never brought to his work. He still found it impossible to accept, still assured himself it was some wild fancy of his own making.

He heard her key turn in the outer door, called to her as she started down the hall to her room. She came in answer, her eyebrows lifted in astonishment.

"I didn't expect to find you here so early." *(Continued on Page 112)*

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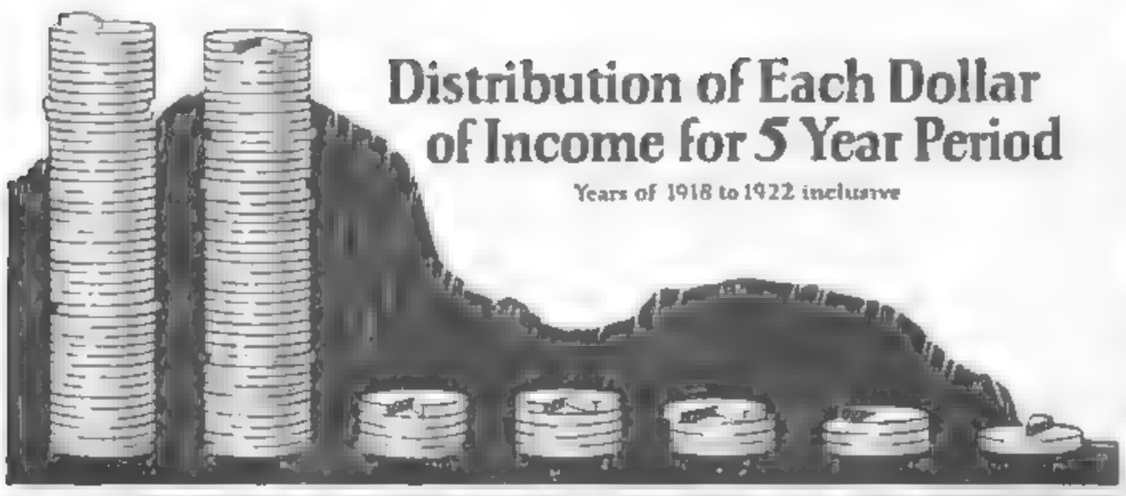
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(Continued from Page 110

"You didn't expect me to go anywhere else—tonight!"

"Why not? You always do."

"Did you imagine for one instant I'd face anybody after the exhibition you made of me?" he blurted. "It was disgraceful!"

"I don't understand, Paul," she said very quietly.

"You don't, eh? You don't understand that you made a monkey of me—deliberately?"

"I did nothing deliberate but what you informed me I must do the last time we had a talk."

He went close to her, halted, and glared down into the face whose eyes had not moved from his.

"I informed you?"

"You said, 'Look after yourself in future, and let me take care of my own affairs.' I remember the words distinctly—I can never forget them."

"And because I resented your interference in things that happened to be no concern of yours, because I asked the privilege of calling my life my own, you hit on this revenge? It was diabolical; nothing less!"

"No; you're wrong there! I had no thought of revenge. I did exactly what you told me to do—looked after myself. Do you realize that I'd never done that before tonight? I suppose not. But in all the years we've been together I've never thought of looking after myself. My ambition, my whole being were absorbed by you. I wanted you to have the lion's share of success. Your popularity gave me a greater thrill than to have the world at my feet. I was content to shine in reflected glory; I asked nothing more. Until the day you shut me off from you. Then I turned to my work, with every bit of concentration I had to give it. It was the only thing you left to me. You've no right now to resent what it's given me!"

"Sounds pretty—that! And just like a woman to trick a man, then make excuses for herself. You stole the play tonight; planned to do it! Made me a laughing-stock; and now you're trying to shift the blame! But you can't get away with it, do you hear? I won't stand for it!"

"How—are you going to stop it?" The words were scarcely a murmur.

"I'm not going to stop it! You are! You're going to hand Bailey your resignation; you're going to get out of the company!"

"I can't do that, under my contract. And I wouldn't if I could!"

"Then I will!"

"You can't either."

"I don't give a damn for contracts! He'll let me off—or I'll break it."

"If you did that he could prevent anyone else signing you."

"Let him try!"

"I wouldn't risk anything reckless! Don't cut yourself off from every other manager."

"Then will you do as I say?"

"You know I won't!"

He towered over her, both hands raised, clenched. His jaw shot out. His eyes went bloodshot. His whole body hunched threateningly. In attitude, in expression, was something of the master who raises a whip above a crouching slave. Yet he knew Margaret to be mistress of the situation, to hold this moment, a balance of their future, in her power.

The violence of his resentment made it impotent. His rage could express itself only by the uncontrolled impulse to strike with his two hands. They came down—heavily.

She shrank away, catching hold of the table behind her. But she did not cry out. Only her eyes expressed her horror. It was as if her bruised flesh had no sense of his onslaught.

He struck again, this time sweeping his hands across the table, crashing books and pictures to right and left.

The hurricane of his temper, loosed upon the room, carried destruction before and after it.

When at last he paused in the midst of wreckage he looked, not about him but at his wife. It was not the look of the brute unbridled. It did not even express the hatred that was seething in his soul. It held something of blind rage, something of defiance. But more than either, it held triumph.

"Well," he brought out, and his mouth went up at the corner with a grin that travestied his popular smile, "now what are you going to do about it?"

"Exactly what you have wanted me to do for months!" she whispered after a moment. "I'm going to give you your freedom."

III

THE very quiet divorce of Paul Grant Chesterton and Margaret Hammond was concealed from the world, as far as possible, until after its consummation. When the item drifted into print it was accompanied by a brief statement from Margaret to the effect that she and Mr. Chesterton were still the best of friends. The cagiest reporter could urge no further implication.

The fact that the idol of the theater had abruptly quit the Bailey company and gone abroad likewise received no comment. So that the announcement of his marriage in London to Mrs. Crosland, widow of the patent-medicine king, came as a complete surprise and something of a shock. The veil surrounding the mysterious separation of the pair, so long regarded as the romance of the stage, was lifted somewhat. But not entirely. Margaret Hammond went on—and forward. In her aloneness as a wife she seemed to have found fulfillment as an actress. Her life away from the theater, however, was shrouded in silence. She went out little. A small circle of intimate friends came and went in her new home—she had moved away from the old one the instant Paul Chesterton left it—but the greater part of her time was spent with her two daughters, whom she brought home from boarding school.

Paul Chesterton heard practically nothing of her during the years of his sojourn abroad. And they were many; far more than he anticipated, in fact.

Wistful-eyed little Nora Crosland somehow failed to revert to her theater-building proposition once she became Mrs. Paul Grant Chesterton. Paul himself forgot it for a time. He told himself emphatically that the shock of Margaret's duplicity, the indignity he had suffered at her hands, were enough to create in the man she had victimized a thorough distaste for the world theatrical, which could be overcome only as the wound of his pride healed.

The process of healing took some years. A trip round the world, to begin with, followed by several seasons in Paris, where Paul Chesterton and his wife and their millions settled in a musty, historic old house on the other side of the Seine.

At first their lavish entertainments were sponsored largely by a group of nobles whose condition of penury affected to some extent their exclusiveness. Gradually, however, dear flowerlike Mrs. Chesterton with her simple little method of annexing what she wanted lured to her lair the particular set of Parisian aristocrats who trailed in final triumph the fringe of royalty. When a prince dethroned was at last seated in state at the head of the Chesterton table in the faded dining hall of the old mansion, a patent-medicine king's widow found her position unassailable. It was a moment diplomatically planned, devoutly consummated. Incidentally, the prince patted his fat red lips and enjoyed a magnificent dinner. Likewise did Paul Chesterton.

The latter had to confess that this new life held his imagination to the extent of blotting out all desire to return to the stage. Temporarily, at least. In due time it might be renewed. But for the present, he told himself, he was developing a world of experience, a broadening of his faculties that must prove invaluable.

He looked back upon the early days of his vogue as a man regards in retrospect his primary-school training. When Paul Grant Chesterton decided to take his place once more in the American theater, he would bring to it a mellowness, an understanding, the essence of an art which the Paul Chesterton who had never known the culture of Continental life could not have touched.

Those were great years of broadening. Cannes and Monte Carlo for winter recreation; Deauville for summer gaming; England for the races; Paris for the social season. Filled, they were, with cultural activities!

But inevitably, after some nine or ten of them, came the call that is never quite stilled in an actor's breast. Something definite may stir it—or nothing more than a sense of lack. In Paul Chesterton's case it may have been the fact that, opening a New York paper one morning, he was met by the flaring announcement that Margaret Hammond, long since a star, ranked, in her latest production, with Duse. "No actress," he read, "in the theater today has a

more subtle gift of suggestion. There is magic in her voice, in her eyes, in her understanding of each part she essays. But above and beyond that, she knows that the first aid to genius is sincerity."

It may have been the extravagance of this notice. It may have been that, glancing toward the Mediterranean from the terrace of their hotel as he and Nora entertained at luncheon an hour later, he realized that those waters no longer held the glitter of novelty.

At any rate, he decided peremptorily that the personal theater, long the dream of his ambition, was to become a reality. In vain Nora protested when he broke the news. He insisted that years which should have been devoted to his art had been sacrificed to her. Now she must consider what was due him. They must not be wasters. His yearning for expression was not for himself alone. The magic power of their wealth could give to the American stage a beauty unlimited. Had they the right to rob it of that? Were they to consider only themselves? All his eloquence, all the volume of his oratory, were given to the argument. After all, he reminded her, it was this mutual interest which had brought them together. And what had they made of it?

The immediate result was a cable to the press that Paul Grant Chesterton was returning to his native land. He planned to appear in a series of revivals at a theater that would bear his name. The great favorite of a decade ago had spent the years of his absence in extensive study of European drama.

Mrs. Chesterton's business representative suggested negotiating for one of those small houses, the overnight wild flowers which spring up in the path of the Great White Way. But Chesterton would have none of it. His following was a huge one. He must have the sizable auditorium to which he was accustomed. Why not try Bailey's?

Old Dan Bailey had passed on to the theater of the Great Unknown. The house of his making was given over to musical comedy. Possession was difficult of accomplishment; but a long lease at an enormous figure was finally arranged.

Paul Grant Chesterton received reporters in the salon of his suite on the most luxurious liner afloat, and while they steamed up the bay he allowed himself to be interviewed on what he expected to do for the American stage. They photographed him alone and with Mrs. Chesterton for the press. They shot him for the movies. They booked him for the radio.

The glamour of the returned hero surrounded him with a halo which disproved gratifyingly the tradition that the public is fickle.

The current vogue of Shakspere made the announcement that he would open his season with a lavish production of Romeo and Juliet one of vital interest. The romantic rôle in which Paul Chesterton had always shone was a fitting one for his reappearance. The papers played up early pictures of him and Margaret Hammond, referring gently to their association.

Old Bailey's was renovated and redecorated, and Paul G. Chesterton substituted for the name which so long had held sway over its door.

On the night of his opening he drove down early to gaze upon that name in electrics. A thrill like a hand clutching his heart held him. His moment of dream realized! Nora Crosland's millions had made it possible, true! But the art that was his, and his alone, would perpetuate it. The seed of his life's longing was to bear fruit at last. That longing he dramatized as if no other had ever superseded it.

He went to his dressing room with a sense of lightness and youth that made other days seem as yesterday.

In front an expectant audience faced the elaborately embroidered purple velvet curtain. Chesterton had himself directed the production. No outsider had been admitted, even to the dress rehearsal. Tonight's performance promised a revelation. In a way that curtain was one of mystery.

Just before it lifted, a man and a woman slipped into seats at the back of the house. Had the lights not gone down, the gaze of the entire assemblage would have turned on them. But the woman had come late deliberately to avoid the discomfort of that concentrated spotlight. She even looked away from the man beside her as he leaned down to drape her cloak over the back of the chair. She kept her eyes on the stage, while his scarcely left her face.

As the heavy folds of purple velvet swung upward, an anxious forward movement stirred the crowd. Hands poised to welcome the idol of a decade gone. The mothers and older sisters who had chanted his praises at each flapper inclination to rhapsodize over some new leading man sensed happily the old-time flutter. The flappers lifted boyish heads with their fascinatingly insolent show-me sophistication. Had it been rehearsed as earnestly as the company, the audience could not more efficiently have played its part. The house was at attention.

Into this fermenting silence after the short opening scene stepped the matinée idol. At his entrance came the expected volume of greeting. He faced the assemblage and bowed graciously. The applause died away like a sobbing last breath a gasp—an electric current short-circuited. A buzz, first of amazement, then much like audible consternation, spread flapping wings over the auditorium. It was followed by a jerky halt, abrupt as the stopping of traffic.

What had become of the hero of other days? The romantic Paul Chesterton? The idol of Bailey's? Where was the form divine? Where the famous legs? Where the lithe graceful arm with its breath-taking twist and thrust? Where the proud poise of head with its waves of shining brown?

The man who faced them was middle-aged. Worse still—he was middle-aged fat! His walk was encumbered by the fact that his abdomen heralded his limbs by several inches. Those famous legs in their casing of lavender satin and silk bulged amply where once had curved a gorgeous symmetry. His arms swung like propellers. The satin cap with its long tail feather sat grotesquely on a wig that bore a strong suggestion of henna. But it was not only fat that completely incased the old favorite, the paunch of body, jowl of cheek. There was something soggy about the man before them. It was the puffiness of a wet sponge.

Paul Grant Chesterton, holding the wait before his opening speech, thought the breathless pause a tribute. Because he had not recognized the change in himself, he did not recognize it in his audience. He clung to that stillness with smiling self-satisfaction. He hugged it like some live thing. He swaggered across the stage with the same swagger which had flashed his fame from the same stage so many years ago. It was for the matinée idol a moment long anticipated. He counted the seconds as a miser counts his gold.

The actor who played Benvolio had been coached to hold the pause for Chesterton's signal. He stood with back turned to the audience, awaiting it. Finally, when the tension seemed pulled to the point of snapping, it came—Romeo's outstretched hand.

"Good morrow, cousin," spoke Benvolio.

Paul Chesterton's smile broadened. His hand gripped the other man's with a wide gesture that encompassed the surrounding atmosphere. His first speech thundered forth like a battle cry:

"Is the day so young?"

The simple question echoed against the walls. It résounded from the ceiling. It reverberated to the rearmost row of seats. Not a quiver accompanied it, not a sign of nervousness. It was as cocksure as the morning cry of Chanticleer.

"But new struck nine," was the answer.

"Ah me!" sighed Romeo deeply. "Sad hours seem long."

The speech was not completed. From somewhere in that vast throng came an impudent flapper giggle. Loud and blatant it struck, a crash of discord against the harmony of his assurance. He frowned, then went on. It would stop as abruptly as it had come.

But it did not stop. Instead, the irrepressible youngster mirth went a note higher, hysterical through the very effort to check its sharpness. Insidiously, infectiously, it persisted until another young voice, caught in the mesh, swelled the volume of a protest more poignant than hisses.

A faint ripple stirred the controlled surface of quiet. Smiles broke across hitherto immobile faces. Men and women who had sat stonily facing the stage turned and looked at one another incredulously. Programs rustled. A few hesitant coughs followed. And then, like the dash of the sea on a rocky shore, it broke—a giant wave of laughter.

In the center of the stage of old Bailey's, yesteryear's matinée idol stood and gazed pathetically across the footlights. What had happened? One of those stray terrible

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FOR just one month's *spare time* work we recently paid Mr. E. R. Macomber, of Maine, $61.50. He made this extra money by caring for our present subscribers and enrolling new readers for *The Saturday Evening Post*, *The Ladies' Home Journal* and *The Country Gentleman*. "I can secure orders any month in the year," says Mr. Macomber, "and as I am getting better known some of the orders are telephoned to me and the money sent through the mail."

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If you needed $10.00 Extra by Saturday night, how would you earn it?

RATHER a direct question, isn't it? And yet it's exactly what many of us are up against every now and then—the need (and oftentimes it's urgent) for a given amount of money by a given time. Here is an easy, pleasant, dignified plan which will enable you to have extra money when you want it:

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Mr. George H. Rose of Ohio earns from $5.00 to $20.00 a week extra—we've been paying him that much for years—just by sending us new and renewal subscriptions for *The Saturday Evening Post*, *The Ladies' Home Journal* and *The Country Gentleman*. And bear in mind that this is *extra* money which he earns *in his spare time*.

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IT makes no difference what your work is, or how many hours a day you are employed, the opportunity is still yours to add a number of extra dollars to your day's pay. Mr. W. C. Adams of Oklahoma has often made from $100.00 to $200.00 a month *extra*.

Mr. W. C. Adams of OKLAHOMA

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There is nothing difficult about our cash plan. It is designed to help you to succeed, and make money from the start, even though you have never had previous sales experience. We point the way to profit, whether you can sell us but an odd hour now and then or your entire time—for you can establish a permanent profitable business right in your own locality. But the first thing to do is mail the coupon which is printed below—

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accidents that constitute the deadly fear of a first night? A cat strolling from the wings—a stone wall shaking—a pair of tights splitting in conspicuous and unexpected places? He raised a hand to his face and, behind it, gave a swift survey.

No, none of these! What then? He looked, bewildered, into the eyes of Benvolio. The expression he read there had the obviousness of a cold douche. Pity!

Paul Chesterton stared once again across the footlights of the theater that bore his name. They—that vast assemblage of first nighters—were laughing at him!

Far at the back of the house a woman laid a trembling hand across that of the man beside her.

"I can't bear it!" she choked. "Take me away!"

They slipped out as they had slipped in—through the darkness. He helped her into a taxi and sat very quietly, both hands gripping hers as she held tightly to them. At last she spoke, her voice haunted by the ghosts of memory.

"It's too tragic. What a wreck! What a hideous, awful collapse! One might better be—dead."

The man leaned over the bent head

"The man you loved died long ago, dear. Or rather, he never lived; tonight proves it. I've tried to tell you that—and you wouldn't listen. Margaret"—he raised the hands against his lips—"will you—listen now?"

Pacing the length of his suite in the early hours immediately following the delivery of morning papers, Paul Chesterton read what the critics had to say about him. He had not gone to bed. He had not even undressed. He had waited, assuring himself that the hideous experience of last night was entirely exaggerated on his part. Some child who did not even know her Shakspere had started the ribaldry—that was his name for it—and the audience had spontaneously followed suit. It was all a ridiculous misconception that would—and must—be straightened out.

His hands shook as he took the folded papers from his valet and opened the first to the theatrical news:

"Either Paul Chesterton has left his sense of humor on foreign shores or he is having the laugh on us. His performance was the most magnificent caricature this reviewer has ever witnessed. We cannot believe an actor of his experience expected us to take him seriously. We can only credit him with a subtlety which, tongue in cheek, mixed Romeo and Falstaff and gave an astonished first-night audience the combined result. His Romeo is a cartoon that would make the immortal bard laugh himself to death."

He dropped the paper—rustled quickly through the others. All the notices took up the same trend, some with less charity. They accepted his portrayal entirely in a spirit of levity.

With jaws locked Paul Chesterton approached his mirror. A cartoon! So that was it! Cartoon—caricature! How dared they! Was it a deliberate conspiracy? He would answer them, that laughing multitude! He would put to shame their ignorance. He would give out an interview today—now!

He stormed through his wife's room toward his own. But at the foot of her bed something halted him, even as last night's laughter had stopped his speech.

Nora was lying with one arm flung across the pale blue quilt. Her mouth was open. Her face, from which the nocturnal application of cold cream had not entirely vanished, was creased and lay against her neck in layers. Her hair, a much-aided yellow, straggled across the lace pillow. Her eyelids puffed. Her breathing was weighty. She seemed suddenly bulbous.

Paul Grant Chesterton stared for a long and enlightening moment. Little Nora Crosland—where was she? Yesterday's flower—how had she gone to seed! His clinging, wistful bride—what had the years of idle self-indulgence done to her? Cartoon! The word slid out of the sheet he had flung aside and stealthily followed him and together they stood at the foot of his wife's bed.

He pulled his eyes away as if in the sleeping woman lay his own reflection. Then deliberately he turned on his heel and went back to the room he had just left. He stooped, picked up the discarded newspaper. But this time his gaze managed somehow to slip past the dramatic page. It fastened with finality on the list of outgoing steamers.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

(More Than Two Million and a Quarter Weekly)

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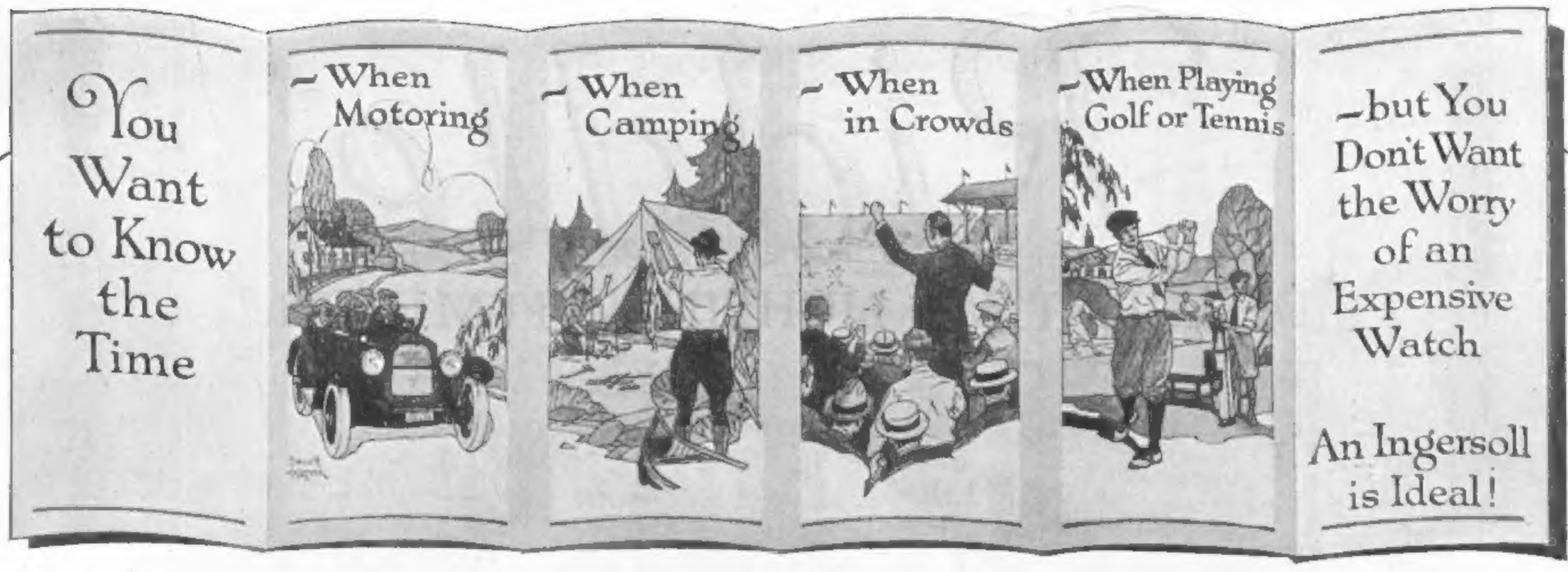
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– When in Crowds
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The office manager commenced to analyze the office floor and divide it into its various functions. There was the president's office to plan for. It must be heavy on looks. There were the long office avenues to consider. They must resist the wear of constant foot traffic. And also the floor must fit into the color harmony of all the new furnishings. And he had to have it quick!

Then the office manager was reminded of Armstrong's Linoleum; and if he didn't say "Eureka," he felt it! Here was the floor that rang the bell to every question that raised its head. Here was the stately floor for the president's office. Here was the wear answer to the office avenues. Here was the harmony of general looks he had wanted. Here were the daily upkeep, economy, and dignity—all to be had, and to be had at a moment's notice.

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